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THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST IN COMMON LIFE

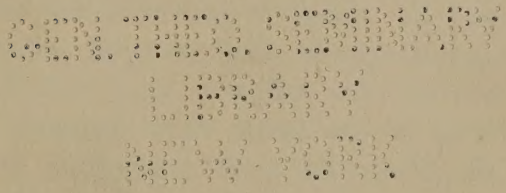
ADDRESSES AND SERMONS BY

CHARLES BIGG, D.D.

SOMETIME CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH
AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

SELECTED AND EDITED BY THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE BISHOP OF OXFORD



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INTRODUCTION

THE mind and heart that speak in these pages had qualities so rare and excellent that, even amidst the making of many books, this book should hold its own. When Dr. Bigg preached at Oxford, the power of his preaching was felt and acknowledged by many who are not apt in most matters to judge alike. Men of his own generation, severely sensitive to any deflection from the strictness of Academic reserve: undergraduates of the less literary sort, tending to think of sermons as curious exercises in a field remote from actual life: choristers, who might not unnaturally feel that at all events University and Cathedral preaching was not addressed to them: all these found themselves listening with strange interest and some surprise to a preacher who did not seem to be thinking much about any of them, but somehow understood them all; who was simply bent upon his own thoughts, and yet set them all thinking. They never knew what he would say next: but when it was said it seemed the most natural thing in the world, extraordinarily well worth remembering, and likely to mean more than was at once realized. No one else preached in the same way: but the preaching was quite untouched by anything like the taint of mannerism:

it was wholly unusual and unconventional, yet the most normal of men could not call it eccentric: the preacher never took a liberty, and never lost his own.

It would be hard to tell the secret of his distinctive power. But in part, perhaps, it was due to the deep and thorough union of qualities which in ordinary talk are set in contrast, while in truth each needs, for its best work, the other's co-operation. He was a Mystic, in the stricter sense of that elastic word: the most simple and genuine of the Mystics would have hailed him as a brother, and felt that he was at home with them: yet he never parted company with common sense, or with ordinary ways, or with any of the prudent safeguards of sanity and sympathy. He moved amongst his fellows as an easy-going man, not apt to make much of differences, or to think of them as barriers to good fellowship: yet he never struck one as content to differ, and he could be stern, and even fierce, when he found himself in the thick of a controversy. His was an independent and even a lonely mind: yet he showed a touching simplicity of pleasure when others really understood him or, with an imperfect understanding, were grateful for his teaching. He had the true quickening gift of historical insight, and his heart would go and live in the past as thoroughly as the hearts of his great predecessors at Christ Church, Arthur Stanley and William Bright: yet a farmer or an agricultural labourer or a man of

affairs would find him curiously conversant with their concerns; and neither in his country parish nor on the Governing Body of Christ Church could any one doubt his practical ability, his appreciation of existing circumstances. He took things seriously, and the pathos of life was constantly in his thoughts:—yet, besides the sense of humour which often goes with such a cast of mind, he had a healthful cheeriness, a sincere and convincing hopefulness which made him the most encouraging of counsellors.

Now, all these habits of mind and heart are really truthful and sound: they all make for a right judgement. And therefore, though they may seem to stand in contrast, the contrast can only be on or near the surface: deeper down they meet and blend. And he in whom they do so meet and blend has an immense advantage for the interpretation of life. In Matthew Arnold's hard-worked phrase, he sees it steadily and sees it whole: and if he can speak of it accordingly, he will be a real teacher; and all sorts of men will listen to him. For each will feel 'he understands me': and also 'he understands a great deal more'. And so all will feel that they know something of what is in his mind: none will feel that they know all. And sympathy and curiosity together make a good listener.

This was a part of Dr. Bigg's distinctive power. And all his gifts had been trained by a process singularly advantageous. To some extent his

training was like that of Dean Church and Dr. Mozley. He too had first his spell of University life, and in addition to this he had a schoolmaster's schooling in the art and mystery of getting truth home to a boy's heart and conscience: then came the testing of all theories by the plain and practical demands, the inexorable homeliness of parochial work: then the return, with knowledge chastened, deepened, made simple, to the opportunity of teaching on a higher level. It is a fine way for the training of a true teacher: and there is an impressive likeness of result to be seen in all these three cases. The process sets its mark even upon the characteristic excellence of the style which is attained :—a style that is pure and simple and natural and courageous :—clearly a scholar's style, yet with never a touch of pedantry or self-consciousness. But deepest of all is the feeling one may have that the man speaks as one who, in genuine dealing with the needs of others, as well as with his own needs, has so learnt as never to forget what is not, and what is, real and enduring in the life of men, and whence alone is to be drawn the Light that no darkness can overwhelm, and the Strength that overcomes the world.

F. OXON.

Christmas, 1908.

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THE TRIALS AND BLESSINGS OF A SCHOLAR'S LIFE

I

Gen. xii. 1.—Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee.

I propose to take as the subject of my seven Addresses 'The Trials and the Blessings of a Scholar's Life'. It is a familiar and a practical theme. We are all of us students, men of books, and in the *Serious Call* William Law insists, with perfect truth, that a Christian man's devotion will show itself in the field of his daily occupation or not at all.

The Scholar's Life is a vocation, a call; and in the words of the text we find the permanent type of all vocations, of all calls, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house.' Leave behind thee the familiar, which has ceased to be inspiring, and set thy face towards the great Unknown. Take up thy pilgrim's scrip, and follow Me 'unto a land which I will show thee', which as yet thou hast not seen.

In olden days these words were literally true of the scholar. Clement of Alexandria roamed from land to land in search of the ideal teacher, till at last he discovered 'the Sicilian bee', Pantaenus, hidden away in Egypt. From all parts of Europe

young men flocked to hear Abelard, and out of the wicker huts which they built for themselves round the cell of the master arose the Monastery of the Paraclete. Even in later days, when the poor student set out for the distant University he abandoned home and plunged into a strange world. Richard Hooker came to Oxford as Jacob went over Jordan, with a staff in his hand. Bishop Jewel had given him ten groats, but he only lent him the staff, which had carried Jewel himself 'many a mile with much ease' in his younger days, when he travelled on foot through many parts of Germany.

Ideally the words must always apply to every serious life. 'Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.' 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forward to those things which are before, we press toward the mark.' All experience is a pilgrimage, and every pilgrim does two things. He forgets the past, counts it not worth keeping, and sets his face steadily towards a goal of which he only knows that it will be far better than anything he has seen. The first Crusaders, we are told, at each large city that they reached asked 'Is not this Jerusalem?' Not till Zion lay before their eyes did they recognize 'the joy of the whole earth'.

The goal is always 'a land that I will show thee', a new and unsuspected happiness, where larger faculties find higher employments and purer delights. It is a far-off country, yet we need

neither horse nor chariot nor ship for the journey. Haran and the Land of Promise are both within us. 'The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart.'

But if all Christians are pilgrims, this is doubly true of the scholar. And to him pilgrimage is doubly painful, because he undertakes it with open eyes. He too must turn from the past and look forward to the future. But to him the past is more sacred than to others, because he is so well aware of the cost of its achievements. Each of its acquisitions is to him the epitaph of some one of his own spiritual kith and kin, of some famous man whose name he has been taught to revere. So also he feels more sensibly the darkness of the future. He knows how often Israel has gone astray, seeking for God and finding a calf; he hears and, what is worse, he understands the mocking voices that say there is no God. Besides, he is a guide, he carries the torch and he bears a heavy burden of responsibility for the souls of others. So he goes anxiously forward, like Jacob halting on his thigh, trying the step before him with his pilgrim's staff, and ever with his head upon his shoulder lest others should fall where he has barely passed with safety.

Yet he must go on. 'Here we have no continuing city.' What we believe to-day is not quite what we shall believe to-morrow. It has been said of the Bible, 'What thou readest thou knowest

not now, but thou shalt know in the time of thy visitation.'

It is a saying which hits the truth and brings great comfort. 'The old order changeth, giving place to new,' but only because 'God fulfils Himself in many ways'. It is but the fashion of the world that passeth away. Truth does not alter, nor do we move on to new truth. By moving on you shift the horizon but do not expand it; the circle is still no wider than it was before. The pilgrim's progress is not forwards but upwards. As he rises the sphere of vision broadens out, but the home from which he sprang still lies beneath him, and is the centre of the field of sight. New truth appears in the heart of the old, breaks through the old, groups itself round the old, explains the old. New light streams from the eternal Word of God. The instructed scribe brings out of his treasury things new and old. Sometimes the best wine comes last, often the old is better.

The figure of the soaring bird is juster than that of the limping pilgrim—juster and braver. It changes the Hill Difficulty into the Specular Mount. But what earthly figure can express the Eternal Light, or its coming into the soul, or the soul's desire for it? Whence does it come and whither does it go—that Spirit whose creatures are Space and Time? 'Whither then do I call Thee, seeing that I am in Thee? Or whence canst Thou come into me? For whither can I fly

beyond heaven and earth, that my God, who hath said I fill heaven and earth, should thence come into me? . . . Behold, the ears of my soul are before Thee, O Lord; open them and say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.'

Of all figures it may be said, 'the best of this kind are but shadows.' But whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our instruction. The Bible is a book of emblems, and it is not a capricious fancy to see in the call of Abraham or the wanderings of the children of Israel a type of all moral and intellectual experience. By regarding life as an onward progress, as a pilgrimage, we can classify our views on four great points—on Evil, on Faith, on Doubt, and on Resolution.

St. Augustine in his *Confessions* gives an admirable statement of the religious view of the world. It is religious and it is also intellectual. For as we look back over history we can see very clearly that the progress of knowledge has been governed by these ideas and would not have been possible under any other conditions. The saint tells us that all that God has made is One, not as a bare unit, but as an ordered whole, formed by interacting parts and rising in a long chain of beauty and dignity from the lowest shapes of inanimate nature to the Soul of souls and Life of lives. Leave out the emotion, the idea of personality implied in this description, reduce it to a bare abstraction, and you have here the strictly scientific point of view. But if you reject also

the belief in an ordered or at any rate orderly whole, then science itself will perish of inanition.

This chain or hierarchy or ascending order of existence from the simple to the complex, from the lower to the higher, is the fact which corresponds to progress. The belief in unity is at once the starting-point and the goal of research; the belief that there is always a better is the spur that drives it on.

Augustine points out with an acuteness truly marvellous for his time and wanting hardly anything but the one word Evolution, how all life, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a process of advance up this great staircase from lower to higher. We see it in the growth of the little infant, which begins as hardly more than animal and ends as speaking, feeling, reasoning man. The same law which governs the individual governs also the race. Nations too have their infancy and their maturity. The morality of the Patriarchs was not the same as ours; the same in principle but not the same in precept. 'Justice which those good and holy men obeyed, without changing in any degree, yet gives out its precepts, not all at once, but with due respect to the changes of the times.'

How nearly does Augustine approach here to our modern ways of thinking. If we are inclined to complain that he does not come yet closer, let us remember the bitter anguish which even this step cost him. He climbed on his knees, at the

expense of a great renunciation, that ascent which we now think so little because it was made so long ago. On the morality of Jacob depended for him the whole truth of Manichaeism, in which he had embarked his all. When men speak lightly of a venture it means that they have little at stake.

In the spiritual experience of the individual the same great rule holds good. If we ask what is sin and why it is attractive, Augustine answers that it is attractive because its object is good, but that good becomes evil to us if we cling to the lower when the time has come to march onwards to the higher. Every stage of life has its beauty and its joy which beseem it well, but each in its turn passes away, because 'they are but parts which may not exist together'. The infant delights in food, warmth, and sleep, the young man in his strength; and this is right because God has so ordered it. But life moves on. One by one each lower pleasure should die away, and the pilgrim may not stop short of his eternal rest.

We cling to the present and yet we can never fix it. We know that we cannot stop the river; we feel that it is better to let it take its course. Always the open mind waits and looks forward for the final word. For life is like a sentence. 'What I say unto thee, thou hearest by the fleshly sense, yet thou dost not wish the syllables to stand still, no, but to fly away that others may come and that thou mayest hear the whole.'

Yet our hearts cling to the present. It is our kindred and our father's house, and we would gladly rest there. And therefore, says Augustine, God has mingled gall with the honey of all joys that are lower than Himself. 'Thou hast created us unto Thyself, and our heart finds no rest until it rests in Thee.'

Thus, according to the Saint, sin lies not in pleasure or desire, but in clinging to the lower good, in lingering at the table when the clock has struck, in disobedience to the call.

The same thoughts explain also what we mean by Faith. The land that God will show us is an unknown land. We have not tasted its milk and honey. We know what we give up, our father's house, but the better country we see but in a glass darkly. This is the ever new venture of Faith. We make it, not like the physical world, in blind obedience to a law that pushes it on, but with open eyes, and the pain of sacrifice.

Is it absurd to venture thus on what we do not know? For we do not know the Absolute.

But we have at any rate the strange power—for it is a very strange power—of recognizing the higher and better when it is brought before our eyes. *Video meliora proboque*, the heathen poet writes.

Somebody once said—I think it was a Utilitarian defending the individualist form of his creed—that 'higher' and 'better' are question-begging words, because they involve the idea of

a superintending mind and therefore are religious. So they are ; yet you cannot define progress, you cannot even conceive it, without using these compromising terms.

Dr. Martineau builds his whole system of Ethics on these two words. We do not know the Good, he says, but given two conflicting motives your conscience will tell you in a moment which is the higher and the better. And thus we mount from better to better towards the Best.

If we had all knowledge there would be no Faith, but there would be no progress—in religion or in anything else. For what is Faith but the belief that there always is a better, always more truth to come. For this we 'scorn delights and live laborious days', all of us alike. We all believe the promise, 'Ye shall know the truth'. We all believe also that the new truth when it comes will be like the old, yet unlike it, full of wonderful surprises, shedding fresh, strange light on all the road we travelled. 'This,' we shall say, 'this is what it all meant.' Is not this true of every discoverer, not of the Christian alone ?

When Augustine reached his goal he saw how his own life had been a pilgrimage. At every stage some new spark of light had broken in upon him, often as a very unwelcome surprise. As he looked back he traced the curve of this chain of sparks, just as Kepler marked down the successive positions of the planet Mars, and there he saw in the concrete reality the law of his spirit's move-

ment. And from the arc which was visible he felt himself able to construct the whole ellipse onwards through infinity. He found also that the law of his star was the law of other stars, and that it carried with it the power of prediction. Wherever the same conditions were fulfilled the same results ensued.

But truth is still above knowledge. If we had exhausted the cycle of all the sciences there would still remain another stepping-stone across the river, another leap, from the creature to the Creator. How much this last venture seems to cost when the ardent, faithful investigator at last realizes the meaning of the words, 'Though I have all knowledge', and 'Except ye become as little children'!

Some shrink from this final call as if it implied an indignity to reason and entailed the destruction of that noble edifice which they have spent their lives not unworthily in rearing. Yet the Temple is incomplete without its inmate, and Faith is but the transfiguration of Reason. Others will find God in His holy Temple; why should they who have built it remain without?

But the Christian presses onward from Haran to the Promised Land. Others 'look before and after', but his eyes are fixed before. He counts all things but loss that he may find his Master or be found of Him. In a very true sense he sells all that he has to follow Christ, and thus he is led along the pilgrim's road from strength to strength.

II

John xiv. 6.—I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

I said in my last Address that Augustine's conception of Life as a Pilgrimage would afford us some valuable help also on the subject of Doubt.

Doubt is of two kinds. There is doubt whether our truth is sufficient and the best attainable. There is doubt also whether any higher truth is to be found.

In its first shape it is in fact the call to advance. The father's house has become too small for us and we go forth, as the colonist travels beyond sea, to find more space and freedom in a land which God will show us. This is, I suppose, the 'honest doubt' of which Tennyson sings. It is simply the craving for more truth and more satisfying truth, not a weakness but a power. It is that divine discontent which drives us ever onwards from strength to strength, which makes us fret against the finite, urges us to climb over all fences, and seek our true selves in a life wider than our own.

The other kind of doubt is different and paralyses action. Yet it seems to be unreasonable. There always is a better. In his own sphere of action every man is convinced of this. He knows there is more to come, reaches out after it, incurs suffering and runs often great risk to discover

and, if possible, obtain it. It is only with regard to another man's sphere of action that we ask whether there is anything to be gained, or whether the game is worth the candle.

When we see this kind of doubt in anything except religion, we say simply that the man is not interested in the subject. It is very excusable to care but little about things that belong to the province of another. When learning is so elaborate as it is now no one can know everything; the mathematician can hardly be a philologist. But learned men do not interfere with one another. Each leaves his brother to decide for himself what treasure he hopes to find and what price he is willing to pay.

It is not quite the same with Religion, because she claims the allegiance of all men. Yet here also the rule of intellectual justice, *in sua cuique arte credendum esse*, holds good. Like every art, every science, Religion is a discipline; she has a method proportionate to her object, and can be judged only from within.

But let us here strike into a different line of thought suggested by the text, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life'. It is suggested equally by all those famous passages in which our Lord speaks of Himself in the first person singular—'I am the Good Shepherd,' 'I am the Vine,' 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' 'I say unto you,' 'Come unto Me.' They all tell us that the source of truth, existence, and healing is a Person,

with Intelligence, Affection, and Will. It is useless to ask whether we do not need here some higher conception than that of Personality. Doubtless this, like all our other ideas, will be vastly enlarged when we come to review it in the light of Eternity. But for us here and now it is true; it marks out the line of advance; it is the Way. And day by day the Christian ought to be learning more of the mystery of personality, of that 'I' which becomes another without ceasing to be itself—'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

Some hold the Unity of Truth without admitting the Personality. If they will but grant the love, the wisdom, the power of Truth, by whatever name they call it, we may apply to them the words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God'; or those other words, *Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses*.

But now, if the Truth is a Person, the chief of all intellectual dangers must lie in Abstraction. Yet Abstraction is the scholar's weapon, the keen-edged tool with which he forces his way into the rocky fastness of knowledge.

And so indeed it is the greatest of perils. The habit of abstract thought is the arch-trial out of which flow all kinds of aberration.

You may see this in little superficial things. The student is very often rather odd, eccentric, absent-minded. People do not expect him to be practical. 'He is a man of books,' they say, 'and his head is in the clouds.' The parish is

always surprised when the clergyman proves to have any business capacity.

There are more serious consequences of the same infirmity. Those who judge themselves by an intellectual standard naturally apply the same rule to others, and are apt to be purblind in respect of forms of excellence which are not their own. Many a clever young University man finds himself hampered for years by the belief, which he gathered from his Plato and Aristotle, that the world ought to be governed by prizemen. Even books are often judged in the same narrow way. Shakespeare was neglected and Bunyan was despised because they did not satisfy abstract canons of taste. In the early days of Christianity the Bible itself suffered from the same cause. Pagans attacked it because it is so simple and unaffected, and the Alexandrine Fathers hardly knew what answer to make. Nowadays, when we read a collection of sayings attributed to our Lord we reject without a moment's hesitation any that strike us as clever or in the least artificial. At last we have learned that tricks of style and self-conscious speculation are not compatible with the spirit that breathed in the founders of the Church.

Again, the student because of his isolation and mental independence is exceedingly prone to harshness and rigorism. You will remember how Plato treats the artist, and how Shelley, who, though not a student, was a man of abstractions, treats the priest. Great crimes have been com-

mitted in the name of the abstraction Liberty, or indeed in that of the Church, for even of this great word you may form an unreal conception. Scholasticism lies at the bottom of all persecution. Theories of the Cabinet are generally at war with the concrete facts of human nature. Utopias are forgeries of the brain ; but when in some time of widespread discontent they are seized upon by passionate men, they become the engines of oppression and disaster.

Yet we cannot work without Abstraction. In order that he may know, the scholar must divide. In his mind he must cut up the living whole as Nature offers it to him, and confine his attention to some selected fragment. In this way he gets a knowledge of the part, a mechanical knowledge of a dead part. But if he desires truth, which is a different thing from knowledge, he must leave off analysing and begin to combine ; he must put the broken machine together again, and add the life of the whole, which for his first purpose he left out of view.

This is the office not of the logical understanding, which separates, but of another faculty, imagination, or intelligence, or whatever it is to be called, whose office it is to combine.

Here lies the supreme difficulty. It is comparatively easy to analyse, but to reunite what once you have divided is supremely hard. The abstraction once made dominates the understanding of which it is the creation.

The most familiar instance is that of Political Economy. There you break up human nature and fix your attention on the selfish instincts. You arrive at a theory of wealth which is perfectly accurate. If men want to be rich you can tell them exactly what they ought to do. Yet the theory so obtained is only very partially true. Men have other instincts besides the mercantile, and, though wealth is good, other things are as good or better. So we try the opposite abstraction of Socialism, or we strive to unite Socialism with Individualism in a way that ought to form a religion but does not, and cannot, because we are endeavouring to pull together two contradictory abstractions without the help of that higher truth which alone can make them work in harmony.

It is the same with all our abstractions, Grace and Will, Freedom and Necessity, Finite and Infinite, Reason and Faith. We make these monsters and cannot unmake them. But they are not; they are mere idols of the cave, and do not really walk about devouring men. Nobody seriously minds them.

They make just the same kind of difficulty in Theology that they make elsewhere. Theology lives in a region of metaphysical subtleties which help Religion in one way but hinder it in another. It bears the same kind of relation to Religion as the art of medicine to the fact of life: it neither creates nor helps the life, but it can point out the remedy for special diseases.

Three things may be said of all abstractions. They do not exist; there are good men and there is a good God, but there is no such thing as goodness. They are made by division and therefore are divided; spirit is set against matter, and justice against mercy. And therefore they are incapable of combination. In the thing, in the living whole, in the Person they are one. But in the mind of the student, in the eye of attention they are separate, not that this is their nature, but because we have separated them.

Hence every abstraction forms a doubt, and a doubt that is insoluble. It is only by asking how the abstraction came to be that we can save ourselves from falling into a sea of irresolution such as that which overwhelmed poor Amiel.

In this way we can both appreciate the great debt that we owe to science and also account for the constantly recurring antagonism between understanding and religion. Science undoubtedly gives us a revelation of God, a revelation which daily increases in splendour and impressiveness as law is unfolded beyond law, and the order, beauty, and intelligibility of Nature are more fully disclosed. But it is an abstract revelation, and even if the great induction were completed to-morrow it could tell us only of an abstract God, in whom no heart could find rest. Psychology and metaphysics give us other abstractions, more human but still incomplete. There is nothing more pathetic in the history of philosophy than the way

in which the acute and moral Proclus turned back from Plotinus to the gods of the old mythology. Zeus was at any rate a person, with a will and a heart.

The student as such is only half a man. He is a thinking machine, and always needs to recall the fact that the logical apparatus is not the whole of him. The artist and the poet and the saint have their truth as well as the thinker. The Platonists held that the lover also is a discoverer, that mere human affection is a great teacher. And surely it is so. Can you comfort Rachel, weeping for her children, with the grating saw of the philosopher, *Heri vidi fragile frangi; hodie mortale mori*? There are some to whom reason becomes a religion, who hold it an act of apostasy to do or believe anything for which no reason can be given. Yet no reason, or only a bad one, can be given for the leading facts of life. Why do husband and wife love one another? Why is all affection mixed with suffering? Why does suffering, when it is prompted by affection, make us better? There are many things about which you cannot argue; the fact is so.

'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' That is what we ask of Faith, that it should make us whole men, that it should bring us into contact with the fullness of life and free all our energies from impediment. It must take in everything. Hence its method cannot be an abstract method. It cannot be study alone, though for those whom God has called to be students it cannot be without

study. Shall we say that truth of knowledge comes through study, but truth of being through love in action? Love forms character, while study disciplines talent, and hence Goethe said that 'talent grows best in solitude, but character is moulded in the stream of the world'. Love involves suffering, and therefore necessarily implies some kind of Faith. But how much depends on what that kind is!

By these considerations you may test every ideal that men pursue. The more concrete it is the greater will be its truth. Vaguest and most abstract of all is humanitarianism. And therefore it is inevitably cruel. Often we stand aghast at the contrast between the tender words and the barbarous actions of the friends of humanity. But in a University the most seductive of all false ideals is that of self-culture.

It is a high aim so long as we do not take it apart. But it cannot be supposed to end in agreeable conversation, or dilettantism, or an educated taste for the beautiful, or even in tranquillity and a large and serene judgement. Even the Attic ideal by itself, as an abstraction, is not human. And therefore it is not really possible. Whether you take all knowledge for your playground, enjoying yourself among the fruits of other men's labour as in a garden, or whether you are one of the gardeners, one of the journeymen of learning, whose nobler motto is *Sic vos non vobis*, you cannot rest in that quiet scene, because it is artificial.

No hedge can shut out the birds of the air, and no library door can exclude sorrow. The cry of human affection and human trouble comes from without and is answered from within. You must deal with it, because you are not students only but men. Not in bread alone nor in books alone will you find the staff of life. Our Saviour is there where living men and women need our help. 'Thou hast seen thy brother,' says an old mystic, 'thou hast seen God.'

Our Lord said, 'I am the Way.' He said also, 'Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.' 'Whither' is explained by the words, 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' He was going to prepare a place for all His disciples, all His scholars, in those many mansions.'

Just before, He had said to Peter, 'Whither I go thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.' Though thou knowest Me already, and knowest the 'whither', the line of advance, thou canst not tread it till thou hast seen what thou shalt see to-morrow. First thou shalt deny; then thou shalt stand by the Cross; then thou shalt follow.

All other ways are partial and abstract. They take a part of man's nature, his misery or his grandeur, and they explain that part as best they can. But we want an account of both the misery and the grandeur, and only in the Cross can we find it.

It is a mystery, but so is Life; and the one mystery fits the other.

III

Matt. x. 34.—I came not to send peace, but a sword.

Our Lord tells us here that the preaching of the Cross is like a sword. When St. John saw the Son of Man in his vision, 'there went a sharp two-edged sword out of his mouth.' Again in the Epistle to the Hebrews we read, 'the word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword.'

It sounds like a paradox that the Lamb should bear a sword. Yet we know that the preaching of the Cross, wherever it sounded, cut men to the heart, leaving deep divisions and awakening sharp animosities. In the individual breast soul and spirit were rent asunder; in the family, husband was set against wife; and the State invented a new crime—that of belief in the Galilean.

Now may we not say that this sword of the Lamb is Doubt. In the mind of the seeker after light it is the anguish of indecision. And in the case of the persecutor it is at bottom the same thing. Persecution began in the family. We have a typical instance in the bad husband described by Justin Martyr, who was so furious with his wife because she had turned Christian and become a better woman. The near sight of the new life which was so manifestly good and yet seemed so manifestly unreasonable caused at once a strong

attraction and a violent repulsion, and when this conflict of feeling does not end in acceptance it often produces a desire to strike at the thing and put it out of the way.

Certainly Doubt is a Christian phenomenon. The old pagans had difficulties, but they never show what we mean by Doubt.

There is much in ancient literature that makes this clear. The old poets delighted in pictures of man defying the power of heaven ; we read of Capaneus, for instance, and Ajax and Prometheus and Mezentius and Hippolytus. Such a line as *Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni* seemed to them superb and not by any means ridiculous. Whenever prayer was not granted, or a beloved child was taken away, or a great man was struck down before his life's mission seemed to be accomplished, you find the same revolt against the injustice of the Gods. Men shook their fists in face of the sky and renounced their allegiance to their unfaithful king. He could help them, they thought, and, if they paid him due sacrifices, he was bound to help them. This is the worship of Power, of Strength. God is stronger than His creatures, but not wiser nor better. This was, perhaps, the earliest form of worship. Amongst the Greeks and Romans we may say with little exaggeration that it was universal. But manifestly it is incompatible with those searchings and shakings of heart which we know as Doubt.

On the other hand, wherever philosophy was at

work the tendency was to regard God as a Being of unmixed and we may almost say of automatic beneficence. Plutarch says that it is His nature to do good as it is the nature of fire to warm, and hence this good and most amiable man was repelled by the Old Testament, of which he had some little knowledge, because there he read of the wrath of Jehovah. This we may say is the religion of Optimism or Geniality, and here again there is no place for Doubt.

Even Atheism produced no sense of repulsion or dread. The old Athenians punished the Atheist as harmful to the state, and the Platonists of the second century after Christ speak of him with a certain indignation and disgust. But you will remember how Horace plays with his Epicureanism. It was an opinion amongst many others. There was something to be said on either side.

But ever since the advent of our Lord you find doubt in the world. The leaven immediately began to work, and it worked with great violence, causing a turmoil, a civil war, in the soul, such as had never been experienced before. The first detailed picture of the passion of doubt in literature, so far as I know, is that found in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, but there must have been innumerable tragedies of the same kind before, as there have been since. And this peculiar operation of the Christian leaven has shown itself also in the converse direction. The Christian has seldom been able to divest himself of his faith as

he might draw off an old glove. Those who have abandoned the creed are seldom able to speak of it as they would of any other opinion which had dropped off naturally in the course of mental development. Think of the passion of Shelley, the abiding melancholy of Clough. Man can seldom regard the Church with the good-natured toleration of indifference.

Now why is this? Why do moderns doubt? Why do so many men, who think themselves compelled by loyalty to reason to break loose from the Christian doctrine, look back upon the home that they have forsaken with regret, if not with a passionate sense of disappointment?

Some find the answer in the antiquity and magnificence of the Christian tradition. But this is a very partial solution. In Augustine's time, you may say, there was no tradition. Reverence for the past was bound up with the majesty of Rome and her gods, and Dr. Dill has shown us how potent was the spell of the glorious past, the heathen past, even over the imagination of those who called themselves Christians. A better answer is found in the loss of understanding and feeling and hope. Without religion there is no key to life, and though the beauty of the world remains undiminished it remains as a *caput mortuum*, as an illusion which pleases for the moment but is rather vexatious when you come to reflect upon it and fancy that you can see how it was produced. 'When at times I think,' wrote one who suffered

much, 'as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.'

Why, I repeat, is this? Why do men find it so difficult to satisfy themselves with 'cosmic emotion', as it has been called? Because—may we not say?—the beauty of the world, however it came to be, is something lower than ourselves. Whether it makes us or we make it, our mind is greater than Nature, because we know and feel, and even if we are but reeds we are 'reeds that think'. On any way of looking at the thing Nature is below us and therefore cannot lift us up. But why should there be any passion awakened by this inadequacy of Nature? Why should we feel this 'appalling contrast' between one way of thinking and another, when nothing of the kind was felt by Aristotle? Or in other words what did our Lord do to create this horrid spectre of Doubt and let it loose upon the modern world?

Clearly there must be something unique in His teaching. The question which He puts is the final question, and the answer which He gives is the final answer. In His words and in His life we are brought face to face with the supreme point, and if He can give us no light there is no light to be found.

Now if we are to understand why He sent

not peace but a sword, we must fix our attention on the deepest and most characteristic feature of His work and doctrine, and this is certainly to be found in the Cross. This has always been what we may well call the crucial point. Plotinus summed up the verdict of all philosophy when he wrote the words, 'For a bad man to ask some one else to become his saviour by the sacrifice of himself is not lawful even in prayer.' It would be ungracious and even painful to quote literally the fierce protest of Dr. Martineau against the idea that a good God can permit the just to suffer for the unjust. It has always been a supreme difficulty, and there is nothing in the whole body of Christian doctrine that has excited so much hostility, so much repugnance, or so much derision, as the notion that vicarious suffering can have any moral value or can in any sense be called a duty or a divine law. It does not seem reasonable, it does not square with our empirical conception of justice, and it is the very last thing that men desire. Yet it is the specific mark of Christianity, and deep within our hearts there is a voice that tells us that it is divine and that through it lies the way to the right understanding of God and of life. Here, and here only, we see the full meaning of the sword of the Lamb. Alone of all teachers He dared to proclaim as the goal of human aspiration not happiness nor tranquillity but Life, Life attained through Pain and working in Pain, Pain not passive but active, not borne

with stoic resignation but cheerfully accepted and sought for, as a ransom for the souls of others and through those others of ourselves. Such a doctrine is exquisitely painful. It offends at every point. It affronts our reason, our dignity, our freedom, our comfort, our physical weakness. Yet no man reads the history of the Passion without feeling its truth.

Pain indeed suggests the one and only doubt which is worth a moment's consideration. The antinomies of thought—mere defects, perhaps mere temporary defects, in the thinking machine—are of no weight. Take the contradiction between Free Will and Causality. Is it not a sufficient answer if you say with Dr. Johnson, 'We are free, and there is an end of it'? Take Kant's difficulty that you cannot prove the existence of an external world. Does anybody act upon it? Is it really worth while asking whether if the soul were a product of material nature it could understand its cause? Is it a practical question whether the book can evolve the reader? Might we not suggest that if a man really and sincerely believes the soul to be a result of the bodily organism he should for one whole week talk and act rigidly on that hypothesis to his wife and children. The thing could not be done. Life is built on the belief that we 'set an example' to one another. But a soul which is a mere secretion of the brain can no more 'set an example' to another secretion than grey hairs can to black. Surely practice is

the test of theory, and what will not work is not true.

But the doubt of Pain is universal. Every mother feels it as she sits by the bedside of her dying child. The elaborations of philosophy and science can add nothing to it except exaggeration; it is that shadow from which no man can jump off. And because it is universal it is the deepest and most horrible of all doubts. Here, and here only, the positive student of science becomes a metaphysician. 'Nature', he says, 'is cruel.' And, as this is his main point of disagreement with religion, it is also the point above all others where religion ought to be able to help him.

The appearance of waste in Nature, of which so much has been written, is of little significance. Xenophon, in the course of his march against the Persian king, found the desert full of aromatic shrubs. But who will say that their fragrance was wasted? Who will assert of any fact whatever that it has no meaning or results? All we can say is that we can see none.

Pain stands on a very different footing. It is a grave problem, the gravest of all. But on that very account we should take the greatest care not to exaggerate it.

The difficulty arising out of Pain, especially in the lower creation, cuts deeper. For Pain is waste with the addition of bodily suffering, which strikes us as cruelty. Here a moral consideration comes in and this is why the sight of natural pain disturbs the mind.

Pain is undoubtedly a grave problem, but for this very reason it is of vital importance that it should not be presented in a false or exaggerated light. Nature strikes many people as cruel, yet the suffering which forms part of her system is never inflicted, in the first instance at any rate, from a mere delight in barbarity. Animals are not cruel unless they are depraved. Aimless ferocity is a vice in them as it is in man. They kill for food as man himself does, and almost always in the shortest and least painful manner. Again, it is highly probable that the lower animals are not so susceptible of Pain as man himself, and the pain of violent injuries is not to be compared with the lingering torments of disease. Yet again, it is not wise to suffer the mind to brood over this disquieting thought. Pain is not really a large factor in life, and even what we call brute courage thinks but little of it. These considerations go at any rate some way, and they should debar us from speaking of the world as if it were merely a vast and hideous torture chamber.

As regards the lower creation—leaving man for the moment out of sight—we may say that it is equal. Every living creature destroys life. Those even that we foster and love as harmless are in truth as destructive as beasts of prey. And those that we regard with horror for the fierceness of their habits pay in their turn the same dread tax to Nature. The tiger has as much to suffer as

the gazelle that he rends in pieces ; perhaps more, for he dies of disease and starvation.

Again, all this pain is not so great as we think it. We project our own mind into Nature and attribute to the rabbit pursued by the weasel the same complex horror that we should feel ourselves. But the physical pain is probably less, and the mental anguish, if we may use the term, must be far less. No animal suffers as much as man.

What really shocks us is, I suppose, the feeling that the dumb creatures have no compensation for their suffering. Their life is happy while it lasts, happier perhaps in its sphere than our own. But is their pain any good to them ? We cannot say that it is not. The anguish of maternity is connected in them, as it is in woman, with the mother's love, and the social instincts of the bee and the swallow must lead to good through suffering, as they do with ourselves. This kind of compensation may obtain far more widely than we think.

The difficulty of Pain is almost entirely modern. It is hardly to be found in Scripture, except perhaps in the phrase of St. Paul about the whole Creation groaning and travailing in sympathy with the evil of man. Our Saviour never touches upon this theme, and the old Psalmist writes without hesitation, 'the lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God.' He praises Jehovah as confidently for the fierce cat

as for the timid antelope—'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' He would have said that the life of birds and beasts and creeping things is good, and that it is not for man to blame the Creator because it is not better.

We may say that Pain is not an evil because it shortens life but only when it degrades it, that it never degrades the brute and only accidentally degrades man. But still there will remain an unanswered doubt. Why did a good God order His universe in this way? Why did He not content Himself with framing painless angels and leave suffering beasts and men out of the scheme?

If we fix our eyes on the lower parts of Creation we can discover no satisfactory answer. We do not know the brutes. But man we do know and in his spirit we can find a law that brings peace, the law of the Cross. And not in his spirit only. The Cross reaches up to heaven and brings suffering into contact with God Himself. As we look upon Calvary we see Pain transfigured; it is no longer a burden, but a wing. It is the cement of all society, the spur to all progress, the main link between man and man, and man and God.

Why it should be so we cannot tell. We cannot fully solve this or any other mystery, nor can we banish mystery from life. There is darkness around us, above us, within us. But there is also light, and though it be but a glimmering point

the wise man will turn his face towards it. Aristomenes of Messene, when he was condemned to die and cast into the dark pit, at first gave way to despair. But as he strained his eyes around the black recesses of the Ceadas he caught sight of a thread of sunlight, crawled towards it on hands and knees, and finally escaped through a fox's earth. And this is a parable of the Christian pilgrim. Only he must have faith, that is to say, he must believe that there is open day and freedom and that the little spark of brightness points the way towards the sun.

By the power of the light not only do we escape from the darkness but the darkness ceases to be dark. As we look back all will be light.

IV

2 *Kings* iii. 15.—But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him.

John Smith, the Cambridge Platonist, one of the noblest of English theologians, though his life was little longer than a song, has an interesting commentary on this passage.

He tells us that the Rabbis distinguished three grades of inspiration corresponding to Moses, the prophets, and the hagiographers.

The first and highest, the *gradus Mosaicus*, is that of Moses and the Messiah, whose high privilege it is to see God without figure or similitude. The second, that which constituted the prophet in the usual sense of the word, embraces both the intelligence and the imagination and imparts truth in visions, dreams, symbols. The third is the *Ruach hakkodesh*, or Holy Spirit, which we find, says Smith, thus appositely defined by Maimonides—'When a man perceives some power to arise within him, and rest upon him, which urgeth him to speak, so that he discourse concerning the sciences or arts, and utter psalms or hymns, or profitable and wholesome rules of good living, or matters political and civil, or such as are divine; and that whilst he is waking, and hath the ordinary vigour and use of his senses; this is such an one,

of whom it is said that he speaks by the Holy Spirit.'

So the Holy Spirit guided the artificers of the Tabernacle; so it—Maimonides probably would not have said He—worked in the authors of the Proverbs, or Ecclesiastes, or the Psalms. It was a grade of inspiration and made, if not the scholar and artist, yet the great artist and the great scholar. So the heathen Platonists spoke of 'inspired poets and philosophers'. Clement of Alexandria had the same belief and held that all intelligence is enlightened by the indwelling Word.

They believed that the higher gifts of mind, imagination, originality, discovery, synthesis, all thoughts that are not mere repetition, that involve progress and are new yet true, come from above, from the Father of lights. Perhaps we hardly think enough of the extraordinary nature of what we call discovery or invention. How does any man come to hit upon a law? It was not in the things, or anybody could have seen it. And the idea was not in his own mind, until it came there. Whence then did it come?

Smith goes on to say that according to the same Rabbis the spirit of prophecy in any of its degrees 'used not to reside with any black or melancholy passions, but required a serene and pacate temper of mind, it being itself of a mild and gentle nature'. Hence it is called 'a free spirit', or a spirit of alacrity and liberty of mind, acting by generous

and noble and free impulses upon it; and it is paraphrased by 'joy and gladness', as being that temper of mind which it most liberally moved and acted upon; as likewise a like periphrasis is used of it, the 'joy of God's salvation'.

Thus the spirit of prophecy departed from King David while he was sorry and grieved for his sin. So also the Rabbis explained our text. 'Our doctors tell us, that from that day wherein his master Elijah was taken up into heaven, the spirit of prophecy remained not with him for a certain time; for for this cause he was very sorrowful, and the divine spirit doth not reside with heaviness. Others say that, by reason of the indignation he conceived against the King of Israel he was disquieted in his mind; and touching this they say that whensoever a prophet is disturbed through anger or passion the Holy Spirit forsakes him. From whence learn we this? From the example of Elisha, who, in order to exhilarate himself, said "Give me a minstrel."'

Certainly we need very greatly that pacate and serene temper of cheerfulness. If it is not a winged horse it is at any rate the pilgrim's staff, and upon it depends not only our happiness but our efficiency and our progress.

Now it may be said that modern scholarship has lost much of its cheerfulness. If we go back only to the later Middle Age we find in the old scholars something of the temper of stout Cortes when from the peak in Darien he gazed upon the

vast expanse of the unknown Pacific. Partly, no doubt, this buoyant, hopeful spirit was due to the fact that they knew so little. A whole new world lay before them and they plunged into Aristotle and the great classics with all the ardour of discoverers. But partly, and indeed mainly, it was due to a better reason. They pored over their manuscripts not for knowledge only but for truth, for moral instruction, courage, wisdom. Very few of them were only scholars. Richard de Bury found in his books masters who teach without ferule or anger or fee. 'If you go to them,' he says, 'they are never asleep; if you question they do not hide themselves; if you make mistakes they do not chide; if you are ignorant they do not laugh. They are wells of living water which Abraham dug and Philistines choke up.' Richard was a bishop and a statesman. He bore himself worthily in high positions and was greatly beloved. Another typical figure is John of Salisbury, the secretary and friend of Becket, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, whose *Policraticus* or *Statesman* teems with classic instances selected and applied to the improvement of manners and the correction of abuses in Church, society and State. This was why the great mediaeval scholars loved learning, because it made men better. Nor can it be said of them that their love of the past deadened their sympathy with the present. They were men of progress. We need only remember Grosseteste or Stephen Langton to see this. They would not

have said as Southey does, 'My thoughts are with the Dead.'

But are not Southey's words true of a good deal of modern scholarship? Does it not end often in what we call Erudition?

Much of the old cheerfulness has gone, and for a very plain reason. The ancient scholars looked upon knowledge as an ocean, but they thought the ocean could be explored within a lifetime by a resolute mariner. Now we know better. Now we know that a whole life may be spent on the laborious investigation of a single branch of a single department of the vast field, and that he has done well who by years of toil has added a few grains to the mountain of facts which always seems to be rising into a peak and always sinking down again. We have no time to stop and pick flowers. This task is left to a special class of people, the preacher or the poet or the literary critic. When we want a little refreshment we go to them.

Modern intellectual life is divided, as poor Amiel found, into the objective and the subjective, and because it is divided each of its aspects spoils the other. Facts do not satisfy, and yet we are always trying to reduce feelings into facts.

The remedy may be found in a fact, which is that the old scholars were also priests. They were priests in the technical sense of the word, but the essential point is that they were religious

men and their scholarship was part and parcel of their religion. Richard de Bury calls Boethius 'sacred'. They believed, if I may quote the familiar words of Bacon, that 'Truth is the Soveraigne Good of humane Nature', and that it is the gift of God. 'The first creature of God, in the workes of the Dayes, was the Light of the Sense; the last, was the Light of Reason; and his Sabbath Worke ever since, is the Illumination of His Spirit.' 'Truth', says John of Salisbury, 'is always harmonious nor does it ever contradict itself, though it come forth from the abode of lies.' It is this religious perception of the unity and the goodness of truth which tend—to use Whichcote's phrase—to the heart's ease and quiet and satisfaction of a man's soul.

And therefore the scholar must not hire a poet but be a poet for himself. If he is condemned to dig in a mine—and in moments of impatience we may sometimes feel thus—it is not enough to have a happy home on the surface; he must take down with him the conviction that he is not merely digging for sawdust, that what he seeks is truth, and that truth is good and is one. It is dryness that makes dullness, and truth is never dry if we have once realized it as a whole and divined the hidden ways in which it ministers to the relief of mankind. A very noble life was devoted mainly to the compilation of a Greek Lexicon. With what cheerful resolution was that gigantic task undertaken and pursued! and what benefits

have accrued to thousands of students from that noble act of self-devotion!

It is not enough to have a happy home. A man must be happy also in his work, or he will be a divided being like the image of Daniel's Vision. He must be able to throw his heart into his work and to do this he must find something in his work on which his heart can feed. Truth must be wedded to fact, as Tennyson says, or, in the words of the Psalmist, mercy and truth must meet together, and then righteousness and peace will kiss each other. Truth flourishes out of the earth, out of patient study of sensible things, but righteousness, the great co-ordinating idea, looketh down from heaven.

There is another question. What is Cheerfulness? A serene and pacate temper, Smith calls it, and he quotes Tertullian, who says God hath ordered us to treat the Holy Spirit with tranquillity and gentleness and quiet and peace because in accordance with the goodness of His Nature He is tender and delicate. 'Our love to God', says Jeremy Taylor, in his *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living*, 'should be sweet, even, and full of tranquillity; having in it no violences or transportations, but going on in a course of holy actions and duties, which are proportionable to our condition and present state; not to satisfy all our desire but all the probabilities and measures of our strength. . . . Indiscreet violences and untimely forwardness are the rocks of religion,

against which tender spirits often suffer shipwreck.'

Taylor goes on to say that 'our love should be firm, constant, and inseparable, not coming and returning like the tide, but descending like a never-failing river'. It should be, but can it always be so? Thomas à Kempis writes: 'When consolation is taken away from thee do not immediately despair; but with humility and patience wait for the heavenly visitation.' This need of patience, he adds, 'is nothing new nor strange unto them that are experienced in the way of God: for in great saints and ancient prophets, there was the same kind of ebb and flow.'

We may draw a distinction here. The mystic of the cloister was always on the watch for the hour of rapture. For this he had sacrificed everything that other men hold dear, and Thomas feels it a grievous burden that 'I cannot as yet be altogether heavenly nor burn like Cherubim and Seraphim'. The peril of forced devotion lay very near to the monk. He strove to reach the transports of ecstasy by 'indiscreet violence', by austerity, and still more by the way of sensuous caressing devotion. Human tenderness, debarred from its natural expression, poured itself out more and more unrestrainedly on the Saints and even on the Saviour. Men forgot the solemn warning of the *Noli me tangere*.

Hence Accidie, dryness of spirit, irresolution, was a far more formidable temptation to the monk

than it could be to so true a son of our Church as Jeremy Taylor. We are a tender-hearted race, and we do not undervalue the physical suffering of the Redeemer, yet we have never ventured to take His Humanity as the motive of a special devotion, because we have been taught that the object of Christian worship is the one undivided Person. In the same spirit of sobriety we have shrunk from pretending to knowledge which we did not possess, and exercise a certain reserve even in those sensuous accessories of worship which excite the imagination out of due proportion to the intelligence. Forms we hold should sustain but not exaggerate feeling.

This humble patience, this content which yet aspires, is the fitting temper of the pilgrim, who cannot as yet be like the fiery seraphim for the very reason that he is a man of God. He is satisfied to walk and dare not try to make himself wings. Wings will be given him, when the time comes. Till then he can only pray, 'O for the wings of a dove.'

This sober Anglican temper, based as it is on the rock of the divine realities and not on the airy foundation of our own desires, should save us from the worst kind of despondency. Those who do not tempt the Lord their God will never fall from the pinnacle of the temple. But is Taylor right in saying that the Christian should never lose heart? Should not perhaps, but can we say ought not?

À Kempis is very wise and pastoral. He treats this weakness of faith as a temptation, like any other. 'Temptation going before: is wont to be a sign of ensuing comfort. For unto those that are proved by temptations: heavenly comfort is promised. He that shall overcome, saith He: I will give him to eat of the Tree of Life. But divine consolation is given: that a man may be stronger to bear adversities. And temptation follows: lest he should wax proud of any good.'

Unless there were clouds in the sky, there would be no rain.

We are to bear the cloud, as Taylor will tell us, by steady adherence to our Christian rule. Rules are meant for support in the dark hour. But another thought is suggested by the words of Elisha: 'Bring me a minstrel.' Throw away your books for a while. They are keeping you from hearing the music of life. Give your brains a rest and let your heart expand by your own fireside or among the poor.

V

1 *Kings* iv. 29.—And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore.

Solomon's wisdom the Bible tells us with unquestioning confidence was given by God; it was imparted to him by inspiration, by the *Ruach hakkodesh*. It rose higher than the wisdom of other men; it formed a step in advance; it 'excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East Country, and all the wisdom of Egypt'. And then we learn in what it consisted. 'He spake three thousand proverbs;' he was an ethical philosopher of the antique gnomic type; 'his songs were a thousand and five;' wisdom made him a poet. Also 'he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things and of fishes'. He was also a natural historian.

What strikes us here is the breadth and dignity of the conception of knowledge. Not so long ago men like Dean Buckland or Professor Sedgwick were treated with polite ridicule because of the interest they found in insects and stones. Now we know what à Kempis taught long before the dawn of modern science, that 'there is no creature so small and abject: but it reflects the glory of

God'. Science has made us understand that nothing is to be despised, that even the snapdragon on Trinity wall offers a clue to the whole mystery of the universe. But this view is religious; it was the faith of Solomon when he found instruction in 'creeping things'. Nowadays it is sometimes divorced from religion, but no man can long keep asunder what God hath joined.

So St. Paul also tells us that 'the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen.' Sometimes the Apostle seems to speak rather hardly of knowledge, 'Knowledge puffeth up.' But he is thinking here of bastard knowledge. Men fancied in those days that Faith might grasp mysteries hidden from the body of the Church, or attain by its own inner light to that kind of truth which God bestows only as the reward of patient investigation. Out of this error sprang Gnosticism, that bastard knowledge which begins in presumption and ends in division. It is a perversion of Mysticism, which still works great harm.

The Apostle would not have condemned that sublime passage in which Augustine records his conversation with his mother at Ostia. As they gazed from the window-ledge over the sunny Italian garden towards the illimitable blue of the sea beyond, the thought of the weary journey that lay before them suggested the kindred thought of the soul's pilgrimage towards its eternal home. 'We soared with glowing hearts towards the Same,

mounting step by step the ladder of the material order, through heaven itself, whence sun and moon and stars shed their radiance upon earth. And still higher did we climb by the staircase of the spirit, thinking and speaking of Thee, and marvelling at Thy works. And so we came to our own minds, and passed beyond them into the region of unfailing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth.' From the stones and flowers beneath them to the stars above, from the wonders of heaven to the mysteries of their own human spirits, the road leads on across the sea to that land where He dwells who is the One Eternal Source of all Life and Wisdom, in Whom Life is Wisdom.

The belief that underlies this magnificent outburst is that all Nature is symbolical, and tells us in a figure something of Him who made it. From this belief flow two others, that all knowledge is one and that all is religious.

These two corollaries hang very closely together. The latter involves the same difficulty that we find in the relation of Faith and Works. How can Act purify Motive—and how can knowledge? How can mere learning sanctify the will? But the difficulty lies in the one word 'mere'. If you make your learning an abstraction, if you keep it apart, and have, as I said before, your work in a mine and your home on the bank, then no doubt the one will not touch the other. But if all Truth is One, if, as John of Salisbury says, *Veritas sibi ubique*

consona, then Reason and Imagination cannot work apart, and all knowledge becomes religious.

But modern science sometimes forbids us to project our own mind into Nature, in other words, it sometimes orders us to keep reason and imagination apart.

How can we possibly do this? Knowledge begins, as Aristotle tells us, with the desire for knowledge. Before we can know anything we must believe that there is something to be known, and that whatever it is it will do us good. It is carried on by the singular power of divination which is purely mental. When the investigator strikes out a hypothesis he is saying to himself, 'This is how a reasonable being like myself may have ordered this set of phenomena; let us see whether it is so or not.' Yet, again, no science of any kind could exist if it were not for the deep and ineradicable belief in unity. Things must hang together; one thing must lead to another; there must be laws, and laws which are capable of becoming ideas, and of being made intelligible to reason. The study of Nature has vastly extended and elevated our belief in unity, but it did not create it. Without that belief we never could have started upon the journey at all.

All knowledge comes from mind, and ends in mind. Its movement is not in a straight line, but reciprocal like that of a weaver's shuttle. Subject and object throw light upon one another. Like a sailor the mind travels out and home again.

The sailor returns from his voyage with a cargo of strange merchandise, enlarges, enriches and strengthens his house and his port, harks back better equipped for a more distant journey, and brings back a richer freight. Gradually his little fishing village becomes a Venice, and his cautious venture along the coast grows into an expedition to far Cathay. Does the harbour make the merchandise, or does the merchandise make the harbour? Each in turn seems to be cause and each effect; yet the harbour comes first and conditions the whole process.

Sometimes religion is charged with arguing in a circle. But all reasoning does the same. It goes to and fro, in systole and diastole.

Every day, thank God, we are becoming more deeply rooted in our belief in the unity of knowledge. Even the minute subdivision of labour, harmful as it is in some ways, has brought us closer together. If we no longer take all knowledge for our province, like the brave old scholars, at any rate we look upon all patient seekers after truth as labourers in the same great vineyard. Co-operation is as fruitful a fact in the intellectual as in the social field. English scholarship no longer suffers as it once did from insularity, and the strained desire to be original at all costs. We know that we cannot afford to do without one another, that each must bear the burden and supply the defects of his brother, must in fact suffer for the salvation of his brother.

All this helps us to understand the meaning of the One Body. And as we come to realize more fully that Truth is One, so we can look forward with more confidence to the day when Truth will make us One.

Certainly antagonisms are not so bitter, and we may pray with better hope for their final reconciliation. There is a beautiful little story in the *Speculum Perfectionis* which points out the way of peace. Once when St. Francis was prostrate with sickness he heard that a violent quarrel had broken out between the Podestà and the Bishop of Assisi. Not being able to go himself and make peace ' he called one of his companions and said to him, "Go to the Podestà, and tell him from me to come to the Bishop's palace with the chief men of the town, and any others whom he can bring." And when that brother had set forth he said to two other of his companions, "Go to the Bishop and Podestà and the others who are with them, and sing the song of Brother Sun." The two friars found a large company assembled in the square before the Bishop's house, and with scarcely a word of preface struck up the famous Franciscan hymn. As the chant ended the two enemies embraced and pardoned one another.'

So whenever too zealous Faith and too positive Science have come to a rupture the Church must sing and go on singing the *Canticum Fratris Solis*, that artless song of an inspired child, in which Messere brother Sun and sister Moon, brother

Wind and sister Water, brother Fire, sister Earth, and sister Death, join as one loving family in proclaiming the glory of the Lord and the beauty of forgiveness and patience. Sister Earth forgives sister Death and both praise their God.

When St. Francis felt his own end approaching he said, 'Since it pleases my Lord that I must shortly die, call to me brother Angelo and brother Leo that they may sing to me of sister Death.' How pure was the faith which in the source of our deepest doubt could see a proof of the loving-kindness of God! St. Francis was neither a student of Nature nor a lover of Nature. He took his place within Nature, felt himself a part of the universal life and speaks like a nightingale with a soul. We moderns often dissect Nature, and our poets often let their fancy play upon her in Cosmic Emotions, and Pathetic Fallacies. We use the *Benedicite Omnia Opera* in our worship, yet have little of the free spirit of the Hebrew psalmists. We want to teach Nature how to sing and to make her music for her. She sings to us of sister Death, and we stop our ears and say, It is not good. To St. Francis Death seemed good and beautiful because it is the purpose of God. Only the second death seemed evil.

Another thought that is suggested by the unity of knowledge and the reciprocity of the movement of knowledge, is that of the blessedness of Teaching not only to others but to the teacher himself.

Some have held that Truth was valuable only

as a means, as promoting the virtue and happiness of mankind. Some that it should be sought only for its own sake. Lessing once affirmed that the value of Truth lay neither in itself nor in its application, but simply in its pursuit: 'If God should hold in His right hand all truth, and in His left the ever active desire to seek truth, though with the condition of perpetual error, I would humbly ask for the contents of the left hand, saying, Father give me this; pure truth is only for Thee.' He cannot have meant that all man needs is intellectual amusement, and his words may pass as a paradoxical expression of the moral law that, though all our truth is alloyed with ignorance, we are not therefore to faint in the quest.

But if Truth is One all these discussions become unimportant. Truth is in one of its aspects, as Bacon called it, the sovereign Good. And if its movement is reciprocal it is largely helped by the reaction of mind upon mind, by the necessity of making things clear to others. 'Iron sharpeneth iron,' and a man will always learn much from his pupils. It was a trait of the first Oxford scholar known to poetry, that 'gladly would he learn and gladly teach', and certainly any student whose lot is cast in country places feels greatly the need of iron. Descartes held that whatever is clear is truth, and we may at any rate be sure that nothing is true until we have got it clear. But it must be clear to others, and therefore it

must be stated and restated until you find that it can get hold of a mind that wants to learn. Further, there is the great danger of eccentricity—of wasting time upon questions that are not worth an answer—and this is most easily avoided by intercourse between pupil and teacher. Then here again comes in the great law of Vicarious Suffering. It is by going down of our own free will into the darkness of the cave, as our Lord came down to earth, by entering into the prison-house from the light and with the light, that we learn to feel the trouble of ignorance. We can cure it only, as He did, by 'taking pains' and enduring the Cross. And by the same act of condescension we learn to worship Truth and rise higher from the sacrifice.

Certainly Solomon was a teacher. He listened to the hard questions of the Queen of Sheba, and resolved them. But there is here a last point. The Queen of Sheba noted with her wild Arab eyes all the orderly life of the great king's court, 'the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, and the ascent by which he went unto the house of the Lord'—the dignified decorum of a home guided by wisdom and built at the foot of the temple stairs—and 'there was no more spirit in her'. She surrendered; it was all far better than the ways of her half-civilized country: 'Happy,' she cried, 'are thy men, happy are these thy servants.'

And so the scholar's home is the test of the scholar's wisdom. In the eyes of simple people books 'are neither here nor there', but wisdom they can judge by its fruits. 'The wisdom that cometh from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be imparted, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' Its good fruits are seen best in a household where all is law yet all is cheerful.

VI

Job xi. 7.—Canst thou by searching find out God ? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection ?

Zophar, the Naamathite, maintained that human reason cannot fathom the perfection of the divine because God Almighty transcends all His creatures; there is always a Beyond. Knowledge, he means, is not Religion.

Job replies that we can understand something, and even much, because God is immanent. 'Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee, and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.' Knowledge, then, if not Religion, is at any rate religious.

Knowledge does not make Religion. The two things are not even necessary to one another in any very high degree. You may have much knowledge, and little or no religion, or you may be very religious and possess hardly any knowledge. Two of the chief of the Apostles, St. Peter and St. John, had been simple fishermen, and struck their own countrymen as unlettered and ignorant men. Peter was marked by his rough

Galilean accent. There is a knowledge which passeth understanding, and it comes not from books, but from the Spirit of God, in ways inscrutable. Yet there are means—hands which we hold forth—faculties which are avenues. We could not approach our Father at all without senses, without reason. And surely high intelligence rightly used is a great blessing coming from the God of Light. We gladly avail ourselves of the art of Bezaleel to make the furniture of the Tabernacle. We praise God in the poetry of David, and we thank God for Dante and Wordsworth and many other poets who have clothed our deepest feelings in fitting language. Whenever a great thinker brings back from the world of nature some fresh proof of the wisdom of its Maker, or from the world of life some fresh application of the eternal moral law to the ever shifting needs of society, we embrace it even though it comes to us from those with whom we are not in perfect accord. Light is not Truth, but it marks the way of truth. It may be carried by hostile hands, but still it is light. Sometimes we look with a certain misgiving on the spread of education, and yet we feel that if we can lift the mass of mankind but one inch above the slough of ignorance we have brought them one inch nearer to the Cross of Christ. And gladly would we see all mental effort of every kind brought into that captivity which is perfect freedom. But at present some lights are misleading fires, and of all the

scholar's trials this is the heaviest and most painful. It besets him with sore perplexity and divides him from those whom he loves.

Certainly, in the later history of Oxford, we may see good reason for believing that knowledge is the handmaid of religion. Those of us who are old enough to remember what was called the secularization of the University will not forget the alarms that then prevailed. Yet we mark also with great thankfulness a notable increase in seriousness, and at the same time in religious activity. There is far more knowledge than there was, and far more sense of the responsibility of knowledge; this gain has been universal. Undergraduates are much purer and more temperate, and far more open to good enthusiasms of every kind than they were in my own young days. In those days Mill and Austen ruled the schools, and it was thought extremely bad taste to mix up Ethics with Christianity. Modern philosophy acknowledges that, at any rate, it must account for its attitude towards the Gospel; nay, it has imbibed more and more of the ideas of the Gospel. In those days again there was a bitter feeling towards clerical fellows and very fierce things were often said in Common Room. Now, even in the most extreme quarters, the tone is that of Penda the Strenuous, that stalwart heathen who expected and compelled every Christian to live up to his profession.

There were many great servants of God in

Oxford of the sixties whose names it is needless to enumerate, and there were religious undergraduates in plenty. Still it was only too possible to leave college without having been brought into frank relations with one of those men who show forth in life the sweetness and the power of a deep faith in Christianity. Probably there are more religious college tutors now than there were then, but this would not account for the whole of the great change that has taken place. Fifty years ago religion was much more shy and timid than it is. The Tractarian Movement bore within it the seed of a new power. The men of that time recovered we may almost say the idea of the Church, but the dispute that raged around them was so hot that they could do no more than lay the indispensable foundation of future progress. Then came the great defection which was followed by widespread discouragement. Some lost their faith altogether and fell back upon self-culture. Many more lost heart. They remembered the heat and the animosities, the waste of time, and the loss of friends, and they shrank from the remotest possibility of raising the storm again. They kept their religion to themselves and spoke with dread of enthusiasm just as men did in the last century and for much the same reasons.

Since that time we have begun to realize the immense fecundity and power of the conception of the Church. It seems to have been given back to us in God's Providence just at the critical

moment, just when the nation was entering on a new phase of history.

It is a most singular fact that this new idea of the divine life was called forth, or—if we must not say this—at any rate its birth was quickened by dread of the new political and intellectual life. May we not trace here again the working of that law of reciprocity, of which I have spoken before. The Nation awoke and the first stir of its movement roused its counterpart the *Civitas Dei*.

It seems as if this were the master idea, the word of the enigma, for which all hearts were waiting, as if this were the goal towards which all effort is drawn. And this is why the religion of to-day is so much brighter and braver, so much more active and hopeful. We understand better what was meant by the many members of the One Body, the many mansions of the One House. We feel that there is room for every honest effort, for every worthy aspiration, that Christ needs many servants of many kinds. We believe that the Church can sanctify all this teeming, many-coloured, national, and imperial life, that it can gather together and lead towards nobler ends our politics, our industries, our literature, our knowledge.

But if it is to fulfil this celestial mission the ship must not be piloted by antiquarians. The Church also is on a pilgrimage unto a land which God will show. She must bring forth from her treasure new things as well as old. Her spirit is the same; her axioms are the same; the tree

is the same, but forms are the leaves which change with every winter. We want the wisdom and devotion of the thirteenth century, but not all its methods. Especially this is true of the attitude of the Church towards knowledge. We cannot swathe Science in encyclicals.

So the Church goes on her way, having her loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness and her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Stout shoes the pilgrim needs that he may always be ready to move on, strong in gratitude for the past and with the light of the future shining in his face, knowing not whither God is leading him, but confident that there also truth and righteousness will prevail.

All knowledge we may confidently say has a religious value. Even of the dry light of intelligence this is true, though it cannot be the light that lighteth every man, because it is dry, that is to say, abstract and partial. Yet if you take the intellectual life in its severest form, cleansing it like Plato's statue from everything that is not rigidly logical, you will find that at every point it presents close analogies to religion. It is true that you must assign to every term an abstract value and take it in a sense that is similar, but not the same. It is true also that it exists only for the favoured few. It might take charge of the perishing multitude and dragoon them into outward decency of life, but it cannot make the

'man of the earth' better, nor can it admit him into a share of its learned Paradise here or hereafter, if it admits a hereafter. And this is our grave complaint against it, that it stands between us and the sinner whom it cannot save, and yet prevents the Lord from saving. It neither enters into the kingdom of heaven nor suffers them that would. But this we will thankfully acknowledge, that many a philosopher from Plotinus to our own day, though he rejected Christ, has lived an admirable life. Yet not the best for himself and very far from the best for others.

The student is drawn on by the love of knowledge, a spiritual principle, which is a kind of faith, and bears a characteristic imprint of faith, readiness to suffer for the unknown, and to bear a sort of Cross. It has even a power of moral cleansing; in this light evil is seen at any rate as unintelligent and disgusting. Further, a belief in the grandeur, the unity, the unlimited possibilities of truth teaches, or ought to teach, profound humility and great unworldliness and simplicity, courage also and perfect loyalty to an ideal, and generosity of appreciation towards all fellow workers. The highest culture may be individualist, but only in a noble sense. No student dreams of keeping the light to himself; he knows that his office is to receive and hand on the torch. There is a grand freemasonry in his vocation which levels all the arbitrary distinctions of society. To knowledge as to Christianity there is neither

Jew nor Gentile, man nor woman, rich nor poor. Because it is a faith it is universal, for all, that is to say, who are capable of receiving it.

The scholar is singularly like the saint. Many great saints have been also great scholars, and how vastly was their power increased by this combination of graces! How much did Augustine owe to Ambrose, and how great is our own debt to Augustine or to Lightfoot! Augustine shrank from Christianity as a degradation of reason. One great living instance proved to him the unreasonableness of this fear.

But the office of scholarship is that of St. John the Baptist. It prepares the way for the kingdom of heaven, but it does not necessarily enter in, and if it does not point to the Greater One who is to come it shuts the door. It is religious, but it does not make religion.

Obviously this must be so; for religion came first in point of time, gave the impulse, and marked out the road. Religion has been called an *a priori* view of the universe, and it is in fact unconscious philosophy, the first childlike expression of man's ineradicable belief about himself and about the world in which he finds himself. It would not be difficult to show that the problems of philosophy have all been suggested by religion, and that in our own time those problems have drawn nearer and nearer to that great mystery of the Cross which is the heart of Christianity. It is dangerous to speak of Hegelianism without

that full knowledge which only its disciples can possess. But even an outsider may describe it as an attempt to explain unity in such a way as to justify unselfishness, in other words, to explain to the world what the Christian has always meant by the words ' he that loseth his life shall save it '.

Yet even Hegelianism cannot make religion. It is a study of Christian ethics, and its leading thought comes from the Gospel. But as soon as we begin to explain the law of unselfishness grave difficulties arise. There must be something to be unselfish ; that which loses must also find itself. Love seeks to merge itself in a wider consciousness, but it implies suffering which is the proof of duality. Hegelians appear to differ widely in their opinions of God and of the soul ; and here also it is evident that we are dealing not with realities which must be felt, but with abstractions which can be argued about.

And there are abstractions and abstractions. All lead to divisions and disputes because none is wholly true. But some are more real than others, and lead us farther along the road. We owe much to Hegel, clearer notions of oneness of growth, of the way in which unity depends on diversity, and perhaps, above all, greater trust in human nature and its divine inspirations. We judge history and science and one another in a very different and much better temper of mind since he wrote. It was predicted that ' his honey would fill the hives of the Church ', and we very thank-

fully admit that his labours have done good. Very much of the larger, more charitable, more hopeful tone of modern controversy is due to his great influence.

But let us return to our text. Zophar warned Job that no searching can find out the Almighty unto perfection, that knowledge cannot make religion, but he went on to point out the link between the two.

'Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt. If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch out thine hands towards him; If iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles. For then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear . . . And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope; yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take thy rest in safety.'

In Job's days men still needed to learn the meaning of Pain; they could not understand the sufferings of a righteous man. But they knew that Repentance is the last halting-place before the kingdom of heaven. Perhaps they did not know so clearly that the attitude of Repentance is the condition of life and progress even in the kingdom.

'I had rather feel compunction: than know its definition,' says à Kempis. Repentance is greater than knowledge, because it is the frank acceptance of our right position towards a God who is not wise

only, but holy, and upon that position it depends whether the light shall strike upon us or pass us by.

'Happy is he', says à Kempis again, 'who can gather himself into the unity of holy compunction.' Compunction brings man into unity with himself, with God, and with others. This is a favourite thought in that school of mysticism to which the author of the *de Imitatione* belonged. It is found also in the *Theologia Germanica*, where we read that 'this union is brought to pass in three ways: to wit, by pureness and singleness of heart, by love, and by the contemplation of God, the Creator of all things.' In other words, by moral discipline, by charity, and by knowledge, though not necessarily the knowledge of the cabinet; or, we may say, by the painful sense of distraction within, of coldness towards our neighbour, and of ignorance of the Maker and Saviour of the world.

Yes, but what wakens the pain? That is the question on which everything hinges. We can find an answer in the Gospel when we think of the pain of Him who was both Man and God, and remember how that pain embraced all forms of suffering both of mind and body. All the contradiction of sinners He endured, from the learned and the ignorant and the sensual, from high officials and humble menials, from open enemies and terrified friends. All phases of evil He bore to teach us what they are, and make us feel them as He felt them. He passed through—may we

not think ?—even the hardest of all trials, the sense of separation from God, to show us the pain of that also.

No one can read the history of the Passion unmoved, without being shaken and shamed in every element of his being. And this stern yet sweet appeal is the beginning of Christian compunction.

VII

Psalm cv. 2.—O let your songs be of Him, and praise Him: and let your talking be of all His wondrous works.

We have been thinking of life as a pilgrimage, and of some of the features of that life, of Evil and Faith and Doubt, of Cheerfulness, of Knowledge, and of the religious value of Knowledge.

The last point is one full of comfort. Those who have been taught that the Redeemer of mankind is also the Word of God may well hold that inspiring manful belief, which is expressed in the old Bidding Prayer, that learning and godliness do walk hand in hand and help one another.

Sometimes, when we have come into contact with secularism, with aggressive secularism, we may feel that knowledge puffeth up, that it may even rob men of their dearest hopes. Often we feel bound to protest that the little ones ought to be suffered to come to Christ, and that the name of the Redeemer ought to be sucked in, as St. Augustine says, with the mother's milk. Often we are shocked by pictures, by books in which we can see great sense of art, rich imagination, wide knowledge of human nature and the facts of life, but no hint of that great idea which is the source of all beauty and the regulator of all life. Sometimes we are perplexed by great and noble schemes for the improvement of society, which yet we feel

to be as houses built upon the sand, as watches without a spring, because they do not possess the one strong foundation, the one enduring power.

Yet in all this there is hope. Vicious art is commonly spoken of as decadent. From what is it declining but from those great moral ideas of purity, self-control, self-effacement, without which there is no true beauty. Purity and simplicity are the wings which raise not only the saint but the novelist. What the artist needs to discover and express is the beauty of little things, of common things, and who will teach him this? Where will he find distinction, nobility of tone, but in Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and showed us in little children, in tradesmen working for gain, in birds and flowers, in dough and leaven, types and pictures of eternal truth? The word 'decadent' is a word of hope.

And if philanthropy is sometimes a little visionary, a little too reliant upon good nature and good intentions, yet it is there and at work. It is a good sign that even those who on many grave points do not think with us, yet claim the name of Christian. At any rate the world accepts Christ as the great example. We have moved far beyond the thirteenth century, which, if it may be called the Age of Faith, was also the age of the *Three Impostors*; far beyond the eighteenth century of Diderot, Voltaire, Tom Paine. Knowledge is the spear of Achilles which makes wounds and cures them; the spear of Ithuriel which sooner

or later detects all imposture, all half-truth, and reduces them by its touch to their natural form and dimensions. All that is needed is that it should be whole knowledge, not whole in the sense of knowing everything, but whole in the sense of despising nothing. There is no whole knowledge without purity and humility.

Every quality has its corresponding defect, except in the One Perfect Character. There are times, we can see many of them as we look back over history, the great Elizabethan age was one, when knowledge is being given to men faster than it can be assimilated. At such times there is always a good deal of flightiness and wilfulness. What you may call the great secondary ideas receive a vast stimulus—Man becomes more conscious of his own dignity, Freedom is made an ideal, an end in itself, Literature essays new paths. You find gorgeous, dazzling effects, luxuriant power, but a general air of wildness and want of self-control. Taste is not refined and discipline is imperfect. They are romantic times, not classical. Gradually the great primary idea of Law reasserts itself, and so men's minds turn again to Him who is Law.

At such times religious men are apt to lose heart, and this also is a good sign. For what does it mean but that they themselves are better men, knowing more of themselves and of the world, more deeply conscious of the vast issues at stake, more anxious to serve the Captain in the eternal

war. Only the courage of ignorance, as Aristotle taught us, can gird itself with a light heart. The wise Christian knows well the power of the forces arrayed against him. But he knows also that the heart of man is always the same, that however it may rage and fret on the surface there is, deep down within it, the indefeasible craving for light and peace. And, therefore, though his spirit at times sinks within him, he dares not be slack. Now, if ever, is the time when he must quit himself like a man and be strong. The waves rage horribly, but he knows that the Lord who sits on high is mightier than all the tumult of the tides. And in Him he puts his trust. 'I can do all things,' he says to himself, 'I can speak even to this chaotic age through Christ that strengtheneth me.'

All evil, Augustine told us, is at bottom good. Gambling, for instance, which is said to be so mischievous in our large towns, is a consequence of higher wages and the telegraph, two very good things. It is so always. What we have to do is not to deny the good, but to add the better and to hold fast the faith that good is the increasing, the winning element in life. Not because of Evolution, but because the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters. There, again, you have the secondary idea and the primary.

And so, as the Psalmist says, we can 'let our songs be of Him, and praise Him'. 'Out of the midst of this fleeting show,' says Augustine, 'will

I praise Thee.' Now turn to that excellent book of Mr. Dill's, to which I have referred before, and see what were the aspects of the fleeting show in the saint's own times. See how strong Paganism was then, strong in its philosophy and science, in its great and dazzling traditions, in the character of many of its adherents. See how weak the Church was. Of many distinguished men, even of some bishops, you can hardly say whether they were Christians or Pagans. It was quite a common thing for Christians to turn Pagans. Further, the most appalling problems were closely imminent. The civilized world was fast becoming a kind of China. Castes were shaping themselves. Many vocations were hereditary, and penally hereditary. The most shocking instance of this is the fact that though all actors were, in the eye of the law, infamous persons, yet if any poor girl shrank from the physical sexual degradation of the stage the law interfered and drove her back into the vile trade of her parents. And if men lifted up their eyes from the misery round about them they saw a flood of barbarism pouring in to swamp what little light was still left in the smouldering embers. You might have said that the Church had no answer to these menacing questions, no means whatever of holding her ground. In fact that is just what men did say when, as they looked on the fiery bloodstained inroads of Alaric or Attila, they exclaimed that the end of all things was at hand. The sky was not much brighter

in the thirteenth century when the Arab philosophy swept over Europe. Yet Augustine and Aquinas praised God out of the midst of the furnace. As they praised Him they laboured, and God blessed their endeavours. We associate both names with great victories of the Church.

And so we may let our songs be of Him, and praise Him: and let our talking be of all His wondrous works. Out of the wondrous works come the praise and thanksgiving, out of the praise and thanksgiving come power for fresh effort.

His wondrous works. Naturally we think first of our Lord's miracles. Some feel it as a burden on their spirits as Origen did, that those signs which were given as a proof of our Lord's mission now require themselves to be proved—or defended. And we cannot prove them, we cannot prove anything; we can but remove preoccupations, prejudices that act as a barrier against a truth. But if we had been there in Judaea we should have believed. Others have persuaded themselves like the heathen Celsus that Christianity is a philosophic abstraction draped in an allegory. Celsus knew quite well that no sensible man—the sensible man is his ideal character—would sacrifice his life either for an abstraction or for an allegory, and the sight of the quiet resolution of the Church filled him with angry bewilderment—all the angrier because so puzzled and helpless. 'Why cannot you', he says, 'serve two Masters? Why

cannot you be Pagans and Christians at once. I have shown you that I can myself.' But I must not attempt to go into the argument for Miracles. Only I may say that to my own mind Paley's way of putting the case is still by far the most persuasive.

But what we really want to be talking of are the wondrous works of history and daily life. All is Miracle. For by miracle we do not mean an effect without a cause, nor a phenomenon which admits of no explanation, nor an event which is contrary to experience. The only tenable definition of the word is that it denotes the result of a spiritual antecedent, the working of mind on matter or on other minds. Mind itself, you may say, is the great miracle.

Every degree of revelation or inspiration or discovery is miraculous. Where did Newton's *Principia* come from? You may say that the mind of the great mathematician was brought into contact with the mind that dwells in Nature; and this is surely a miracle. Or, if you say that there is no mind in Nature, and that what we call the mind of man is a product of Nature, able to understand and even to regulate the cosmic process out of which it came to be, is not this even yet more miraculous? We talk lightly of new knowledge, but God says, 'Behold I make all things new.'

Think of every movement of your hand, or of what we call love, or of speech. Even while I

speak an idea arises in my mind, transforms itself into muscular efforts and vibrations of the air, and finally, reversing the process, appears as the same idea in your mind. And immediately you approve or disapprove. You do not think of my body at all, but of my mind and its character; of that you say it is good, or it is bad. You understand the words and pass a moral judgement on them. How can we explain all this? The telephone will reproduce the change of motion into sound, but who will show us how thought, intellectual and moral, comes to be expressed in terms of motion?

Or take memory, which Augustine regarded as so miraculous. Since I have been here my thoughts have turned to that day thirty-six years ago when I was last in Cuddesdon to be examined for ordination by the then Bishop Wilberforce. Who can throw back his mind over such a tract of time, to such an event, without the deepest awe? Where is that good bishop now? I know where his body lies because I have seen his grave in the beautiful churchyard of Lavington, but where is his better part, his spirit? In a sense it still lives and works—he being dead yet speaketh—and that is wonderful enough—but who would willingly think that that is all? Who need think so? We never saw his spirit, yet it acted upon ours with wonderful power and the quickest sympathy. We could feel that it was a beautiful soul, and that it was beautiful largely because it

walked with God. What is sister Death that she should be able to reduce that soul to nothingness? And how much else does the past suggest? Thankfulness—yet to whom are we thankful, and for what, and with what? Changes of character upwards and downwards—both so marvellous, for why should the world deprave, or why should example or shame or better thoughts that come and go like the birds of the air have any power to uplift? And running through all these changes the awful sense of personal identity and moral responsibility.

Surely it is all miracle. We are like little boats upon the ocean with the unfathomable waters beneath and the illimitable sky above—on every side are immensities, eternities.

But we are called not only to talk about miracles, though that is much, for it involves gratitude and humility, but to do them. 'The works that I do ye shall do also.' To govern, to teach, to train and discipline are all miracles. You may easily so explain conduct and motive by means of familiar abstractions as to make them impossibilities. We know that they are possible, but we know also that they are not easy without other miracles—the Church and the Sacraments and Prayer. And that is the reason that has drawn us together here at this time—the devout expectation of a miracle, the answer of a living God to our repentance and faith, to our adoration and thanksgiving.

It is in adoration and thanksgiving that we feel our weakness most painfully, and it is a great weakness because it may imply not merely that we do not know our blessings but that we have not yet received the greater blessings. Let me conclude these Addresses then with two quotations.

One shall be taken from the oldest extant Address, the so-called *Second Epistle of St. Clement* —'Brethren we ought not to think mean things of our Salvation; for when we think mean things of Him, we expect also to receive mean things.'

For the second we will go to St. Clement himself, and as we read the translation of Bishop Lightfoot we may thank God for that great luminary of the Church, the pattern of a Christian scholar and a great instrument in the hands of God for the pulling down of strongholds and the establishment of sound faith. May our Church never want sons like him. *Serie fulcite domum.*

'Grant unto us, Lord, that we may set our hope on thy Name which is the primal source of all Creation, and open the eyes of our hearts, that we may know Thee, who alone abidest Highest in the lofty, Holy in the holy; who layest low the insolence of the proud, who scatterest the imaginings of nations; who settlest the lowly on high, and bringest the lofty low; who art the Benefactor of spirits and the God of all flesh; who lookest into the abysses, who scannest the works of men; the Succour of them that are in peril,

the Saviour of them that are in despair; the Creator and Overseer of every spirit; who multipliest the nations upon earth and hast chosen out from all men those that love Thee, through Jesus Christ Thy beloved Son, through whom Thou didst instruct us, didst sanctify us, didst honour us. We beseech Thee, Lord and Master, to be our help and succour. Save those among us who are in tribulation; have mercy on the lowly; lift up the fallen; show Thyself unto the needy; heal the ungodly; convert the wanderers of Thy people; feed the hungry; release our prisoners; raise up the weak; comfort the faint-hearted. Let all the Gentiles know that Thou art God alone, and Jesus Christ is Thy Son, and we are Thy people and sheep of Thy pasture . . . O Thou who alone art able to do these things, and things far more exceeding good for us, we praise Thee through the High Priest and Guardian of our Souls, Jesus Christ, through whom be the glory and the majesty unto Thee both now and for all generations and for ever and ever, Amen.'

BLESSINGS AND TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON

I

Psalm xvi. 7.—The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: yea, I have a goodly heritage.

We are to think to-day about the Blessings and the Trials of a Country Parson. It is a limited subject and some of my hearers may have more sympathy with Chaucer's 'poor parson of a town'. Still things in this world are all linked one to another by thousands of little ties. Nothing exists in absolute isolation: all works together for good. Naturally I desire to speak of what I know best, because no speech and no writing can have much value unless it is founded on immediate experience. 'We speak what we do know and testify what we have seen' is the rule for all words that are worth listening to. But the Parson is always a Parson, in town or in country. His experience is largely the same, and even where it differs the one experience will eke out the other by way of suggestion or by way of contrast.

And we ought to begin with the Blessings. Always we ought to begin with the good, not with the evil. It is the method of God Himself. Trial, temptation, always springs out of good. It arises out of a good which we do not completely under-

stand, and therefore do not firmly grasp. Temptation is a call to effort. We do not clearly see why we should make the effort. We have to make it on trust, in faith: it is a leap in the dark. That is how St. Augustine explains Temptation. It is not that men desire evil—that is not human nature—but it is that they cling to good things that are plain and familiar and sensible, and shrink from those higher gifts which they do not know until they have tasted them, which they fear and shrink from precisely because they do not know them. Yet the higher blessing is always close at hand. We feel that it is there, by the light of the indwelling word: we feel that it is far better than anything that we possess. And these two feelings render it impossible for man, who is made in the image of God, to rest content with a merely sensual life.

And, again, we ought to begin with counting up our blessings, because there is nothing to be so greatly desired as a thankful heart. It is the highest happiness to 'sing in the ways of the Lord'. And why is that? Because God's gifts are not given at random. They are given to faithful children. Hence the sin of unthankfulness. The sin lies not so much in the ingratitude as in the fact that we have received no gift, because we were not worthy. 'I have nothing to be thankful for,' a man will often say. It is never true, but, even if it were, the question arises why; why has he nothing, or not so much as he ought

to have, to be thankful for? That is a deep question; a very Lenten thought.

Now, may not the Country Parson apply to himself very directly the words of the text 'The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage'. It is a country metaphor, the 'lot' or 'lines' was the little farm allotted, or measured out with the measuring line to every Israelite. The Old Testament, may we not say, breathes the air of the country throughout; it has the smell of a field that the Lord hath blessed; much of it is best read and understood in the open spaces of the champaign, in sight of the hills and the trees and the wells and the cattle. The New Testament, with the great exception of the Synoptic Gospels, speaks more to the townsman. At any rate the stress lies there less on the beauty and the marvel of God's work in nature and more on Man, his union on the one hand with Christ and on the other hand with his fellow men, in a word, on the social nature of man and its significance. And as society reaches its highest expression in the town, the New Testament, perhaps we may say, is more immediately concerned with town life. Yet the Synoptic Gospels are an exception, and perhaps we shall put the matter more simply by saying that the New Testament is the revelation of God in man as the Old Testament is the revelation of God in nature. Both revelations come from the same Author, and he that is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven

must pierce the truth of both. But of the Country Parson we may say that, while he knows, or should know, the human heart in its larger issues, the book of Nature opens all its secrets to him. He breathes the same air as the Patriarchs and the shepherd David and the prophet Amos, and they are nearer to him than they are to others.

Now, if we reckon up the blessings that belong to the life of a priest in a country place we may place three in particular at the head of the list. He has plenty of time. His life is many-sided. His life is simpler and comes into closer and more human contact with realities.

He has plenty of time. While others are driven from pillar to post, hurrying about to classes, to committees, to meetings, scarcely able to fit their engagements into the crowded pages of their diaries, obliged to measure out their minutes, obliged to do many things in a hurry, and therefore obliged to do some things badly, he has the priceless advantage of leisure. He has time to think and replenish his stores: he need not act without due deliberation; he is seldom or never called upon to speak without knowing what he is going to say. He has plenty of time for study, for meditation, for doing all that God gives him to do. He should never be idle but he need never be in a hurry. And that is one of the outward marks of sanctity which is not sufficiently borne in mind in these feverish times. The saints were never in a hurry. Read any of their lives and

you will find that they were like the stars, 'without rest, without haste.'

And it is a many-sided life—at least it should be so, and it is a great misfortune if it is not. The temptation of town life is its machinery. Everybody is like a wheel in a machine. The tendency is towards the division of labour. Each man has some one thing to do; he is expected to do that one thing perfectly, and in order that he may attain perfection he is not allowed to meddle with anything else. It is so, of course, with the artisan, but the same thing happens in some degree to everybody. All have to specialize, to train some one narrow aptitude and let all the others go. Even the clergy are forced into the same groove because the town parish is often so large that no one man can perform equally well all the different kinds of labour involved. And so they too are compelled to specialize, to rely upon machinery. Now it is one of the blessings of the Country Parson that he has no machinery, he is compelled to be many-sided. He must preach his own sermons, do his own visiting, attend to his own sick folk, look after his own school, manage an infinity of things that in towns are left to the lawyer, or the magistrate, or a host of other officials. He must do all these things well. If he can get help he will be wise to take it, but, generally speaking, he will have to do them himself as well as they can be done. And he has plenty of time for it all. If we want to under-

stand what is meant by machinery we cannot do better than think of a funeral. What a difference there is between a cemetery chaplain and a village pastor there. There can be nothing more afflicting, more crushing than the duty of reciting that most solemn office, over coffin after coffin, among people that you never saw before and will never see again. It is a tragedy without a lesson, a pageant of unmeaning, unending sorrow. But the village priest is himself one of the mourners. He knew, and he had some, perhaps great, affection for that brother whose body he is committing to the dust. He was his brother; he shared his life; he prayed by his dying bed, and it is hard if he does not know some ground for that beautiful hope that we utter over the grave. And as he sees the tears of the mourners, he knows that it will be his office to sanctify those tears, and that that sorrow will be a new link, and a strong link between him and his children in Christ.

So the Country Parson's life is many-sided, and yet at the same time it is simpler because he comes at every turn into more direct contact with the heart. Just because he has no machinery he is more truly the father, the shepherd. He knows his people one by one. Their trials and difficulties, their hopes and fears, their motives and ways of acting—all is an open book to him. From the little child that he baptized the other day to the white-headed old man, he knows them all. And therefore he loves them all. For you

cannot really know all about a fellow creature without loving him in some degree. And where there is love everything is simple: it is the key that opens all mysteries.

Now all that I have been saying might be applied to the Country Parson in four ways: as a learner, as a teacher, as a worker, and as a pilgrim.

As a learner. He has plenty of time to learn all that he ought to know from Holy Scripture, from Nature, from books and from men.

I will not dwell on the three first, further than to say that it is absolutely essential to his happiness and his usefulness that he should make good use of his opportunities. Time wasted is the talent buried in a napkin. We are set in our parishes as centres of light, and the light must be fed with oil, with study, and trimmed with reflection, and allowed to burn brightly. Everybody knows this, but what not everybody seems to understand is how much the people have to teach us, how much we have to learn from those poor and ignorant, and often rather tiresome, country folks whose shepherds we are. Ignorant enough they are of such things as are taught at public schools and universities, but their lives are spent in grappling with poverty, the direst and deepest of all fleshly ills. And in country places it is generally a fair fight. The countryman does not give in as many people in towns do, perhaps are obliged to do, but maintains the struggle as long as his strength holds out. It is in the villages

better than anywhere else that you see man battling manfully with his worst earthly enemy. And accordingly it is there that you most readily find some of the best features of humanity, its simplicity, its kindliness, its patience and hopefulness, its childlike integrity. There are dark shades also which you may trace to the same cause, to the nearness of the wolf to every door. But, generally speaking, it is a fine and most encouraging spectacle, and I would go so far as to say that no man's knowledge of life is complete unless he has lived for a time on familiar terms with the labourers in our country villages. Now that is what we have to learn, and it ought to fill us with great affection and great humility. We all of us know people in very poor cottages who are far better, and for all practical purposes, far wiser than ourselves. We have seen human nature in almost primaeval simplicity stripped of all artifice and convention and we know that we can trust it. What a bewildering sight is the crowd in a city street. It flows past us like a river ; it is like a procession of masks ; we feel as if we were mere spectators, altogether outside the show. But in the country we are behind the scenes : we know the heart behind the face, and what thankfulness, sympathy and trust spring from that intimate acquaintance with men as they are.

I must hurry over the next two heads, though they are full of inspiriting thoughts. As a teacher the Country Parson has this great advantage, that

he can teach almost everything that he knows. He is superior to his scholars at almost every point. He is the connecting link between them and a whole world, not of religion only, but of learning, of science, of art and literature, of manners and refinement. The town clergyman must often feel as he mounts his pulpit that there are people in the congregation who know a vast deal more than he does. The country pastor can hardly ever feel that. He has inexhaustible treasures to draw upon, if he will take the trouble. All he has to do is to find acceptable words and discover the right method of approach which the Holy Spirit will infallibly teach him. If he has prayed over his people one by one he cannot miss the way. And as a worker he has more to do for his people, that is to say, he has more hooks to hold them by, he has plenty of time, and therefore should make few mistakes, and, because he knows them individually, he should be able far more readily to lay his finger on some chord that will answer to an appeal. And his own example—what a force that ought to be in a little community where every act and every word bears immediate fruit. Truly his light is not hid under a bushel. He must know where he fails, he must know where he succeeds, and he must know why. If a pew is empty there is a piece of his silver lost; if a sheep comes back to the fold there is immediate joy. His pastoral comforts, his pastoral sorrows are easily added up and explained. His

business is so small that he cannot be blind to his losses and his gains. What a stimulus to exertion is here! For who runs into bankruptcy with open eyes?

And lastly as a pilgrim. That is the deepest word of all. In town or in country we are all alike strangers and sojourners, travelling on through the present towards a wonderful future, the glory that shall be revealed, following the voice that calls us to come out and be separate, laying aside in childlike faith one treasure, one solace, one delight after another that our trust in the Saviour may be pure and unalloyed. Is it better to live in the full tide of life or in the quiet fields? Who can tell? Men are differently made, and if we follow God's hand He will guide us into that scene of trial, that field of labour, that suits us best. But, at any rate, the Country Parson, who has plenty of time, has time to think not only of the souls of others but of his own. Three graces are very near to him, calmness, simplicity, and meditation. In these he ought to shine; they are his special work for the Church of Christ; and how close they lie to sanctity no words are needed to explain.

II

Psalm lxxxvi. 1, 2.—Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I *am* poor and needy. Preserve my soul; for I *am* holy: O Thou my God, save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.

We may keep these words in mind while we think of the Trials of the Country Parson. Poor enough he is often in the literal sense of the words, and part of his trouble is that there are those who think him too rich and too comfortable, and use of him language that would be harsh if applied to a millionaire. It is hard to bear a heavy burden, perhaps willingly enough, and still be told that it is no burden at all. Yet because he is poor he knows the poor and can speak to them and for them. No man, whatever his lot, can be a true priest unless, like St. Francis of Assisi, he has taken poverty for his bride and learned all that she has to teach him. And needy enough he often is with few to help. Very often there is no rich man, no wise or strong man, in the parish, no one on whom he can rely for sound advice, or efficacious support. But you see that is the very reason why the Psalmist lifts up his prayer with such confidence—'Bow down thine ear, O Lord, because I am poor and needy.' That is a plea to which he knows full well that God will listen, because He is 'full of compassion and

gracious long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth'.

And if he is poor and needy he should be holy. Set apart, the word means, and consecrated. Every Christian is holy, but the priest in a higher sense than others. He has said like the Prophet, 'Here am I; send me.' He has accepted a high commission, great powers; and if he is obedient to the grace that has been given unto him he can pray with unfaltering confidence, 'I am holy: save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.' For we trust not in ourselves but in the living Word of God, and in that sacramental grace of which we are the unworthy stewards.

Now we shall observe that the Trials of the Country Parson flow directly out of his blessings. Indeed that is the case with all trials, all temptations.

Perhaps it will be well to endeavour to get this quite clear. What is a blessing? It is either a gift or an opportunity. What is a trial? That, again, is either a gift or an opportunity. When then does the blessing become a trial? When there is the gift without the opportunity, or the opportunity without the gift. A man may have the gift of speech without a fair chance of using it. He will fret and complain, or he will catch at openings for exerting his talent which will lead to mischief. Or he may be unready of tongue. Sooner or later a time will come when he ought to speak promptly and to the point. But he lets

the time pass because he is unready. All temptations may be regarded in this way.

And so the Country Parson may have the faculty without the chance, or the chance without the faculty.

The first leads to disappointment and restlessness. Take, again, the gift of speech, or the gift of government and organization. A man may quite conceivably feel that he possesses these graces and his true field of work lies rather in the town than in the country. Yet the door may be long in opening and that may become a very grave temptation. For there is but one step from the feeling that we could do more work, or do other work better, and the feeling that we are unjustly neglected or, as it is often expressed, 'thrown away,' 'buried alive.' Now we may be right in thinking that we should be more useful in another sphere, but we may be entirely wrong. We ought to be very careful that we do not err in our self-estimate, very sure that we are thinking of God's work and not of ourselves.

Again, we believe in divine calls. The call comes to him who has faithfully done his duty in the lower sphere. David would never have made a good king if he had been a bad shepherd, nor would our Lord have chosen St. Peter to be an Apostle if He had seen that he was an idle fisherman. Sit thou down in the lowest room, then shalt thou be invited to come up higher. And probably the best work in the world has been done by men

who never chose it, who would have preferred an altogether different lot, but set themselves cheerfully and faithfully to make the very best of their surroundings, though they did not like them. Washington was such a man. St. Anselm was another. The best things often are those which men have undertaken because they were driven to it, because the thing had to be done and no one else would touch it. There is no high performance without real and great self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice means doing what we do not like doing. If you have read the *Life of Dean Church*, you will remember how he repelled the idea that he was 'thrown away' in a small country parish. There is no gift which may not be put to profitable use in the quietest and most rustic spot. The field may be narrow, but it is as fruitful as any.

But you may have the chance without the faculty, the call without the will to answer. And that is failure, blank and absolute. We all have that call. 'Feed My Sheep;' these particular sheep, this special portion of My Flock. And we all have the food to give them. Who would willingly confess that he has no heart for the work?

The trials flow directly out of the blessings. The first blessing was abundance of time, and it is a common saying that no one is so idle as he that has plenty of time. Again, when we are our own masters and there is no pressing need to map out our day very parsimoniously then is the temptation to *strenua inertia*, wilful diligence, shall

we call it? the habit of making a business of trifles. What every country clergyman wants is some occupation in which he takes a real pleasure and which he can turn to use. It must often happen that parish affairs cannot really exhaust all his energies, and he needs a second interest which shall be agreeable yet not frivolous. One man finds it in books, another in practical work as a guardian or in connexion with some diocesan or Church organization. Others have different outlets, but there are two delightful subjects which are of the greatest value in a country parish, I mean music and natural history. I speak of them with regret because I am not familiar with either. But I am sure that any one who has skill enough to teach his people to sing and feel for simple, but good music, any one who can get a cluster of boys or girls about him and impart to them the love of birds, insects or flowers, will find not only that he has given them a new interest in life, but that he has acquired an influence which may be used in many other directions. Perhaps we do not sufficiently consider how much there is that we can teach. Things that we learned at school and college, and possibly never cared much about and have half forgotten, only want furbishing up and putting into a simple shape to be highly prized by the simple folk we have to deal with. They know a great deal, but not any of the things that we know. There ought to be a constant brisk exchange; they will bring their country

words, their folk-lore, their wisdom of the fields, and barter for anything you can give from the great treasury of books.

Again the Country Parson's life is many-sided. He has much to manage single-handed and our critics never suffer us to forget the mischief this may lead to. Enemies say that we are apt to be autocratic ; friends complain that we are divided, and that it is very difficult to get us to act together for any large purpose. It can hardly be disputed that there is a grain of truth in these animadversions. On public questions we do sometimes observe more divergence of opinion, greater toughness of assertion than is quite natural and inevitable, and the quiet pool of village life is occasionally stirred into a little storm because the clergyman has not been careful to ascertain what support he could count upon before setting to work. Country life has always been the nurse of independence, and independence is in many ways a great virtue. The good priest should be full of initiative and not afraid of the breath of men's nostrils. But there are certain well defined limits, the law of the Church on the one hand, knowledge of human nature and brotherly charity on the other. He is to lead his flock as Eastern shepherds use, not to drive them like an English shepherd.

And there are matters in which we cannot expect even to lead unless we have special aptitudes which do not belong to the priest as such—business matters of all kinds. Much vexation would be

avoided if we frankly acknowledged that we are not always businesslike.

The third blessing was Simplicity. The Country Parson dwells among a simple folk. The great plagues of town life, ostentation and artificiality, do not trouble him. All is plain, natural, outspoken, unaffected. The way from one heart to another is straight and direct.

It need hardly be pointed out that the besetting sin of a simple life is Slovenliness. The maxim of country people too often is that 'anything will do', and that 'so long as you mean well nothing else signifies'. And therefore it will always be a chief duty of the pastor to insist that 'nothing is too good'. He is there specially to uphold a high standard and a fine tone in everything, not only in worship and its accessories, not only in faith and morals, but in manners, in speech, in dress, in everything. Our Church—I think this boast may be fairly made—has more general refining and elevating power, has a deeper and broader hold upon human nature as a whole, than any other, and it is our office to see that its wonderful refining cultivating influence is brought fully to bear in every possible direction.

But the simplicity of country life brings with it another and far more painful trial. The Country Parson's happiness is very near at hand. What success God gives him in his work is very well known and very sweet. He 'sees of the travail of his soul'. But so too his vexations and his

disappointments are very close, very personal, often very bitter. Where all are brothers every difference is a difference between brothers, every loss is the loss of a brother. Now if the parson's heart is at all too hard, or if it is at all too soft, these 'wounds in the house of a friend' will produce a very unhappy result. If he is harsh, if he is sensitive, he may end by withdrawing from the struggle, standing aloof, letting things drift. He may fall into that fault which is absolutely forbidden to every shepherd, and complain of his sheep, his Master's sheep.

We all have our reverses, and we all know this gloomy desponding spirit. It was ranked in old times as one of the Seven Deadly Sins by the name of *Tristitia*, or Melancholy, or Accidie. Many of my hearers will be familiar with a very beautiful sermon on this subject by the Dean of Christ Church.[1] *Tristitia* was well known in the cloister; it is a common visitant in all sequestered life, and it not unfrequently waves its black wings in the country parsonage. Nay, where is this evil spirit not known, the spirit that wanders through dry places, the spirit of scorn and disgust, or of mortification and injured pride, the brooding discontented spirit that will not be comforted? Sometimes it is too proud to complain, sometimes it is peevish, fretful, querulous, always it is most unhappy.

Most of us, I suppose, when we feel it coming, or

[1] F. Paget, now Bishop of Oxford. *The Spirit of Discipline.*

come, play with the children or rush off and visit the most afflicted person in the parish; we find our tonics where our Lord showed them to us, in the innocence of childhood or in ministering to suffering far greater than our own. There is always a remedy if we remember that we need the medicine most when we desire it least, and that the spirit can rely sometimes on impulse, but always on duty.

Yet another and perhaps the best cure for the sour spirit of Melancholy is to be found in Intercessory Prayer. Probably many of you know what William Law says on this subject in his *Serious Call*; it is a passage that all country clergymen ought to know well. It is in Intercessory Prayer that the pastor finds strength to go on without fainting; there is unsealed to him the fountain of inexhaustible love and pity; there he learns humility and self-distrust; there are revealed to him the causes of his mistakes and failures; there in the light of the perfect Humanity he begins to comprehend the rugged tempers, the dull understandings, the irresolute wills, the querulous carping natures that surround him and to which he himself belongs. There he discerns what the great Pastor, the great High Priest is, touched with the feeling of every infirmity, yet without sin. We have something of that feeling, but we are not spotless and blameless, and therefore have to bear not only the sins of others, but our own as well. Melancholy is the shadow of

our own personal unfaithfulness, a cloud of our own making which has drifted between us and the sun, and it must be purged away.

Our Lord Himself knew what it was. 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful.' May we not think that He the faithful bore the sin of the unfaithful shepherd, that in the supreme moment of His Passion there came to Him the last and most grievous temptation, the doubting voice that asks 'Is it worth while'? 'Suppose I give up all, suppose I drain the cup to the very dregs and suppose it is all in vain.' We all have the same trial to bear and our support is to remember that it is our office to see that the Lord's sufferings shall not have been in vain; so to use even the gloom of failure that it shall become the starting-point of new and more victorious life. Like the Apostle the true pastor is 'perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed', or again 'as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing'.

ORDINATION ADDRESSES

I

THE CHARACTER OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

PERHAPS I cannot do better than take as the subject of the four Addresses which I am to give you the valedictory address of St. Paul to the Elders of the Church at Ephesus. You will find it in Acts xx.

They are the words of a great Apostle spoken to a body of clergy amongst whom he had lived and laboured for a considerable time. Some doubt has been raised—not altogether without reason—as to the position allowed by St. Paul, in Corinth more especially, to the ordained clergy of the Church. It is highly interesting, therefore, to observe what he says here upon that point, when he is speaking in this solemn way to the elders, or presbyters, or priests—for these three words are identical—telling them what he has been himself, what they ought to be; drawing for them and for us the portrait of the ideal priest. The speech as given by St. Luke is only a brief abstract of a much longer address. But we may feel confident that St. Luke has given us the main points. He has omitted much that we should have been glad to possess—much of the look, the gesture, the word, that would have touched us as it touched the hearers when they 'wept sore and

fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him'. But Luke was there and he has left out nothing that he thought of real vital importance. And we may be quite sure that he has added nothing.

It is a valedictory address reminding us in some points of the farewell of Samuel to the Elders of the Jews when he was handing them over to the rule of King Saul. Last words we may call them. They have all the solemnity and the pathos of a final message—as all good preaching ought to have in some measure. You may remember what was said of a great divine;

> He preached as he should never preach again
> And as a dying man to dying men:

as one speaking in the immediate presence of the great eternities where nothing petty or mean can endure, where all vanity, affectation, contentiousness, all self-assertion is shrivelled up and nothing can endure but faith, hope and charity. He speaks as a prophet. I know he says that 'ye shall see my face no more', and shall we notice that his prophecy was perhaps not verified by the result? After his first imprisonment he appears to have returned again into the East, as we learn from the Pastoral Epistles, and he may have seen the Ephesian elders once more. Should we feel it as a great wound to our notion of inspiration if it were so? I hardly think so. St. Paul is so careful elsewhere to distinguish what he says by illumination of the Holy Spirit from what he

says out of the fullness of his own heart or as the best conclusion of his own reason, and he is so clearly speaking here under the dominant influence of strong pathetic feeling. Rather we may notice the point as tending to support the extremely early date of the Book of Acts. St. Luke would have noticed the difficulty and done something to relieve it, unless he wrote at the very time at which his narrative breaks off—that is to say, before the date of the Pastoral Epistles.

Now let us turn to the Apostle's words. 'Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons.'

He appeals, as Samuel did, to his people. He appeals to them upon earth and he will appeal to them before the great tribunal in heaven. They are his joy, his crown, his credentials. His very claim to be considered as an Apostle he rests upon their acceptance. 'If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord,' he says to the Corinthians. But they are also his witnesses, his judges. 'Feed my sheep'—we know those words and what they imply. St. Paul repeats them in this very speech. 'Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God.' But these sheep are human beings, baptized Christians, saints they are called, priests even they are called. Some of them very

ignorant and weak; some wiser than ourselves; it may be, even in things of the spirit; many wiser than ourselves in learning and all kinds of worldly skill. Even the worst of them know the difference between a good clergyman and a bad one, and the best of them have a very high and exacting standard. We live amongst them as St. Paul says he did. They mark us in church and out of church, they observe what we know, what we say, and how far our life agrees with our professions. They know what qualities make for success in the world, and they know what qualities make for success in the ministry—for they are much the same. 'Why,' they will say, 'how can he make a good clergyman? He is ignorant, or he has no tact, or he is quarrelsome, or he is absorbed in trifles, or he has no fire of conviction, he does not really believe in his calling.' And they are our judges, think of that. It cannot be said that a clergyman is a good or bad *man* according as he fills or empties his church; he may be a saint and yet find little acceptance. But he is not a good *shepherd*, if his flock is not in good order; he has failed in that, and it is a very grave point, for it is what he undertook to be.

Now here there is a most serious subject for consideration, and I would most earnestly press it upon you. Good Christians I trust you all are, drawn by the Holy Spirit and willing to follow the Lamb wherever He may lead. But do you know what makes the good shepherd?

Consider that. You cannot answer the question yet, because until you are plunged into the midst of the work you cannot realize half the difficulties. But are you willing to learn, to learn by practice, that is to say, to learn by making mistakes? For that is how men learn to be good shepherds, by making mistakes and correcting them. If you begin with some little narrow theory, if you go on to think that when that theory breaks down it is the fault of the people and not of the theory, if you look upon all who do not fall in with your views as stupid or hostile or worthless, you will never make a shepherd. I am thinking not of those who do not care—they, of course, can never do any good—but of those who do care, who really want to do good service. So many earnest single-minded men bear no fruit—just for want of wisdom.

Think of the people amongst whom you are going. They are English, they are modern, they belong to the north country. Try to understand what all these things mean. You cannot hope to guide these people unless you do; if you go amongst them as a stranger or a foreigner and try to squeeze them into moulds which do not fit their nature, of course they will not follow. Pray for them, but take care how you pray, for there is a way of praying for other people which takes it for granted that we are always in the right, and they always in the wrong. Pray, firstly, that you may understand them; secondly, that you

may see what there is of good in them; and, thirdly, that God will help you so to use that which is good as to correct that which is evil; fourthly, that if they are better men than yourself He will enable you to see that also. There is a prayer that ought never to be offered—'God I thank Thee that I am not as other men are—or even as this publican.' It is the prayer of the Pharisee who is so slow to learn.

There are three things that we want to know: God's nature, our own nature, and the nature of other men. What we want to help to produce is a harmony between these three. Now the first, God's nature, we do know as far as it is possible or necessary to know it; it is revealed to us in His Son and by His Spirit. His image and likeness are drawn for us in Scripture and in the lives of the saints, and our hearts recognize the picture as true. Yes, God, we may say, we do know.

But himself—which of us knows that? Think of all your opinions—how many of them are true? Think of your estimate of your own capacities—how far is it just? Think of the uncertainties of temper and of the power of desire—of what we call temptation. What a complex machine our nature is, how full of unsuspected flaws and weaknesses. We do not know it except in so far as it has been brought into conformity with the will of God and thereby simplified and made intelligible. And we cannot tell how far that conformity has been attained until we have been

tried in the furnace of temptation—that is to say, by experience and responsibility. You are about to be cast into that fire ; thank God that you are not a mere lump of potter's clay, but carry His Spirit and your own reason with you into the flame, so that you can amend even grievous errors.

Even less do we know the nature of other people. We are always wrong in what we think about them, naturally, because we judge them by ourselves and we do not know ourselves. Usually they are much better than we think them, and the more modest and charitable our judgement is the more likely it is to hit the mark.

It is important that you should judge them truly—but it is still more important to remember that when you become their shepherd you give them the right to judge you.

It is a very solemn thought, especially in a district where the people are so shrewd and experienced as they are about here. How are you to face that formidable ordeal to which you will be exposed ? One grace that will enable you to bear it is modesty. 'Lord I am not high-minded'—take that for a constant motto. Recognize your own deficiencies—do what you can with God's help to amend them, but do not attempt to disguise them.

And another is the grace of Humility. Now notice this, that Modesty is not the same thing as Humility—Modesty is plain common sense and rightness of judgement. The modest man is one

who knows what he can do and what he cannot, and therefore never boasts and never pretends. But Humility is not a judgement at all. It is just willingness to serve in any way and anybody. And it flows not from self-knowledge like Modesty, but from the love of Christ who gave Himself for us and calls us in turn to give ourselves to His people. It is the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit that makes us feel that all that we are and all that we have is cheerfully to be laid upon God's altar—that life itself is then most valuable when it is so good that it is worth His acceptance. Let us take as our motto for this grace the words of our Lord, 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His Life a ransom for many.'

But this grace of Humility will come before us directly in the following verse and we shall then be better able to see what it means.

II

HUMILITY, AND ITS EFFECTS

I SPOKE in the first Address of St. Paul's appeal to the testimony of the elders of Ephesus and through them to the Church which they represented, and of all the thoughts which that appeal must suggest to every reflecting and earnest clergyman. I pointed out also the two graces which will enable us to make that appeal with confidence, Modesty and Humility. Both these graces are often misrepresented and sometimes misunderstood. Both rest, or ought to rest, not upon amiable self-delusion but on strict truth, that truth into which the Holy Spirit ought to lead us—the first, Modesty, upon the truth about ourselves; the second, Humility, upon the truth about God. To know that always in some point or another other men are better than we are, that often they are better in many points, that sometimes they may be better in all—this is Modesty. To know that God is all in all and claims us altogether to believe this and find our happiness in it—this is Humility. It is the religious attitude—'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord who hath made heaven and earth.' To be always looking up—that is Humility. To be always thinking of the glory of the divine beauty and to measure ourselves not

by any lower standard but by that. What a deep sense of our own littleness and unworthiness it ought to produce when we fix our minds upon that perfect One whose glory none can apprehend. What a sense of infidelity and disloyalty. 'Against Thee only have I sinned.' What a sense of utter dependence—'Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me—for without Thee I can do nothing'—'Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' But also what courage if we can feel that that power which none can arrest, is arrayed upon our side. What devotion if we remember that that eternal majesty deigns to make use of us and to accept our help. Thus Humility, the weakest of all things, is yet also the strongest of all. Now let us go on to the next two verses. 'Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: And how I kept nothing back that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publickly, and from house to house.'

There you have a sort of definition of Humility. It is of the mind; it consists not in outward acts which may easily be counterfeited, but in an inward disposition—in the habit of adoration—the eyes of the soul are to be fixed not on earth, though it is God's foot-stool, but on heaven which is His throne. We are to have the mind of Christ, to mind things above. Again, you have here the motive of Humility—serving the Lord.

But we must not add 'and not serving the world or man', because man and the world belong to the Lord—we are to serve Him in the world, and the world as it is His; and it is His in a much larger sense than we might think, though there are ways in which it turns aside from its Creator. But we find here also the two great fruits of Humility—Courage and Diligence.

Courage the Apostle had shown in his many temptations. And here you may observe that by temptation the New Testament generally means trials of courage, dangers, oppositions, menaces. What we mean by temptation the New Testament calls almost invariably lust or sin or the old Adam. Not quite invariably. 'Every man', says St. James, 'is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.' Here temptation *is* lust. But, generally speaking, the word is applied to external difficulties which may daunt us and keep us from doing what we know to be right. The best instance is to be found in the denial of St. Peter when, in the cold dawn after a sleepless and agitated night, he found himself surrounded by a ring of angry faces and was asked that formidable question, 'Art not thou also this man's disciple?' Here St. Paul is speaking of temptations which came upon him from the malignity of the Jews, who hated him beyond all the Apostles as a renegade and as the great enemy of the Law and of all formalism. Troubles also he had, as we know

from his Epistles, from opposition within the Church. He was too free and too mystical for many even in the Christian community. Well, he met all these temptations with unflinching courage, that we know very well. But here we have a point that might surprise us when we think of the robust vigour which he so often displayed. Here he speaks of his tears. This man of war, this strong controversialist, when he is alone with God, or his trusted friends, seeks light for his guidance on these stormy seas with prayers and tears. And there you will find the secret of that moderation and reasonableness which went hand in hand with his courage. Those to whom controversy brings such prayer, such deep emotion, such tender recollections of brotherhood, such soul-felt anxiety not only to seem right but to be right will always find light. The prayer for victory is a dry-eyed and dry-hearted prayer: the prayer for guidance and the Holy Spirit is meek and submissive and never far from tears. Do not mistake arrogance for courage. True courage does not say, 'I can do all things'—but, 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,' that is to say, 'I can do all—if I am guided right.'

Again, Humility made the Apostle diligent, especially in his teaching. What he taught we shall see in the next verse; here we notice only the assiduity, the thoroughness of his work.

'I kept back nothing that was profitable for

you.' There is something surely to notice there. We know his Epistles, and knowing his Epistles we know what he taught and what he deemed profitable. They abound in doctrine and exhortation. They are remarkably full and instructive. I dare say you have all of you spent a long time in studying one of these Epistles and could not feel that you knew to the very bottom after all. But now take any religious book of the present day: you will find a great number of things that are not in these thirteen Epistles. Take in particular what we call our 'burning questions'. St. Paul does not touch upon any one of them, nor does any other writer of the New Testament. Now why is that? You see what he says, 'I kept back,' I left out, omitted, 'nothing that was profitable for you.' You see how he says it—in a solemn appeal—in what he regards almost as a dying message. Are we not justified in inferring that these questions are superfluous, modern, unprofitable? They certainly cause a good deal of strife, and that is not profitable unless it turns upon first principles and leads to some important gain which cannot be obtained without fighting for it. But then how did this great fighting Apostle St. Paul whom no one can accuse of crying peace when there was no peace—how does he come to leave them wholly untouched and yet declare in this emphatic way that he has kept back nothing profitable?

We ought to dwell upon that word 'profitable'.

Perhaps the Apostle is thinking of the Parable of the Talents, and the gain, the profit, which the Master expects His servants to make. At any rate that is the idea. Our doctrine ought to be profitable, it ought to do people good. It ought to be food ; something that will nourish their reasonable souls ; not antiquarianism, not saw-dust, but something that will teach them to hate evil and love good and walk humbly with their God. And if you read your New Testament, as all clergymen ought to read it with a keen eye to profit for themselves and for their flocks, you will find easily what that something is.

Find it and then deliver it—in such portions as seems fit and expedient—but keeping nothing back. Tell the people what God is, what He wants them to do, and how He will help them to do it—and His goodness, and His severity. Teach it all—the more simply the better. It is a large field and you will probably find that your time is fully occupied with these great eternal, universal lessons without entering upon any 'burning questions' at all. It will be far better if it is so. The world rings with clamours and brawls but the Church ought to be a quiet spot ; it is that tabernacle where God hides us secretly from the strife of tongues, where we can sow and reap beside the waters of peace.

One other point there is. St. Paul protests that he had been diligent in teaching both publicly and from house to house. Publicly—that will

mean in the synagogue or in large gatherings of Christians in the hall of some wealthy brother's house. But this public teaching did not suffice. In those heathen days the work of the Church was largely of a missionary character, and in our own times it has become so in great measure once more. Now again, as in the Apostle's world, the Sunday and week-day services are not enough. We have to make—so far as we can make them—other opportunities for instruction and exhortation, to fish for souls in all waters and with every kind of angle. The work has many different branches. It is not every one who can go out into the streets and preach with effect, but some can do that, and we have such open-air sermons of St. Paul's—at Athens, at Lystra, and elsewhere. But there are the schools, where so much can be taught and—what is more—where so much can be learned. There is no place where you can improve yourself—if you have the will to be improved—so readily as in the parish school. And lastly, if you have neither the gift of public speaking nor the gift of systematic teaching there is parochial visitation. People say that the modern clergyman neglects visitation and argues that it is not his proper function. But the less you know about your parishioners out of church the less you will have to preach about in church. The more you will be like men beating the air, or firing arrows which hit nothing because you cannot see the target.

III

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

We have seen Paul protesting so earnestly that he had served the Lord with all humility of mind—appealing to the Church to bear witness to his courage and his diligence. Publicly and from house to house he had been indefatigable in teaching and he had kept nothing back—nothing that was profitable. The whole counsel of God so far as it was known to him, partly by direct revelation, partly by communion with those who had been in Christ before him, and so far as it had been confirmed in him by experience he had declared to his people. Nothing more than this. He had not lectured about the Greek poets or delivered his views upon politics or upon great social questions; he had not even made any protest against slavery. All those subjects are well worth consideration; some of them are of the highest importance. But they do not belong to the clergyman as such. The clergyman as such has no special mandate with regard to them and no special aptitude for dealing with them. His work comes from the spirit and goes to the spirit. It is his business to help men to get their souls into the right relation with God. If he can do that, if he can reconcile the children to the Father, the children will bring their relations to one another into harmony with justice and mercy for themselves.

What we are concerned with are the great principles upon which all morality and all prosperity rest. If you can bring men into the Church, or rather, if you can make them religious, you need attempt no more. All that is good will follow. And you will find this work, which is undoubtedly yours, sufficient, and more than sufficient, to absorb all your time and energy. History warns us that the clergy have never taken an active part in great public affairs without doing harm. There have been states governed by clergy, and they were always badly governed. You will have your own opinions as citizens and no one can complain of your voting in accordance with them. But beware always of bringing the ark on to the field of battle.

'Things that are profitable'—St. Paul is going here to tell us what they are. They are two in number—Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. They are the two great realities of the spiritual life—and therefore they are universal. In the Apostle's time people were divided into two great classes—there were the Greeks who were highly educated, polished, artistic, and also pagan, sunk many of them in the most deplorable superstition and the most shameless vice—there were the Jews, far superior to the rest of the world in morality, far inferior to them in intellectual cultivation, deeply religious, holding a faith which was imperfect, yet, so far as it went, true and eternal, but holding with it

a number of rules and traditions. Some of these had been imposed by God Himself in the Law—others had grown up in the Church, made by priests and wise teachers and accepted by the community. All had once been salutary and profitable, but their time had gone by and now they did harm. Sacred as they were in the eyes of pious Jews the time had come to let them expire and vanish away. Christ had fulfilled them so far as they needed fulfilment. And now the Gospel had come—the supreme faith in which Jew and Gentile were to meet as one, the faith which should unite, sanctify, perfect, all that was good in either people. All are to be brought into one family upon this great simple ground of Repentance and Faith. Nay it is even simpler than this. For Repentance and Faith are at bottom one. They answer to the two sides of God's nature, His Severity and His Love, and these two are one in Him.

Repentance—We call it by a Latin word, and these Latin theological phrases are all a little misleading. The Latins were a race of lawyers and all their language is steeped in legal associations. They were a race of soldiers too, and knew and perhaps over-valued the advantages of drill. This trait, again, is stamped upon their terminology. Almost always you will find it instructive and helpful to remember the Greek text of the New Testament, which, though it does not give you the exact words of our Lord, is but one

degree removed from the original. You know what the Greek word for Repentance is, μετάνοια, Change of Mind. It is expressed also by another phrase that is common in the Old Testament and in the New, 'Turning to the Lord.' A change of mind, a change in our idea of the value of things, so that we love what we hated and hate what we loved. You will have heard what St. Remigius said to King Clovis—'Adore what thou hast burned, burn what thou hast adored.' God and the world, eternity and time; good and evil, soul and body—when we repent we change our mind about these. Turning to God—man is turned away from his Father so that he cannot see or hear Him, cannot know Him. He turns his face in the right direction—or it is turned for him—and then he beholds the most beautiful and the most awful of all sights, the glory of Him who made the world and the heavens, his King and his Father. Sometimes a terrible discovery, always an awful one—Isaiah said, 'Woe is me for I am undone,' and Peter said, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' It must depend so largely on what we have been doing with our lives. Some have been drawn along on peaceful paths from the day on which they were baptized. Others have forgotten, perhaps rebelled, perhaps even scorned. What must it be to wake up not merely to the belief but to the feeling that God is about our paths and about our ways, even in this world which we had looked upon as a profane

place, profane and secure, so that we could do just what we liked? Yet with all the terror or awe there is attraction—it is the face of our Father, and those who have once seen Him cannot think of life without Him as a thing to be desired.

There is the Parable of the Prodigal Son, there is the conversion of St. Paul, there is the wonderful story of St. Peter's repentance after his denial in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel—there are many wonderful tales in the Bible and out of it. If we knew any one of them as the actor himself knew it, if we saw exactly what it was that led him astray and what it was that brought him back, if we understood accurately that soul and could realize to ourselves every phase in its struggle—how we could preach, and what physicians and shepherds we should be. And if the mind of Christ is in us—so far as it is in us—we ought to know all this. It is not all one story; God has many ways of healing. Great experience is wanted, great sympathy, great insight; a large heart the good priest should have. But this Repentance toward God is one half of your preaching—one of the two great themes on which the pastor is to dwell. He must know what he says, and be what he says—not only a preacher but a living model of constant Repentance.

And then there is the other half, Faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ: Faith is always faith in the Highest, we have, or should have, faith toward the Lord because He is the Highest. Now here

it is still more important than in the case of Repentance to remember that we are dealing with a word of Latin origin. *Fides* may mean belief alone, but πίστις always means trust as well; a growing trust no doubt, but there is no belief for our purposes where there is not trust as well. For it is faith in Jesus, the Person, which is a very different thing from belief, for instance, in a proposition of mathematics. A person has a Nature, which moves our nature in response—you cannot have faith toward Jesus without believing in His Wisdom, His Power, His Goodness, as all living and working together in the unity of His Person, and you cannot believe that without loving and obeying that Person.

The love of Jesus as our Saviour; the awe of Him as our Creator and Lord, and Judge; the great desire for Him as our Guide and Shepherd, and Friend and Brother here and hereafter—that is what the Apostle tells us to preach about. There are, of course, many thoughts that this great idea suggests—the relation of Christ to His Father and the Holy Spirit, the mystery of the union of the Two Natures in the one Person, the meaning of the Sacraments which He ordained. But the great thing is to feel ourselves and teach others to feel as the Apostles felt when they reclined about the table at the Last Supper or stood by the Cross or beheld the empty tomb on Easter morning.

It is that feeling that we want to produce.

There are some, of course, who have intellectual difficulties—do not make light of them—do what you can to help. But these are of little weight compared with that mere deadness and apathy which are so common. Now may not the reason of that be that we are apathetic ourselves ? There is nothing so strong as feeling when it is based upon conviction—certainly nothing so catching and contagious.

Let us pray God to pour out upon us more and more of the spirit of Love, the spirit of the Redeemer. You will want it, for it is the only thing that can carry you safely through the trials that are coming. And it is the only thing that can enable you, in spite of all infirmities and errors, to carry forward the work of Christ in this arduous world.

IV

THE WHOLE COUNSEL OF GOD

We have seen what was the burden of St. Paul's preaching, the two aspects of the one message, Repentance and Faith. Where there is Repentance there will always be Faith, where there is Faith there will always be Repentance. Faith is the affection of the soul toward God and specially toward the Saviour in whom God is revealed, and this determines naturally the attitude of the soul toward the world, that is to say, toward all lower objects of desire. Now when the Repentance, the change of mind, the turn, has been sudden and strong, as it often is when the preceding life has been evil, it causes a kind of revulsion, a horror of the world. The convert can only see the wickedness, the grossness, the darkness from which he has fled. Earth and its attractions appear to him as Vanity Fair, as the City of Destruction. But when the struggle is over and the battle won a calmer and better view begins to prevail. The Holy Spirit makes its voice heard, telling him that the world is God's creation and testifies to the glory of its Maker, that pleasure itself is good though it becomes evil when we forget who made it, and who gave it, and why He gave it. You will find the Christian frame of mind admirably described in St. Augustine's *Confessions*. All is good, that great teacher says, but not in the same degree,

there are lower goods and higher, lowest of all the goods of the body, then the goods of mind, highest of all the sovereign Good, God Himself, who alone can help us to understand and rightly value all the others, in whom alone all other things can minister to happiness. Sin is not in the world but in us when we so use God's gifts as to forget the Giver and Author of all; when we try to find satisfaction in the lower and refuse to move onwards towards the higher.

'God saw all that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.' You may interpret those words so as to justify a life which is hardly better than that of the beasts. You may forget them and fly to the other extreme—casting away all the beauty of the world, its simple domestic affections, its art and science and learning, as so many snares of the Evil One. Neither view is right. Use the world as God meant it to be used; look upon it with God's eyes, be neither voluptuary nor fanatic, but large-minded and pure-minded, having the knowledge both of good and of evil, able to sympathize and therefore able to condemn. That, we may say, is perfect Repentance when we can discriminate and draw the good out of the evil. When a man has attained that faculty of spiritual judgement he is a priest and a king. He is a king because he is one in spirit with the Lord who is King of all, and therefore St. Paul goes on to speak of himself as having preached 'the kingdom of God' while he was

preaching Repentance and Faith. But perhaps we ought to say that though all baptized persons are in the kingdom of God, yet the kingdom of God is not in them until Repentance and Faith are both so perfect that they have met together and brought forth Wisdom.

We may pass lightly over the next verses. 'And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save only that the Holy Ghost testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me.'

Here we have the reason of this solemn address. He was going up to Jerusalem bound in the spirit, carried onwards by a command which he could not resist. God was calling him thither, and he must answer the call. His mind would be full of His Master's last journey to Jerusalem—the journey which ended in the Cross. He seems to have expected that he should meet his death in Jerusalem. 'Behold,' he says, 'I know that ye all, among whom I went about preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I testify unto this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.'

You will notice the Apostle's calmness and courage. Wherever Christ leads he is ready to follow—willing to stay or willing to go as may be His will. But I want you to notice the limit of your responsibilities. We shall see immediately their reach and extent—they are grave, they are

formidable. Yet there is a bound to them. 'I am pure', says St. Paul, 'from the blood of all men. For I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God.' We have seen what he means by the whole counsel of God, Repentance and Faith. He tells us how urgent he has been, ceasing not to admonish every one night and day with tears.

We are undertaking to deliver the same message, to proclaim it with all our might—throwing into our teaching all our hearts and minds, straining every nerve to make God's message acceptable. It is God's message, and we are His ambassadors—and grievous will our offence be if our Master's royal bounty be treated with scorn through any fault, any slackness of ours. Our duty never ends. Every moment of every day the good clergyman is preaching—even when he is not consciously in the pulpit his character, his example, his general reputation are carrying on the work. But success—that is not promised—that is not a part of his duty. God has made men free, they may hear or they may turn away. Always we must wonder sadly whether if we had put things differently, if we had been a little more sympathetic, a little more insistent, we might not have succeeded. But if like the Apostle we have declared the whole counsel of God we are pure from the blood of all men.

Let us pass on to the words of admonition and warning with which he closes his speech. 'Take heed unto yourselves, and to the flock, over which

the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He purchased with His own Blood.' The words hardly need a commentary; they are so clear, so serious, so touching. What is that congregation of Lancashire folk to which you will have to minister?[1] God's flock. God's Church. '*My* sheep'—He calls them, not yours. What brings them to church? Many reasons—some perhaps not wholly worthy. But at the back of their minds there will be always one reason which ought to be for ever in the forefront of your mind—because they are purchased with the Blood of Christ. See there the value of each of those souls, the price that was paid for them. No keeper of a king's jewels has so weighty an office as yours, and what will be the blame if any one is lost through your fault? And you are shepherds, overseers, responsible servants—you will remember what is said about bad shepherds and wicked and unprofitable servants. And how were you made shepherds? By the Holy Ghost, speaking through the voice of the Church. Think over all that, and ask yourselves, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' and how can we be made sufficient? Duty, that should be your first thought, and the gravity of the responsibility. Do not think of your rights or dignities—the less you think of them the more easily you will obtain them. Do your duty in all humility; watch and pray.

[1] These addresses were written for an Ordination in the Diocese of Manchester.

The presbyters of Ephesus were to take heed of the flock by diligent teaching of the whole counsel of God. But with this is necessarily connected another office of great difficulty—that of guarding against error. The Apostle foresaw a time not far off when wolves would fall upon the sheep. 'I know that after my departing grievous wolves shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also, of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things, to draw away the disciples after them.' False teachers he means: some of them would be priests themselves —'of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things'. Perhaps he is aiming at some kind of Gnosticism such as he describes in the Epistle to the Colossians: he found men of this sort at work in the East at the time when he wrote the Pastoral Epistles. Perhaps he is thinking of those who would have bound the Jewish law in whole or part upon the conscience of Christians—those against whom he made his protest in Galatians, Romans, Philippians. He would look upon any one as a false teacher who put any screen or barrier between the soul and its God.

It was a simple task in those days to distinguish the Church from the world. 'Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.' Now everything is complex and intricate. We believe a great deal more than is contained in the primitive creed, and these later

additions are the cause of our divisions. It is hardly to be thought that St. Paul would have regarded as wolves men who did not differ from him on those points which he thought profitable. Be firm in your own convictions, but do not regard as certainty what is but matter of opinion. Do not make sad those whom God has not made sad, and do not bind upon men's shoulders any other burden than that which ought to be there. Much of our trouble arises in that way.

There are difficulties of another nature, intellectual difficulties, and people who insist upon them often in a very aggressive way. They do not mean to be wolves, yet that is the kind of thing of which the Apostle is thinking. There is much call for the study of evidences, that you may have an answer ready, for at any street corner amongst our artisans you may find the advocate of Agnosticism or Atheism. But you should be warned that controversy of that kind is a difficult and a dangerous task. You may do much harm where you meant only to do good. You may remember what I said just now of the great difference between certainties and opinions. It will supply your best weapon, a weapon which even the simplest can employ. You will very seldom be able to show that the teacher of secularism is wrong, but you can often show that he has left out what he ought to have considered, or that he is building upon mere opinion as if it was truth. But you cannot do that unless you under-

stand very clearly what is 'profitable' and what is not, what is 'the counsel of God' and what is at best but the institution of man.

I should have liked to dwell upon the words—the only saying of our Lord's not recorded in the Gospels of which we can feel quite certain—'It is more blessed to give than to receive:' but they are as simple as they are profound, and you will find the need of them; for though the clergy are no longer obliged to labour with their own hands, like the Apostle for their daily bread, they are seldom rich in this world's goods. Let me only read to you the words of farewell. 'And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.'

It is the word of parting, the word of hope. Let us say 'Amen, so be it'. Go ye also into the Vineyard to bear the burden and heat of the day. Remember those who have gone before you and fought the good fight, and now encompass us like a cloud of witnesses. Look always to Jesus, the author and finisher of our Faith. Whatever you want—and there is much that you want—much of which you are or should be already aware—still more of which you have as yet hardly an idea—His grace can supply it all. Do not be afraid of mistakes or failures or of anything that men can say or do, there is only one thing to be afraid of—losing hold of the Saviour's hand.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

John ii. 10.—Thou hast kept the good wine until now.

Even at this time of national mourning we may begin with these comfortable words. They are taken from St. John's account of that marriage which Christ adorned and beautified with His presence and the first miracle that He wrought, at Cana of Galilee. There He manifested forth His glory and His disciples believed on Him. But we should fall into an error if we fixed our thoughts on the miracle in itself. To St. John the change of water into wine was a symbol of that master-truth which he read in every feature of our Lord's personality, the blending of the divine with the human. Of the divine with the human. Or shall we rather say of the immortal with the commonplace? Christ went to a wedding, a village wedding, the kind of scene that a Dutch painter delights in. And straightway everything is transfigured. That familiar scene where laughter always mingles with tears becomes a parable. Marriage is etherealized into an excellent mystery; the union of two common souls in the everyday bond of natural affection surprises us as an image of the eternal love of Christ for His Church. Light breaks forth from beneath, not from the lofty, but from the low, from the ordinary, from things that we pass without notice.

But let us dwell upon these words in particular —'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.' They are the trivial words of a trivial speaker, but St. John records them because they are an unconscious prophecy. It is the manner of the Evangelist. So he tells us of the prophecy of Caiaphas—'It is expedient that one man die for the people'—and of the prophecy of Pilate—'What I have written I have written.' What he had written was the inscription over the Cross, 'The King of the Jews.' Now is there not a great mystery in this, that a careless man, a bad man, should throw out words that pierce far beyond his thought and often pronounce his own condemnation? Yet like all great mysteries it is quite common. Every time that a profane man utters an oath what does he mean? Or take one that denies the existence of the soul and watch him with his children. Very likely he is a good father, and, if so, fifty times in a day he must belie his dismal creed in some unconscious prophecy. 'I love you,' he will say, or, 'I will set you an example.' Yet how can a body love or set an example? God made the language we speak and our commonest words are prophecies.

Or take it another way? Why does a casual word, an act that has no significance, sometimes guide men to an important decision? Once, when the Roman senate was deliberating whether they should move the seat of empire to the newly conquered town of Veii, the debate was inter-

rupted by a rattle of arms in the vestibule, and the voice of an officer was heard crying, 'Plant the standard here.' Instantly their minds were resolved. While they were hesitating about the future of Rome here was one who had no shadow of doubt, a plain soldier who just loved his country.

You may find another instance in the voices of the children on Palm Sunday. Things hidden from the wise and prudent were revealed unto babes. Now is not that again a great mystery and a very common one? Why is simple faith often so keen-sighted while anxious wisdom falters? Why do men so elaborately go wrong? Why does a simple pious Christian life lived among splendid temptations, undisturbed by the din of our fierce uncertainties appear to us as a revelation of power? Because love, purity, duty, are the simplest of all things, and yet the profoundest of all things. Because there we find the rock and the light. There are gifts that dazzle, because they promise the command over Nature. But our vital need is the command over men and over life. To find that secret you must look not up but down. The lever that moves the world may be discovered at a village wedding.

But what was this unconscious prophecy? 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.' Men do otherwise. They buy a fair name with good wares, and then profit by it to sell the worse. But God's march is always onwards, from the

formless and void to man, from the Law to the Gospel, from earth to heaven, from the good to the better. It is the same lesson that we gather from the great Epistle to the Hebrews. The whole world is on pilgrimage, through the desert towards the promised land, through Time towards Eternity, through shadows towards realities. Always onwards, slowly onwards through suffering, trial, doubt, led by a pillar of cloud and fire towards the abiding City. Here there is no abiding City, no person to whom we can cling, no fame that satisfies, no achievement in which we can rest. Gall is always mingled with the honey lest we should sit down and be content with anything lower than the best. Always we must obey the pilgrim's call, 'Leave all and follow me.'

There was a famous father who held that the world in its old age was growing worse. It was a natural belief in the days of persecution, but it is not the voice of history nor of the Bible. Where there is the spirit there is Life, there is Progress, but it is divine progress, and He to whom a thousand years are as one day is patient and slow.

What amazing progress we can see as we cast our eyes back over the century that has just rolled away. Life is immensely more opulent than it was. In secluded villages the ploughman demands as necessaries what the old squires prized as luxuries, and accepts as quite natural what his grandfather would have thought a miracle. Old

people are still alive who can tell moving tales of the squalor and misery in which they were cradled in those days not so very long ago when there were hardly any roads, or warmth, or light, when food was scarce and dear, and cleanliness was hardly known. The poor have profited more than any other class by that great amelioration of the human lot. It is from the bountiful hand of science, little as they may know it, that they have received this store of benefits. Patient students have been at work, evolving first principles in the library or the museum. Famous inventors have grasped and developed the application of the principles, sometimes in dire wrestle with starvation. Captains of industry have built workshops and mills, railways and steamships. Thus each has helped his brother; life has been transfigured, and science has fulfilled the dream of Bacon. May we not trace the divine hand in this amazing advance? The Bible numbers the inventor and the skilled artificer among those who have received the spirit of God, and surely all light shines from the eternal Sun. Science has had her quarrels with Religion. They will cease on the day when she comes to understand what discovery means.

Nor has the advance in morality been less marked. Three great curses afflict the life of man, drunkenness, lust, and gambling. Yet even this stronghold of the devil is weaker than it was. Contrast for a moment the state of society depicted

by Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Miss Burney, with that of the present day, or the life of Charles James Fox with that of a modern statesman. Mr. Thomas Mozley, a most keen observer, said that the change that struck him most, as he looked back over his long life was that the world was not so noisy. He meant that it was less brutal, that there were not so many oaths and blows and screams as there had been in his youth. Every elderly man can confirm this remark. Vice is less common and more shameful. In some quarters, and in some respects, two great blessings of our time, higher wages and the rapid diffusion of news, may have led to an apparent increase of the gambling spirit. But evils which flow from good will be overcome by good. Certainly in country districts life is far more wholesome than it was. And evil is being attacked, as it never was before, at its root and origin, by trained and organized workers, backed by the public conscience, and animated by that great idea of the Christian Church which we may call the master thought of our time. It was recovered for us by the men of the Oxford Movement. They found it, like that statue of a god of which Plato speaks, beneath the sea, overgrown with wreck and tangle. It has been cleansed, interpreted, set in many different lights by scholars, saints, statesmen, great writers, great workers. Look where you will the aspiration of our time reaches out towards that magnificent thought. It is

divine and therefore too large for party: it will prove prolific, as all God's seeds are, and full of surprises. Men do not always wisely apprehend it, sometimes clinging too tenaciously to the past, sometimes casting away precious heirlooms for the toys of the hour, but it is yet the idea of ideas, the fine word of all life, and it carries in its bosom the hope of the future.

Surely there has been vast progress, in skill, in learning, in morals, in manners. It has been slow, but as we look back over the long years we can see how far the hands of the dial have moved on. God's mills grind slowly, and all sound progress is slow. There is no call for that passionate language that we sometimes hear. Yet we are not to slack our hands. 'Without haste, without rest,' is the pilgrim's motto, and still we hear the divine voice, 'Leave all and follow Me.'

But there is another thought. Let us go back again to the text, and think once more of Christ at Cana. Is it not an amazing scene? Three short years His ministry lasted, yet He could spend golden hours at a wedding. We know what violent men said of Him. But He was teaching us where power lies, in kindliness and sympathy with little sorrows and little joys. He was mighty and He was glorious, but for our sake He became weak; and by that weakness He was made our Lord and Saviour. At that wedding there would be playful children, eager young men and maidens, the bride and bride-

groom to whom earthly love was Paradise, grave seniors full of care, smiling, no longer laughing at the gaiety around them. And there you see the pilgrimage of the individual soul. Each one of us is swept along, not only on the great tide of the world's movement, but on the river of life. For us also there is no stay. We are like bubbles on the surface of the stream, expanding as they sail along, till they burst and are no more seen. Some of those vanished faces were famous men whom we are to praise. Even of famous men some leave no memorial. Others have bequeathed a name which ought not to be forgotten; and these, says the writer of *Ecclesiasticus*, were men of mercy. It was their mercy, their goodness, which gave them the right and the power to live on in the hearts of men.

May we not think here of that eminent prelate, who was laid to his last sleep on earth beneath the Dome of St. Paul's not many days ago.[1] Excellent with so many kinds of excellence, as a scholar, as a writer, as a speaker, as a ruler, he was also wise, deriving from history not only reverence for the past but guidance for the present, bringing out of his treasure things new and old. But above all these great gifts he was humane, and pleasant, and merciful. Unspoiled by brilliant success, dignified without a shade of pride, he remained to the last the simplest and most affectionate of men. You could hardly get him

[1] Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London.

past a child in the street, and few could make a child talk as he could. The heart opened to him without fear, and he too could find and diffuse happiness at a village wedding. We have lost his wise counsel at a most anxious time. Let us trust that his strong prudence, and let me add his shrewd and kindly sense of the absurd, will still bear fruit. As it was with his Master so it may be with him. His death may command an attention to his teaching which it did not always receive in his life. It was wise and peaceful teaching because it expressed the whole of a singularly large, cultivated, and tender character, because it always pierced to the root of things and was always fair. Always he gave freely of his best and gave it like a brother. Richly had the world endowed him, deep is the sorrow that he has left behind—but he too has made the great discovery, 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.'

And now another great name has been struck from the roll of the living and that good Bishop's beloved mistress and sovereign has followed him into the land of light: after a reign of rare length and unexampled splendour, she has taken her place on the page of history. Daughter of a long line of princes, Queen of a great nation throughout its greatest epoch, sagacious chief of a free people in a period of change and unrest, to whom sovereigns inclined their ears for prudent counsel, she too has heard the pilgrim's call and in the midst of perils the State is bereft of that venerable figure

on whom had depended for so many decades our unity, and in our unity our strength. Undoubtedly the name of Victoria will live as the title of our age; it will be praised as famous, because she was merciful. Good daughter, good wife and mother, she had sat like all mankind in the School of Sorrow, the village school, and there learned, what all do not learn, how God's wine is made. For pain and affliction, crushing and fermenting the grapes, make mercy and wisdom, and these are the wine of God. The splendour of a throne commends the lesson, but 'in mercy shall the throne be established'.

The Bible tells us how largely the progress of mankind depends upon individuals. All great crises teach the same lesson; we are learning it afresh in the stress of the present war. Man needs leaders, and leaders need power, but power springs not from the brain but from the soul. When that power of mercy is wedded in God's providence to high earthly station who can set bounds to its reach? Who can say how much of the great accomplishment of the last sixty years is due to the personality of the Sovereign? Two things are necessary for all great expansions of the national life, peace and morality, and Queen Victoria gave us both. More than once, it is said, she saved the country from a war which would have been calamitous, and at home we have had unbroken peace, in days when the wildest theories were abroad, and desperate coun-

sels were rife, when every throne in Europe was shaken, and a single false step would have led to disaster. Morality has been guarded and fostered by the authority and example of the Crown. Those who differed in almost everything else agreed in admiration for the goodness of that noble woman, and no sovereign, not even St. Louis, was more widely beloved. But perhaps we do not think sufficiently of that wisdom to which our Chancellor has borne high testimony, that wisdom which was conspicuous in her young days, and grew and ripened through an experience without parallel. Let us not forget her excellent husband or her wise ministers, or the eminent thinkers and teachers that adorned her reign. Many and illustrious have been her counsellors; and this, too, is a title to fame. 'Kings', she said, on one memorable occasion, 'love him that speaketh right.' Wise kings have that great gift, and it is the supreme proof of their wisdom.

Now that famous woman has gone forth with the sound of the mourning of a mighty people, blessing and blessed, bearing as her sheaf the great nineteenth century, to learn the full truth of the words, 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.'

May they be abundantly verified in the new reign and the new century for our King, whom God preserve, for Church and State, for this University, and for each one of us, in Time and in Eternity.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

St. Luke xv. 4.—What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it ?

The Parable of the Lost Sheep and the Good Shepherd is, perhaps, the most beautiful and touching in the Gospels. It has its roots in the 23rd Psalm, and thus testifies to the continuity between the Old Testament and the New. In the Psalm, the 'Lord is my Shepherd', who converts my soul, whose loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, even to the end, when I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

In St. John's Gospel, Jesus says, 'I am the Good Shepherd,' and adds that the Good Shepherd giveth His Life for the sheep—for all of them. St. Matthew and St. Luke add yet another touch. The Good Shepherd prizes each and every one of His flock so dearly that He will go after the most worthless and troublesome, and carry it back home upon His own shoulders.

This is the trait that appeals most directly to the imagination. And thus it was caught up from the first by the Christian artist, and became perhaps the very first emblem of the Christian Saviour. We find it in the Catacombs ; it was engraved even upon articles of common household

use, on lamps and on cups. The first believers probably knew very little of the Bible, but they found a summary of the Gospels in this simple and intelligible figure of the Good Shepherd carrying His Lost Sheep. It told them of the loving-kindness and mercy of Jesus Christ.

Another lesson was gathered from the same emblem. As the Shepherd laid down His Life for the sheep, so the sheep were bound to give their own lives for the Shepherd. Early in the third century, in the time of the persecution of Severus, the martyr Perpetua, as she lay in prison, dreamed a dream. She beheld a tall ladder set about with knives and instruments of torture, climbed up it, and found herself in a large meadow, where sat one in the habit of a shepherd, milking his ewes, who looked upon her and said, ' Welcome, my child.' So dread was this emblem, as well as so attractive ; so full of comfort for the contrite heart, so rich in indomitable courage for the fervent in spirit. No estimate of Christianity, which dwells only upon its beneficence and forgets its exacting severity, can be anything but misleading.

About the fourth century the emblem of the Good Shepherd becomes less common. Not that it ever ceased to attract, but because the disappearance of the old shrinking from any attempt to portray the human figure of Christ led to direct pictures of the Son of Man, and so to the use of the crucifix, which, whatever objections

may be urged against it, served admirably to impress upon the wild conquerors of the Empire the sufferings by which they were redeemed, and to which they were called. In our own time, a time of doubt and defection, art has followed a new path, and shows us the Light of the World, knocking patiently at a door so overgrown with briers that it seems as if it would never open; or the *Ecce Homo* despised and rejected of men.

The emblem of the Good Shepherd is simple and yet profound. Now why is that? Because it is not abstract but personal. Tennyson writes, 'Truth embodied in a tale shall enter in at lowly doors.' But profound truth as a rule cannot be embodied in a tale. Take for instance, 'Be good and you will be happy.' It is a deep moral observation; so deep that it is a platitude; yet it will lead, not to an emblem or a parable, but only to a frosty allegory like the Choice of Hercules. And high natural laws, such as that which concerns the affinities of the chemical elements, can be expressed only by mathematical formulae as abstract as themselves. Such truth is profound but not simple; it is reached only by a long and painful train of induction, and can hardly be made in any way comprehensible to plain people.

Christian emblems are never elaborate, never need a learned explanation. It is true that in the Catacombs, side by side with the Good Shepherd, we find the figure of Orpheus, the divine musician, whose lute had power to attract even the brutes,

even the trees and the rocks. He is used as an emblem of the universal irresistible charm of Christ, of the harmony which He infused into all the world at Creation, of the power of His Cross which draws all men unto Him. But it was a paganish emblem, and it was too clever, and therefore it never became popular. It may be observed here that our Lord's sayings and doings are never clever, never show the least sign of effort or affected profundity. There are few more profitable exercises for a student than to compare the sayings of Jesus recorded in the canonical Gospels with those which are called *Agrapha*, and are derived from apocryphal sources. Take, for instance, this one: 'Unless ye make the right hand as the left, and things which are up as things which are down, and things which are before as things which are behind, ye cannot know the kingdom of God,' and compare it with the Beatitude, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' The former is clever, and forced, and has an air of affected profundity. It is not simple, and is certainly not genuine.

But Christian emblems are simple and at the same time profound, because they are the naïve and primary intuitions of a great personality. What they give us is such a conception as a child or a peasant might form of some great man. Everybody of healthy mind knows whom to trust and whom to follow. But personality, especially great

personality, is a most complex and surprising thing, branching out on all sides into amazing heights and depths. Only by long acquaintance and confidence can we learn to understand it, and even so there will be much that is still above and beyond us. Even at the end of his life St. Paul felt that he did not fully comprehend all that Jesus was to those that trust Him. Yet all these wonders and mysteries, all these, excellency of wisdom, power and love, lay enfolded and ready to disclose themselves in the simple, childlike emblem of the Good Shepherd.

The Good Shepherd then is at once very simple and very profound. But even its simplicity is that of a character, of a personality, not that of a law. A law speaks of definite things in a definite way, by prohibition or by command. Its words are always to be taken in their strictest sense, and there is always a definite penalty for disobedience. A law does not ask for moral approval, nor even for understanding, nor even for knowledge that it exists. Ignorance of the law excuses no man ; the penalty falls upon the bare act of transgression ; and this is true not only of commands of the State but of laws of Nature, for instance, of the law of gravitation. But character is wholly different in its mode of action. It touches everything that man can do, and every belief that he can entertain. It addresses itself to the soul, the microcosm. It has no force at all without moral acceptance. Its sanction, its

penalty is also moral. And ignorance is, to some extent not easily definable, a valid plea. 'Jesus said unto them: If ye were blind, ye should have no sin.'

Thus the simplicity of the Good Shepherd by no means excludes a good deal of complexity. The first idea which it suggests, the most attractive and compelling, is no doubt that of the infinite goodness and loving care of the Saviour towards His children. But there is much more than this. The sheep do not criticize their Shepherd. They know that they want a Shepherd; that their Shepherd is wise, far wiser than they can understand; that He will lead them into pleasant pastures, but only if they follow without demur, through sand and over rocks, where there is not a blade of grass to be seen. They do not know where the pleasant pastures are; but they know Him, and they know that He knows. They know that He will lay down His life for them, and they know also, as St. Perpetua knew, that they may be called upon to lay down their lives for Him. Again, the first disciples had read in the Psalm of the Good Shepherd, who is there called 'The Lord', and of their own particular Shepherd they believed that He was the Messiah, the ambassador of God, Son of Man and Son of God, who can forgive sins, who not only loves His flock but rules them, and will come again to judge them. More than this they believed as soon as the Cross and Resurrection had opened the full meaning of the

Good Shepherd, but not less than this they believed in His own lifetime.

All this may be summed up in very simple words, Trust Him, trust Him to the end of life and beyond. But this childlike faith leads inevitably to the question, Who and What is He that we can trust Him without reserve, and have so trusted without disappointment? Experience deepens knowledge, and knowledge in turn deepens experience. 'Eighty-six years have I served Christ,' said Polycarp, 'and He never did me any harm, and how can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?' This was the way in which theology grew. Great trust is admiration: absolute trust is worship. But what is worship and whom may we lawfully worship? It was in answer to this question that the creeds were framed and Faith was defined. The definition is not the faith. It is merely an attempt to explain to those who do not as yet possess it, the nature of the spirit which makes the true Christian man.

The work of definition was not accomplished by the help of philosophy. Very few of the fathers were educated in philosophy. It is true that they were led into employing, much against the wishes of the Greek Church, a few terms of the schools, but they used them in their own sense to denote their own Christian ideas, and without really understanding what they meant. Thus, after the Arian dispute had raged for nearly half a century, we find the great St. Basil asking Apollinaris what

was the true significance of the word 'Essence', and Apollinaris gives him an incorrect answer. The early Councils did not try to answer ingenious errors by ingenious inferences; their object was simply to affirm truths not of a scholastic order at all, beliefs which Christians found in Scripture and knew by experience to lead towards health of soul. They were not pursuing abstract truth or expanding the laws of thought, in which they had no interest whatever. They were building upon the Good Shepherd, and proclaiming what they believed to be, and always to have been, the meaning of Redemption, the way in which a sinner may attain to forgiveness and life. At any rate that is undoubtedly what they wanted to do, what they thought they were doing. Pure vital religious truth—that is what they intended the creed to embody. Truth, not of discovery, but of revelation; truth without which, in their conviction, every effort after a moral life must be wholly or partly baffled.

The later Councils were too inquisitive, and attempted to solve problems which need not be set and cannot be answered. Even of the third and fourth Councils this may be said. They went beyond their authorities into regions where we may hardly venture to intrude, and therefore they both led to permanent national schisms. They were too curious, and we may say also that they were too political. The early Church knew well that the Good Shepherd pleads, draws, persuades, but

does not compel. The later Church entered into alliance with the half-converted State, with Constantine and his successors, who were entirely in agreement with the heathen Diocletian that the duty of all subjects is to believe whatever their rulers dictate. Henceforth the Church had the secular power at her back, and multiplied her definitions, knowing that they could be enforced by the strong arm of the earthly magistrate.

There are some who think that all definitions are best avoided; that they are all couched in human language which has no fitting terms in which to express the mysteries of heaven; that they all do overstep—though it be but by a hair's breadth—the warrant and authority; that they are, after all, logical exercises with no religious value, that is to say without power to attract the heart or purify the conscience, and not life-giving convictions. And those who hold this view will regard them naturally as restraints upon the liberty of the Gospel, and think that we ought to content ourselves with the simplest, most universal, most elementary beliefs—that God is Love, that Christ is the Good Shepherd—and to leave all beyond as matter of pious opinion.

There is a certain truth in this position. No doubt it is an error to multiply dogmas beyond that point where dogmas cease to have a direct bearing upon the Christian life. And no doubt this error has often been committed. Yet it is not wholly true, nor is it the guiding truth. How

shall we discriminate? The answer must depend very largely upon the question that is in our minds. Are we asking what a man must do to be saved? Or are we asking what is the bond of fellowship in a Christian Church?

If the former, it may be said that the actual demand made by the New Testament, while extremely high in respect of conduct, is very moderate as regards the intellectual contents of faith. 'Come unto Me,' 'Leave all that thou hast and follow Me,' said the Saviour. St. Paul adds, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' St. John says, 'Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.' Believe on Jesus, believe that He is the Christ or Messiah, that He is Lord, that He died and liveth for evermore, this, we may say, is the irreducible minimum of the Christian belief. There is indeed much more involved in these passages than the bare words convey, as there is in the Good Shepherd. Nevertheless, if any one feels able to accept the bare words, while unable to accept the commentary; if he shapes his life in humble sincerity by the Lord's commandment; if, though regarding Jesus as only the greatest of prophets, he will take Him as his Lord, how can we think that the gate of heaven is closed against such a man? We can only trust that, if his life is right, the Source and Giver of that life will be

fully revealed to him. We are not to condemn even the heathen who, having not the law, do by nature, by the light of reason, the things contained in the law. For Reason is the image of God, and Christ also is the image of God, so that Reason is, in some sense, Christ Himself.

But if we are asking the other question, what is the foundation of unity in a Church, the answer will be different. One of the chief functions of a Church is worship, and every Church must know whom and what it worships. How can there be unity, if some of the members regard the others as idolaters? An eminent man has described himself as sitting in the porch and suffering the music from within to flow over his soul. It is an intelligible attitude expressive of great sympathy with Christian sentiment, and even with the beauty, the music, of the Christian life, yet quite out of accord with the Christian belief which makes the music. A thoroughly modern attitude, not scoffing nor violently protesting, regarding all forms of religion with respect and kindly tolerance, but unable to accept with decided preference any one before all the others, strongly moral yet gently incredulous. There are many kinds of incredulity. Of one we used to speak as 'shallow scepticism'; another manages to combine extreme doubt in one direction with extreme superstition in another; but there is yet a third kind, far finer and more delicate, which regards all religions as dreams, and the Gospel as the most beautiful dream of all; a

dream because it does not quite accurately correspond to the severe realities of the world, yet beautiful because it manages in some strange way to keep alive all the poetry of the soul, and to call forth all its best powers.

Well, we must not be too exacting. 'Jesus said: Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a mighty work in My name, and be able quickly to speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is for us.' Not a few are doing mighty works from motives prompted by the history of our Lord, though perhaps with no more articulate a faith than that of the man spoken of in this passage. They are not far from the kingdom of God; at least we may say that.

But our melody is the Lord Jesus Christ, Very God and Very Man. He is the Orpheus of the primitive Church, the Ecclesiastical Music of Thomas à Kempis. He it is that moves the heart to praise and thanksgiving and all the ordered beauty of the Christian life.

It is much to be able to feel the charm of the music, to 'let it flow over the soul', but it is infinitely more to reproduce it upon the strings of our own nature, the best instrument that we have. 'My songs will I make of Thy Name,' says the Psalmist. We are not to listen only to the songs of others, but to make our own songs. And how can we beat them out, unless we understand what music is, and what is the law of its rhythm and harmony? There must be jars and discords;

the music must surely be imperfect without the discipline, the theory, that governs it; the conduct must surely falter, in one direction or another, unless it is guided by a sufficient knowledge of the Person of our Lord. Every vital truth omitted must leave some gap in the life; some needful comfort is lost, some strength is never found. It was the adoration of Christ which gave the Church the victory in the old days, when the vast majority of the cultivated world was arrayed against it; and without that adoration there is small hope of victory now.

At any rate without it there can be no common Christian worship, and thus one of the chief practical duties of the Christian life cannot be fulfilled. And it is a chief duty because so many other duties depend upon it.

May we not say that the Good Shepherd will serve us as a test by which we may try all new theologies?

Do they provide us with a better shepherd? Think of Him that we have already—so divinely severe, yet so divinely merciful—touching sorrow with one hand, and joy with the other—so holy yet so large-hearted—so humble yet so exacting—so frank yet so discreet—so full of life and fire, yet so sane and self-restrained.

Or do they tell the lost sheep that he is a mere degenerate, not worth finding? or that his faults are not his own, but Nature's or Society's? or that there is one religion for the enlightened, and

another for the unlearned? or that he needs no shepherd at all if he will use his own common sense? or that any kind of shepherd will do?

The old theology teaches that the fullness of spiritual life is not possible without a Revealer and a Redeemer. It finds the Revealer in Scripture, the Redeemer partly in Scripture, but mainly in the experience of life: the Redeemer is the Redeemer because He redeems, and can redeem all men, being God and being also Man.

In our own time there is less Bible reading than there should be; and much of what there is is too scholastic. We are apt to forget that the writers of the Bible were men of God, who lived with God and knew Him, and whose predominant motive was to teach others the secret of the religious life. In so far as they incidentally dealt with other kinds of knowledge they were liable to error. But in their own personal experience they could hardly be mistaken. They were redeemed, more fully redeemed in proportion to the revelation brought down to them by Christ.

For us it is impossible not to be critical. We want to know exactly what the revelation contains, how it grew, how it is related to other forms of truth. But a book that we have used to sharpen our wits upon, to examine or to be examined in, very often loses its real value; the life disappears under dissection. It is so with any great book—with Homer or with Shakespeare. We begin to think so much of their flaws, and of

our own cleverness in detecting them, that we fail to see their essential truth.

There is a vast and most important difference between the little critic and the great critic. The little critic is a little man; his eye is no better than his own microscope; he sees the mechanism and misses the life. The great critic sees all in due relation; he notes the defects and how they arise, and what is their importance, or their unimportance, in relation to the whole. But he also shows, and delights to show, the splendour and force of the idea and its truth, and why it is true. Now in respect to the Bible, above all books, we ought to be great critics, and not little.

The first Christians were not critics at all. They seized the idea, just as most of us recognize the excellence of any masterpiece, by intuition, by sympathy and veneration. Probably they read the Bible much less than we do, for there were very few Bibles for them to read. Probably they knew little of Scripture beyond the Catechism which they had learned at the time of their baptism, and what they heard read in the public worship, or again what they saw in act in the lives of good Christian men.

But they caught accurately the drift of the Word of God. They fastened upon the Good Shepherd, and made Him their emblem, as I have said, keeping Him before their eyes when they sat at meat, when they moved about their houses in the darkness, when they laid their dead to rest

in their gloomy underground graves. Always He spoke to them of forgiveness, peace, thankfulness, immortality, and, perhaps above all, of discipline. 'My sheep', He said, 'hear My Voice;' and again, it is said of Him by His chief disciple, 'Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.'

IMPATIENCE

Matthew xi. 3.—Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another ?

These words—they occur in the Second Lesson appointed for the day—are not without difficulty. The difficulty lies not in the wording of the question, which is clear enough : Art Thou the expected Messiah or art Thou not ? It is substantially the same question as that put by certain Jews after the healing of the blind man recorded in the Gospel of St. John—' How long dost Thou make us to doubt ? If Thou be the Christ tell us plainly.' Many have felt that doubt. Many feel it still. But it must have been infinitely more distressing in Palestine and in the days of which the Evangelists speak. The better the Jew the more cruel his perplexity. For the acceptance of Jesus involved the sacrifice of all that he had been taught to love and to trust in, of all that had been the peculiar glory of his race, his Bible—at any rate as he understood it—his theology, his morality, his social organization, his politics. No people was ever called upon to make such a renunciation in the name of God, for none ever had such treasures to renounce.

Nor does the difficulty lie in the baffling indirectness of Christ's answer to the question. May we not say that a plain affirmative was not

possible, because in a sense He was, and in a sense He was not, the expected Messiah? First of all must come the question, 'what think ye of Christ?' What is the Deliverer that you want and expect? What are you yourselves? What are the evils that you long to be delivered from? To some one or two—the cases strike us in our ignorance as singularly chosen, for instance, the blind man, or the Samaritan woman—He spoke with amazing freedom and simplicity. They were not the wise and prudent, but the babes to whom the Father has been pleased to reveal His mysteries. But generally He gave men the evidence and left them to draw their own conclusions. Thus in this passage of which I am speaking: 'Go and tell John again those things which ye do hear and see.' What they saw was that the blind received their sight. What they heard was that the Gospel was preached to the poor. This was the whole of His reply to John the Baptist. But to the crowd of bystanders He gives what is really another answer; the most persuasive of all—'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' In these words of power He tells them what was the Gospel that He preached to the poor, and what was the true view of Messiah's office and person and methods.

It has sometimes been thought that the ques-

tion in the text was asked not for the Baptist's own satisfaction, but for that of his envoys, that John wished to give these two disciples over to Jesus, sending them on to the Master as he had already sent Andrew and Simon Peter. But we can hardly adopt this view. The question is John's own question, and the answer is directed to John himself. And this is the difficulty. How are we to understand that he who had baptized Jesus, and proclaimed Him to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; he of whom Jesus speaks in this passage as the messenger sent before Messiah's face and therefore more than a prophet, should yet be in doubt?

We must notice that John had been cast into prison because of his zeal in preparing the way of the Lord, by denouncing the evil deeds of Herod. And, when he heard of the works of Jesus, must he not have comforted himself with the old Scriptures? My Deliverer, he must have said to himself, is at the doors. This is He of whom it is written that He shall set the captives free, and smite down kings in the day of His wrath. Surely it is but a little while and the fury of the oppressor shall be brought to nought. And as day after day rolled past and still he was left to bear his chain in that grim castle by the Dead Sea, may he not have thought himself forgotten, and sent his disciples with that passionate question, 'Art Thou indeed He that should come?' Is it not as if he had said,

'Awake, O Arm of the Lord. Forget not those that suffer for Thy cause. Come with Thy might and save; for why should the enemy blaspheme Thy Name?'

If this be the right explanation it was not want of faith that the Baptist displayed; it was faith, strong and ardent, yet not wholly purged of ancient errors. Still he was looking for a King who should right all wrongs at once, and if needful by the sword. And this may be the reason why our Lord tells us that, though the Baptist was the greatest figure in the old Church, 'he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he,' and again that, though there is a 'violence' approved by the Gospel, it is very far different from the violence of a warrior-king. It is the 'violence' of the publican, the sinner, the Gentile, who break their way through all prejudices, all conventions, all fear and shame, to claim the grace which the Father offers to them in His Son, the 'violence' of them that give up all for Christ's sake, and put their souls without reserve into His keeping.

It was not by want of faith that the Baptist erred, but by Impatience, which is a different thing, except in so far as it may be said to imply distrust in the Divine wisdom. It is Impatience when we would go faster than God, when we would force His hand either to destroy what is evil or to advance what is good, when we complain that He does nothing and hides Himself, because

He does not ripen the grain and reap the harvest directly after seed-time. The cause of it is not so much want of faith, as over-estimate of our own insight and power; it arises not so much from lack of devotion as from that most subtle and dangerous temptation, excess of zeal. It is the fault of the too ardent soldier who chafes at the restraints imposed by experience, and starts before his commander gives the word.

It is the fault not of bad men only but of the good, even of the best.

You may find it in prophets. Elijah is one of the most conspicuous figures in the Old Testament. He is the very type of militant zeal, of those whose terrible yet sometimes salutary task it is to clear the way of the Lord by destruction, of those who in the history of man play the part of the earthquake, the volcano, the cyclone in the history of Nature. Like the Baptist he boldly rebuked the misdeeds of a powerful king and a wicked unscrupulous queen. Malachi prophesied of him that he should be sent again before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, and Christ Himself set His seal on the prophecy—'If ye will receive it,' He said of John, 'this is Elias which was for to come.'

'If ye will receive it.' He meant that John was not in all things the counterpart of Elijah. Malachi saw in Elijah not the angel of destruction, but the austere preacher of repentance and amendment. This was the task that had been

appointed to him 'to turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, lest God should come and smite the earth with a curse', to purify all hearts and to bring them together, and in this way to prepare Christ's way before Him, so that He may come with a blessing and not with a curse. That is always the office of the prophet and in that the Baptist was to be like Elijah. Not in violence, not in fierceness.

There is another fine commentary on the fiery zeal of Elijah which runs to the same effect. You will remember how he fled from the vengeance of Jezebel to Horeb the Mount of God, to the very spot where the Law was given, there to make his appeal to the Author of the Law in the very seat and sanctuary of His justice; and how the voice of the Lord came to him, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' As if to say, 'Make thy complaint; make also thy defence. The Judge is here and He will decide.' And he makes his complaint. 'I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.' Yes, that was true. He had been very jealous, and all these wrongs had been done. Yet was he himself free from blame? That question is answered not in words, but in a parable. God showed him the hurricane, and the

earthquake, and the fire—and in none of these terrible forces was the Divine Spirit to be found. After them came the still small voice—the voice of conscience, and of persuasion, and of patience. Had he made full trial of that? And was he right when he said, 'I, even I only, am left'? No; he was wrong. He was not the necessary man. Still there were left seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal, nor kissed the idol's feet. No; there was even another prophet, Elisha, the son of Shaphat, ready to assume his mantle and carry on his work, when the time arrived.

Even under the old Dispensation there were those who could thus judge Elijah, honouring him for his courage, his devotion, his austerity, his singleness of purpose, yet not blind to his over-zeal, to his Impatience.

We may think, with all reverence, that John the Baptist yielded for a moment to the same temptation. Certainly this is true of the two Sons of Thunder, James and John, who would have called down fire from heaven upon the Samaritan village. Others among the hearers of Christ would have had Him use His royal powers for the redress of civil wrongs. Such was the man who came to Him and begged Him to punish his brother's frauds. 'Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.' 'Man,' was the answer, 'who made Me a judge or a divider over you?' It was not that our Lord thought

little of the oppression of the poor by the rich, or of the oppression of the rich by the poor, or that economic questions lie outside the scope of His Gospel. No; He came to save men from all wrong, from the will to inflict wrong, and from the cruel necessity of suffering wrong. But His way was first to reconcile all men to their Father, to root out from the heart the sin of covetousness, a word which covers all social injustice of every kind or colour. When that is achieved, when the world is the Church, and in proportion as the world becomes the Church, the evil will disappear. Where Christ reigns covetousness will be dead. But where He reigns not, what can the judge or divider do? He can but favour one form of avarice against another.

There is another kind of Impatience against which we are warned in the Gospel. 'Tell us,' the disciples asked Jesus, 'what is the sign of Thy Coming?' If Thou wilt not now take Thy power and reign, if Thou wilt not now strike down the wicked, when wilt Thou come and avenge Thy people?

You will remember the answer. First there will come false Christs, false prophets—not one but many. Who will they be? Will they not be the Christs of the impatient? And who will they be? Will they not be men who promise to save men, not from themselves, but from suffering: and to do it by short, and easy, and violent methods. Our Lord says, Go not after them; believe them

not. First the Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations. He does not say that it shall prevail in all the world: only that it shall be preached, and be a witness. I do not feel sure how far we ought to press these austere words; but there are other indications that even at the end of the world Christianity will not have achieved a perfect triumph. Many will be deceived by these false prophets. There will still be wars and rumours of wars. Iniquity will abound and the love of many will wax cold. Shall we say the Gospel will still seem to be a failure to many even at the Second Advent? It all depends upon what we mean by failure. And what is the Christian to do? Watch. Say not in thy heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming.' Watch and wait. Be not impatient. Be a Christian thyself in spirit and in truth, and use thy best efforts to help others to be the same.

I need not attempt to carry out the history of Impatience any farther. At all times it has been a fruitful source of mischief. It has prompted every persecution there has ever been, in pagan ages and in Christian. It has dictated many a vain dogma, and caused many a schism arising out of the dogmas. Many a passionate and premature scheme of reform, many a law that could not be executed, have sprung from the same root. In our own days there are not a few who have abandoned the Gospel altogether, not

because they want to live vicious lives, but because the Gospel is not swift enough and not drastic enough for them, because the kingdom seems too far off, while an earthly millennium can be set up at once by the Law without the Gospel.

But there are two axioms that ought never to be forgotten. The first is that the good is always the enemy of the better. Men cling to the lower blessings which they know, and shrink from the higher, which they do not know and therefore fear. Comfort is good, Education is good; and many rest in them. But both are, or may be, purely selfish. But the things of the Spirit which are wholly unselfish, and have no market value, and rest upon communion with God in Christ who can only be known by the way of the Cross—these have few lovers.

The second is that the Best again is often the enemy of the Better. The vision of the Best may be given in a moment, but its realization is a long and arduous process, marked by stages which follow one another in a definite order. It was said by a great soldier that all generals alike desire victory; but that a good general differs from a bad one in that he does not take the second step before he has secured the first. To do otherwise is to court defeat. The rule is of universal application. In business as in war, in education as in the spiritual life, line follows upon line, precept upon precept. Some pass through the lower stages far more rapidly than others,

but always those who build the house before they have laid the foundations are building upon sand. They do not really understand what Perfection is ; they have caught sight of its beauty but not of its exacting severity ; they are unwilling to pay the price of what they so ardently desire, they grasp at it too soon, and therefore can never really make it their own. This is that Impatience of which I have been speaking, and thus it is that the Best is the enemy of the Better.

It will be understood that I am not speaking of Patience or Contentment in the vulgar sense of those words. They may mean nothing better than timid acquiescence in that which is not good ; and in that sense no one ought to be patient. St. James will make things clearer for us, ' The trying of your faith worketh patience.' First comes faith, which is trust in God. Not passive trust but active ; the trust of the soldier who is ready to do and suffer all at his captain's word, really to bear even hope deferred, and delays and partial defeats, because he knows well whom he has trusted. Impatience is just that fretting over delay. It is the infirmity of not ungenerous souls, who, though they trust, have not learned to trust in the dark hour, and forget that their Master sees the whole, while they see but in part.

The best remedy for Impatience is to be found in the intelligent study of Scripture. It is necessary that the study should be intelligent because

only by the scholarly use of the Bible can we discern the patience and long-suffering of God, the slow certainty with which His mills grind, the vast and orderly changes which His Spirit has wrought. And the next best is History which, though it may make little mention of God, yet describes accurately His method in the education of the world.

Now what is the teaching of History so far as it throws light upon our present purpose?

The first lesson is—may we not say?—that, from the remotest past to which our knowledge extends, there has always been Progress, slow, intermittent, not always in a direct line, involving much that strikes us as waste, yet Progress. Like that of a river; like that of an underground root struggling to find its hidden sustenance with many a curve, many an elbow, bending, it may be, right back upon the way it came. Sometimes it finds nothing but dead rock, and then it may perish; its efforts have been wasted. But the life which drove it on is too strong to be so baffled. If one fibre perishes, it will push forward another, until it finds the nourishment it craves. In every kind of victorious advance, in the world of mind, as in the world of matter, you will find the same appearances. As with a great and well-led army there are unwearied efforts, many checks and set-backs, final but not bloodless success. At any given moment there may be ground for doubt and anxiety. Yet

always the battle of to-day is more promising than that of yesterday. And the resolute do not faint, because the reward is nearer than it was, because they are content to have done their part, and because they know that there are others who will take up the work and carry it forward. That is faith : and that is why History has been called the great cordial for drooping courage.

The second lesson is that the slowness of the onward march has an explanation, which applies in a degree to Nature, but is more easily discernible in the realm of thought.

May we say that the order of progress in the education of mankind exhibits an alternation of two very different factors ? First we have the idea, then the testing, dissemination, assimilation of the idea, then again a new idea and so on. First the prophet, or revealer, or man of genius ; then the patient teacher. It is the second of these—it is the work of the teacher—that takes so much time. The great discoverer does what it is given him to do in a few years, at most in the course of his own brief life. He gathers up into one the experience of the past, and, as he surveys the formless mass, he sees by some mysterious illumination the hidden meaning of it all ; the direction in which it tends ; he grasps the new and higher law.

Then comes the teacher, the wise money-changer, who tests and tries the new truth, perhaps rejects it if it does not satisfy his assay,

perhaps accepts it, coins it, and sets it in circulation. How necessary, and therefore how dignified, is his office, and how slow and tedious. Especially if it be with moral truth that he is dealing. And what truth is there, that directly or indirectly has not the gravest bearing upon the moral life? But truth, which is lucrative and promises speedy gain in money or pleasure, finds ready acceptance, while truth which is purely moral and not obviously profitable runs counter to self-will and shocks a thousand deep prejudices. How necessary it is that the teacher should be wary and circumspect, that he should feel the inter-relation of all truths of every kind, that he should have a correct scale of values, that he should neither himself follow deceiving lights, nor allow others to do so, if by any means he can save them from that sad self-waste.

Every teacher, like John the Baptist, prepares the way of the Lord. Not all can be great discoverers, there is perhaps no school of the prophets, nor is it possible to manufacture genius. But all can show what makes the good scholar, the love of truth, patience, humility, reverence. Add to these knowledge of character and sympathy, and you have the great teacher, whose beneficent office it is to 'turn the hearts of the children to the fathers', to enable the children to grasp and to prize the rich heritage of the wisdom of the past. Some of those children may prove to have the gift of revelation themselves, and may

add new provinces to the kingdom of knowledge. All should be a people prepared for the Lord, able to recognize, and willing to follow, the revealer when he appears.

And for the learner. Each one of us reproduces in himself the long history of the world's advance from primitive savagery to the estate of the Christian man of God, as that term is understood by the most accomplished Christians of our own day, not perhaps as it will be understood a hundred years hence. Good teaching will greatly expedite your progress, but it will not enable you to fly; you must still go by the road; you will still have need of diligence and self-discipline. Avoid impatience, avoid sloth. Without haste, without rest. Chain up the beast; and seek wisdom before all things. At every step resolutely practise all the truth that you know, and ever, as you go on, be ready to correct the old truths by the new.

These are cardinal rules for all learners. But to us, who are assembled in this church, Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. All truth is His, all discipline is His, all power is His. Absorb Him by growing faith, hope, and love. Let Him be your ideal, and your method, and your zeal. Serve Him while you are here. And, when your apprenticeship comes to an end, serve Him in the world, endeavour yourselves to the utmost of your abilities to take away the reproach of His Gospel. Its chief reproach is that those who have

the highest opportunities often use them so unworthily, that where knowledge most abounds religion so often languishes, that where zeal is fervent there are so many miserable divisions. Seek the reason for all these misfortunes; seek it in yourselves; and seek it here. Seek it by the Baptist's teaching of Repentance, by the Saviour's teaching of humility and patience. You will find that Impatience is at the bottom of much more evil than you may suspect. I have spoken about the subject partly because the Church offers it to our serious reflection this very day, partly because it is a most wholesome thought for the beginning of Term, mainly perhaps because Impatience is one of the notes, one of the worst notes, of our time, when almost all men are in a hurry, not only to get riches but even to do good.

But Isaiah says, 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' And again when he sees in the spirit the day when 'a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgement', he finds in the vision a benediction upon diligent long-suffering hope: 'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.' It is a blessing upon all teachers and upon all disciples.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

Gal. v. 22.—But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

It will not be necessary for me, even on this Whitsunday morning, to dwell upon the doctrine of the Holy Spirit—who He is or how He was first manifested, or what the Church says about Him in the Creeds. All this may be taken for granted. Though there is no telling. Englishmen are very apt to think that they can get on very well without theory, in law-making, in army administration, in trade, in education and in religion. It is an amiable delusion, as we all know, leading to great expense, many blunders, and a sad waste of energy and time. All action, if it is to be profitable must be, at any rate, in accordance with theory. It is not necessary in all cases that the man should be able to explain the ideas that govern his conduct, but they must be there in reserve, and somebody must be able to explain them. Again, in England men are much given to manufacturing their own theories without any regard to the knowledge or experience of others. There are Peculiar People in every department of life, and this also is a very costly error. What we want always is trained skill, the combination of theory and practice. And in matters of religion

no one ought to be listened to unless he has passed safely through deep affliction, or taught in a Sunday School, or laboured among the poor or in a hospital without becoming a machine. Rich people and very clever people are as a rule very helpless in this field. Life to them is so easy that it seems hardly worth studying. They jest at scars because they never felt a wound. You will find that in the Gospel as well as in Shakespeare.

After all, the main question is what the Holy Ghost does or might do for us. It is of great importance to see what He has done for other people, but the great thing is to know whether we want Him and why and where we want Him. The Collect for the day tells us that we want Him in order that we may have a right judgement in all things and evermore rejoice in His Holy comfort. When the author of this beautiful prayer speaks of a right judgement in all things he is thinking perhaps chiefly of all moral and spiritual things. Yet not exclusively. Every scholar has read of scholars' quarrels, and is well aware how they warp the judgement. And what saves us from quarrels but meekness, docility, and an amiable temper? And what are these qualities but a spice at any rate of religion? Or what is it that pushes knowledge along but the pure love of truth? and this again is religious. It might be shown without difficulty that all science, all philosophy, all art, all fine taste in

literature, began in the search after God. Many of the highest manifestations of culture are purely Christian. It is not easy to see how they are to continue to flower if you cut away the root from which they sprang or if you destroy the object towards which from the first they aspired.

In all practical matters, as, for instance, legislation, right judgement or wisdom depends wholly on principles which have hitherto been regarded as essentially Christian. I suppose we may say that the difference between Roman law and English is that the former disregarded the rights of the woman, the slave, and the poor, while the latter, especially in modern times, has held them steadily in view. If you want to understand this difference you must go not to Rousseau but to the Gospel. The leaven of the Gospel has been slow in working —not through its own fault but through ours. It will be a grievous disaster if we do anything to weaken it, for democracy needs that check even more than the old tyrannies or oligarchies.

St. Paul again tells us in the fine passage from which my text is taken what are the fruits of the Spirit. He describes them in a string of golden words and phrases. Let us look only at the first three—Love, Joy, and Peace.

Love—he puts that first. It is better called Charity for it excludes those fierce, blind, sensual passions, which we commonly include under the name of Love. Kindliness, simple domestic and human affection, sympathies, courtesies, an open

heart and a ready hand, all this is expressed in the one word 'charity'. St. Paul puts it first as a gift and as the best gift.

Well, you might say there will always be plenty of charity. It is natural or it is easily learned. Why should we try to bolster it up by dogma? Why should we call it a gift?

Now is that true? Sometimes it may be. But strip charity of all its support in dogma. Take away the belief in a soul, which is the first and greatest of all dogmas. Take away the belief in the possibility of a change in character, for that is not only a dogma but a miracle, and how much charity will be left? Very little, I should imagine.

Next the Apostle reckons Joy. If charity is the first gift joy is the highest.

Well, you might say that there is plenty of joy. But that is obviously untrue. There is not half enough.

There is a good deal of amusement, very unequally divided and very different in quality. But as a rule those who are fondest of amusement are the most joyless. They would not want so much stimulant, if it were not so. Men do, no doubt, need distraction, but they would not crave for it if life itself was pleasant and the mind within was cheerful.

St. Paul tells us that cheerfulness is a gift. And, mind you, he was not one of those who are always bubbling over with high spirits. His

health was bad, and his work was very trying both to mind and body. If you read his Epistles you will find him often in a serious and even melancholy frame. Sometimes he speaks sharply enough, though not without reason. He had a little temper. Yet he looks with unfailing courage, hope, and serenity, upon disappointments, failures, sickness, the death of friends, the near prospect of his own death. Even when in prison he thinks mainly of others. There can be no doubt as to what sustained him. 'To me,' he says, 'to live is Christ and to die is gain.' And there have been many like him.

Next the Apostle speaks of Peace. It is much the same as cheerfulness. The man who is at peace with God and with man and therefore with himself has no idle fears, no vain ambitions, no silly animosities. He cares little about money and nothing about pomp. He does not work in a frenzy because he is not working for himself alone. If it is bad work he knows that it will perish, if it is good work he knows that the Holy Spirit will take charge of it when he is gone. He is glad to get out of harness and be himself, because he has pleasant thoughts, pleasant occupations, and good hopes, treasures of which others know little but to which he can always resort.

All these graces that St. Paul enumerates here are beautiful and good, the most desirable of all things. But we should also notice that they are great powers, eminently sociable, and exceedingly

fruitful. Some disdain them as weak—but they are really the strongest things in the world.

They are, St. Paul says, the kingdom of God, and what can be stronger than that? God's throne is not supported by bayonets or by votes. It rests upon His own perfection. Therefore it is founded upon the Rock; but it is a rock of loadstone which draws all men to itself. He made the world by His Love, Wisdom, and Power, and therefore the world—so far as it is His Image, that is, so far as we do not spoil it by vain devices—is all very good. But men are too clever and have found out many inventions, and that is why God's laws are at once so simple and so unintelligible. Except we become as little children we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. By little children our Lord meant those to whom Love, Joy, Peace are the great realities, while Vanity Fair with all its noise, its bustle, and its ostentation, is a poor and barbaric unreality, like a music hall built in a Paradise. We ought to turn our thoughts from the vulgar show, and fix them upon that heavenly land which is so close to us and yet often so far away.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

John iv. 19, 20.—The woman saith unto Him, Sir, I perceive that Thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain ; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.

The text comes from the story of the Woman of Samaria, one of the most familiar and impressive passages in the Gospel of St. John. Sometimes as you read this Gospel you may be struck, and even troubled, by its impersonal character. This writer, you may say, is more of the philosopher than of the historian. He writes like a monk in the cloister. Can he really have seen and heard what he relates in this dreamy, far-off voice ? And then you are startled by a passage like this, more dramatic than anything in the Synoptic Gospels, charged with subtle knowledge of human nature. The figures are real and living, yet the atmosphere is still as mystic as ever ; they seem to stand in a light that is not altogether of this world.

This Samaritan was a woman with a history, who would desire to keep aloof from the village gossips, and that is probably the reason why she went to draw water from Jacob's well at an hour so unusual, in the full blaze of noonday, when almost everybody would be asleep. But there she found the Lord Jesus.

No doubt St. John intends us to observe the amazing contrast between that apparently quite casual meeting and the momentous consequences that hung upon it. There is no such thing as an accident, he means, and wherever we happen to be we may find Christ. So Augustine tells us how his mother, Monnica, was saved by the taunt of an ignorant slave girl who had found her in the cellar sipping a cup of stolen wine. He too intends us to notice how eternity hinged upon that trivial fact, or shall we rather say how what we wrongly call trivial things are really the forces that determine our course in life.

She found Jesus sitting upon the low wall round the edge of the well, waiting for His disciples, and fatigued with the morning's march. But the moment He caught sight of that lost sheep moving slowly towards Him along the dusty road His spirit rose in full force, and there is no trace of weariness in the rest of the chapter. Often He must have been tired to death, though the mystic St. John is the only Evangelist who tells us so, but we never see the slightest impatience, or hurry or curtness. Always He was ready to hear and to speak, for this woman or at the very last for the thief upon the Cross.

But there is another lesson in the text. At first the woman replies to our Lord with light jests, always a convenient screen against words that seem likely to take a serious turn. 'What you, a Jew, ask for water from me, a poor Samaritan?'

'What, you, who have living water, want to drink from Jacob's well?' Then when our Lord, who knew what was in man, recalls to her mind the secret trouble of her life, she drops this tone of pretty disdain, and catches up another shield. See what it is, this new and better guard. She offers to talk theology with Him. 'Let us be impersonal,' she says in effect. 'Do not rake up these unpleasant topics. You are a Jew, I am a Samaritan. Let us discuss that subject in a candid and temperate spirit.'

She was exceedingly adroit, and must have been a bright, well-bred and educated woman. Somewhere behind that laughing face and miserable story lay a mind capable of much better things, if it could but be got to work, and here was One who knew how to touch the springs. It is not so surprising, or would not be if we knew all, that our Lord should have said to this strange woman words that He said to very few. The great Teacher did not deal with all people in the same stereotyped way. In those days of grammar schools and universal rhetorical debate questions like this must often have been put to Him, in the market place and at the corners of the streets, not by rabbis only but by anybody, just as they are thrust upon the missionary in modern India. There is nothing surprising about the story, except that this should be the only case of the kind recorded in the Gospels. This once our Lord met a woman of Greek vice and Greek intelli-

gence, a Samaritan, yet a Greek, as Justin was, and caught her by the quickness of her wit.

But what we ought rather to notice is not how clever she was, but how typical. She was the first to do what a great part of the world is doing now, and use talk about religion as the toughest of all defences against the prying, tormenting questions of Christ Himself. And she was right. Once admit that severe visitor within your fences and there will be no peace till you have satisfied all His demands. There is no way of keeping Him out like that of circling round and round Him at a little distance, talking not with Him but about Him, about High Church and Low Church, about ritual and doctrine, about all the matters on which Christians are not agreed, about all the moot points that ought to be settled before the bargain is struck. We know very well how it works out. These differences cause much heat and temper, and the Samaritan may have hoped to tease our Lord into a passion and so manœuvre her retreat with credit.

They cause heat because they are little things. There were Jews in our Lord's time who would not worship in the Temple because of some supposed irregularity in the preparation of the water of purification. Some trifling carelessness there had once been—or it was said that there had once been—in the due performance of this subordinate rite, and for this they broke off communion with the main body of their Church and nation. How

often has the same thing happened! Grave controversies about the articles of the Creed have been exceedingly few, and for the most part quickly settled. Those which have endured and festered causing permanent division, and often the most woful crimes and calamities, have turned upon much less important things—like this, for instance, about the exact way in which the water of purification ought to be made ready for use.

Now why is it that these smaller matters cause strife and heartburning while life and death are felt to be too serious for words? Is it not just because they are one and all uncertain? They are uncertain because neither Christ nor His Apostles thought it necessary to speak about them. There is no judge to whom we can appeal, and we try to make good that defect by strong asseverations or by eager unsubstantial logic. If a man chooses to deny the immortality of the soul we have our answer ready—'The Master taught otherwise'—and for those who know the Master no more is needed. It is the same with the great doctrines of the Creed. All else is a plant which the heavenly Father hath not planted, which at most He has sanctioned for times and for seasons. We find it good for food; others, as wise and as religious as ourselves, may think it not so; and here begins the setting of armies in array.

Now let us turn again to the text and listen to the words of our Lord.

The Woman of Samaria proposed a question

and offered a debate. Which was the true Temple, that upon Mount Gerizim or that upon Mount Zion? It was a question of ritual. Our Lord does not deny that it had once involved a truth. The Law had been a very real thing, and its precepts had been necessary for the protection of the faith which was its heart and soul. Hence the Samaritan worship was wrong, because it was apostasy. But He well knew that no good issue could be found in this direction, and passes on at once to the governing truth. 'The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.' Her question is idle and dead. There had been a time when it was alive, but that time ended with Christmas Day. For who is that God whom the Son came to reveal? Not the Lord of Gerizim or of Zion, but the Father—Father of Jesus, Father of every soul of man. Not bound to this temple or to that, to this ceremony or to that, spreading far beyond all limitations of place or time or action or speech, because He is a Spirit. A Spirit—the one great reality—which gives life and shape and colour to all things sensible, yet is none of them; so that we cannot say 'Lo, He is here', or 'Lo, He is there', because He is everywhere. And we can worship Him, because we also are spirits, and our soul is real as He is real, able to hear and love Him, and in a degree, so far as we have come to know Him in His Son, to understand. True worshippers the Father seeketh,

who will worship Him, in spirit and in truth. Not with the lips, nor with the hands, nor by command, nor as of use and wont, but in truth, that is to say, in spirit, soul bringing to soul that love, that repentance, that meekness, that honour, those gifts which belong to the soul itself, and are as real as the soul itself.

Now we may notice that St. John, who records these words, was the author of the Apocalypse. There, in that great vision, he describes the worship of the saints in heaven ; and we may, perhaps, think that he describes it under a figure—the figure being the liturgy of his own church at Ephesus. It was there, we may suppose, that he had seen the Lamb in a symbol upon the altar, and the four and twenty priests seated round about the altar, and had heard the new song of thanksgiving to God and to the Lamb taken up and repeated and tossed on high by the crowded worshippers all down the nave. We may venture to think that St. John was not disinclined to a stately ceremonial. He is said to have worn a mitre ; and it is certain that he speaks of gold and crystal and jewels and incense as not unfitting emblems of the spiritual beauty of the New Jerusalem. Yet it is St. John that records in his Gospel these words of our Saviour, telling us that those who worship the eternal Spirit must worship Him in spirit and in truth, that what makes our worship acceptable is not beauty of ceremonial, but the fervour of devotion with which the true

believer offers up his heart and soul to the Father in the Lamb.

Now turn to the Epistles to the Corinthians, and you will find a very different type of worship. There is no state and no splendour, and, as far as we can see, there is hardly any ceremonial at all. Each brother, as he had received the gift, sings his hymn, or utters a word of exhortation, or pours forth a prayer. Everything is free and fresh, coming straight from the heart. Side by side in the New Testament you find these two pictures of the Christian Church adoring God, so strongly contrasted, yet each drawn by the hand of an Apostle.

George Fox, the Quaker, began to preach at a time when men were disputing fiercely about high and dry Calvinistic doctrine, yet were often living lives sadly at variance with their creed. That is why he used to command an interval of silence before he would open his mouth. 'I saw', he said, 'that they needed to be famished from words.' He thought that if Christian people would but be quiet at times, and listen, if they would but say 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth', the Holy Spirit would not fail to reveal to them the shameful difference between the thing that they professed and the thing that they were.

If you do not like the name of George Fox, you may read the same lesson in any good book of devotion, or in the Bible itself. 'Commune with your own heart and in your own chamber and

be still,' says the Psalmist. Is it not the same lesson that our Lord is teaching us in the person of the Samaritan woman? Hearken to Him who draws aside so mercifully the veil that hides you from yourself. Do not talk of Jerusalem or Gerizim, do not jest with Him, do not argue with Him, do not shrink from Him, but bear His searching eyes, and listen to His instruction. It is the way of life and it is the way of peace. Of life because all good behaviour flows from that inner communing with the Lord. Of peace for if Christ be in us of a truth, we shall make no difference between Jew and Samaritan, or between Corinthian and Ephesian, although they do not say exactly the same words or do exactly the same things as ourselves, because we have learned ' to receive one another as Christ also received us ', because ' the God of patience and consolation hath granted us to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus '.

THE TRUE GUIDANCE OF SOULS

1 *Peter* ii. 25.—For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.

The great heathen Plotinus would have said, 'Ye have turned your faces to the heavenly music.' The Apostle says, 'Ye have turned (or returned) to the Shepherd and Bishop (or rather Overseer, for St. Peter does not use Bishop as an ecclesiastical title) of your souls.' Here we find the difference—which is so profound—between the aesthetical and intellectual view of the inward life on the one hand, and the spiritual and disciplinary on the other.

Overseer here means much the same as Shepherd. When St. Peter calls Christ the Shepherd of our souls we need not doubt—if we weigh the constant allusions to the Gospels contained in this Epistle—that he is thinking of the Good Shepherd who layeth down His Life for the sheep. Just before he has been speaking of the Cross. Soul, in St. Peter's usage, means the whole personality, will, intellect and emotions. The Shepherd bridles the will, enlightens the intellect, satisfies and chastens the emotions.

First, He who is good and perfect gives all that is requisite for our perfection. Second, because He does this—because He and He alone guides

and feeds every part of that nature which is like His own, we know that He is the Good Shepherd. This is the argument that made St. Augustine a Christian.

Notice next how characteristic it is of the great and tender-hearted St. Peter that he addresses this noble exhortation to slaves. They needed it most, though their applause was least worth having. The Apostle gives freely hoping for no return, and calls the halt, the maimed, and the blind, to his feast. Here he sets a great example to all preachers. Again, notice the breadth of his exhortation. The slave needed instruction, and minute instruction, more than others. Consider the morals of slaves and the position of a Christian slave in a heathen family. Yet the Apostle gives no details and uses no casuistry. What was the slave to do, if he was ordered to bring incense for his master to sacrifice. The Apostle does not say.

See how much this great teacher leaves to be supplied by the Christian common sense of his hearers. It is the same all through the New Testament. We find strong motives, great broad principles, and hardly any development, hardly any application. Always we notice that deep respect for personality which is so well illustrated in the *Pastor Pastorum.* It is so different from the rabbis with their little rules about mint and cummin, so different from the Stoics who were great casuists and regulated conduct at every turn

with great ability but far too minutely. How much we also have endeavoured to add to the teaching of the Apostles by way of comment, explanation, practical enforcement, nearly always wisely if the comment is regarded as a comment, yet not always avoiding the danger of turning comments into precepts.

It is perhaps instructive to notice that at the time when St. Peter wrote the literary world was standing on the threshold of that age of commentators, critics, and grammarians which, as Gibbon said, 'darkened the face of knowledge.' And we, who are teachers, ought constantly to be asking ourselves that grave question whether we are not drifting into the same situation. At any rate we are within reach of the danger. In the days which seniors like myself can well remember there were no commentaries; certainly they were very few and very unlike the elaborate annotated editions that abound to-day. A man took his Homer, read the text and gathered the spirit. If he was a good scholar he went further and learned much of great value about points of grammar and archaeology. Now the process is inverted; he begins with the letter and often stops short of the spirit. Precisely the same thing has happened to Holy Scripture. I have not yet found one of my pupils who has read the English Bible through and, from experience in the Theological Schools, I greatly fear that this is true of the great mass of our divinity students. They

know a great deal that has been said about the Bible, but do not know the Bible itself. And this raises a very serious question whether, instead of teaching our pupils to think, we are not trying to teach them *what* to think. And if this is the case is there not some peril of our turning into commentators, critics, and grammarians, and darkening the face of knowledge, or, in other words, of ceasing to be teachers, for the true teacher is a shepherd and overseer of personalities ?

The work of the commentator is exceedingly useful but it is too exclusively intellectual. What the commentator deals with is never the spirit—this he cannot touch—but the facts which belong to the logical understanding. The spirit must be caught, if it is caught at all, not from notes but by one living personality from another. We are all driven by the necessity of our position to comment, yet we may confess that that part of our work is rather frivolous because it deals so largely with little matters which are really neither here nor there. We may say even that the commentator is the favourite teacher of a frivolous age because he saves men the trouble of thinking, because he enables them to dispute about trifles which they are always so ready to do. The Samaritan woman would gladly have kept away the Saviour's eyes from her life by arguing about theology. Perhaps we may even think that this age is rather frivolous, busy not with great questions but with side issues, too fond of pleasure

and of artistic affectations. It is not often that we hear a deep note.

We always need more seriousness. Seriousness depends on two things, on depth and on simplicity. The deep things are the great realities of life. They are not clever or subtle or elaborate. Everything to which you can apply these epithets belongs to a clique or coterie and lies on the surface of life which you can paint and decorate. The deep things of life are Life and Death, Love and Sorrow, Good and Evil. You can feel them but you cannot argue about them. The more deeply you feel them the less you will want to say clever things about them. Corresponding to the deep things of life are deep things of heaven. These deep things form the substance of the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles. They are simple just because they must be felt, and because all men can feel them. When they are felt they make men simple, like little children.

How refreshing it is after reading some book of controversy, some elaborate and learned Life of Christ, to turn again to the Gospels. All the learning has disappeared, the commentator no longer wearies you with his importunities, and you are left face to face with the great simple realities which are always so beautiful. Learning and acumen are also beautiful if we have first grasped the key of life and can put things in their proper order, but not otherwise.

We want to get scholarships and degrees, or

see our pupils get them, quite naturally and properly. But all success of this kind belongs to the region of cleverness and is small. How small we learn only gradually. Life teaches us slowly that folly is seldom dangerous unless it is clever. What we really look to as the fruit of the travail of our souls is wisdom, character. Where we see this shaping itself we may thank God that our labour has not been in vain.

We cannot make character. Yet deep answereth to deep. The torch is kindled from another torch. We do not know how; it depends upon that wonderful law of vicarious suffering which runs through all life and about which St. Peter has so much to teach us in his First Epistle. If you are willing to suffer, others also will be willing—they will behold your good works and glorify God in the day of Visitation. Christ suffered for us leaving us an example that we should follow His steps.

We plant and water—and how diligent we should be, as in the great Taskmaster's eye, but it is God who makes things grow. He is the chief Shepherd, we do but feed the flock beneath Him. We are to follow His example, caring for the whole soul, thinking always of the realities, adding what we can of our uncertain human knowledge. He giveth the increase as seemeth Him best, drawing up the plant, not always in shapes that the gardener would choose, sometimes in shapes that alarm the gardener. Yet if the plant is rooted in the

realities we are not to clip it, for God carries on the progress of the world by differences. Our reward is that we may be able to say like the Saviour, Behold I and the children whom God hath given me—not whom I have taught but whom God hath given. They will be drawn by the Cross which draws such different natures, but the Cross will be marked upon them all and they will all agree in this that they will be ready to suffer for love of Christ and on behalf of Christ's people.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH

John xvi. 13.—Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth, for He shall not speak of Himself.

He, the divine Person, called also the Comforter or Paraclete or Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father and whom the Son sends, who is so intimately related to the Father and the Son that He knows all the truth and makes it known to all Christ's disciples, came down according to Christ's promise, as at this time on Whitsunday or Pentecost, upon the little infant Church in Jerusalem.

Came down, that is to say, was fully manifested. Not that He did not exist or was not active before that day. The Father had been known in some degree from the time when He first created man in His own image and likeness, and Son and Holy Ghost had been with Him at that birthday of the visible world and from all eternity. The Son came down or was manifested by His Incarnation, His Crucifixion, and His Resurrection. He too had been known in some dim way all through the course of history. From the first there had been mothers and men who made great sacrifices, even of their own lives, for the good of their children or of their country. From the first it had been known as a fact that innocent suffering was connected in some mysterious way with the

healing of evil. The Cross taught men that this strange fact was a law of the divine wisdom, a rule of the religious life. Thus Christ was proclaimed as the universal Saviour and Redeemer, and a new light was shed upon the nature of the Father. He is Father of the Son who stooped to suffer upon the Cross for the salvation of mankind. And yet a third revelation was needed. Men might have thought that all had been thus done for them and that no efforts of their own were needed. It was necessary, therefore, to teach them more emphatically than ever before that though their debt is paid and their pardon signed and sealed they must yet take up their pardon, realize that they are children of God, and by submission to His holy will grow in holiness and in the knowledge of God; realize also that He who brings home to them this knowledge and this holiness, putting into their hearts the desire for divine grace, fostering this good seed that it may grow and abound, guarding it by wholesome discipline, sustaining it by inner comforts and foretastes of the kingdom of heaven, is Himself a divine Person who may be loved and adored and followed. Thus in these three self-revelations of the Christian God as Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, the Christian creed is rounded off and completed.

Now I am to preach about this mystery of Pentecost or Whitsunday to you who are students of Reading College. I never met you before,

and it is quite possible that in this world we may never meet again. And that is a serious disadvantage. For preaching, to be really effective, ought not to be like an arrow shot at random; it ought to be aimed at individual souls. Or if that is not quite possible, at any rate, there should be a close and intimate sympathy between the speaker and his audience. He should know their lives and their daily experience, their daily trials, their hopes and ambitions, their successes and their failures, what they think about and how they think about it. Then he may hope to link on what he has to say to what they already know, so as to give them the needful correction, to administer the needful comfort. Thus he may be able to discharge what George Fox, the Quaker, used to say was the great duty of the preacher, 'to speak to their condition.' Not to the condition of other people. Words of which that may be said may be very wise and good, but they will produce no effect.

Now my acquaintance with you, my hearers, is not very complete, and you must forgive me if at some points I go wide of the mark. And yet how much we have in common. There is first the broad ground of sympathy, that we are all human beings, made by the same God, children of the same God, stamped with the same divine image, living under the same divine law. We are apt to think that our lives are very different, and so they are in many ways. But those things in

which we differ are all little things. Look at the great things of life, you will find they are very much the same to all. Our sins, our temptations, our struggles with the inner enemy, there is but little difference there. Our virtues all come from God and bear the likeness of their heavenly origin. And our happiness, that too is the same for everybody. It is not made by rank or wealth or fame. It is the simplest thing in the world. Love and Unselfishness create it and sustain it, and who can say that these graces are too hard for him, or are out of his reach? Always it is the little things of life that tend to divide us and make us solitary. The great things, the things of the soul, the realities, draw us together, make us feel the need of friends, companions, helpers, are the foundations of families, colleges, and all sorts of unions. 'When two walk together,' says an old Greek poet, 'one thinks of things before the other.' Two heads together, he meant, are better than one. In work, in sorrow, in joy, God so made us that we ought to be sociable, we cannot do without one another, we must be brethren.

Now is there not a broad ground of sympathy there? We are all travelling along the same road. Those who have marched farthest and seen most can tell you about the difficulties and dangers and show you the right direction. It is their duty, and if they are good people it is also their pleasure. For what good man or woman wants you to go wrong and fall into mistakes which they

made themselves, and for which they had to pay so dearly? Which of them is not eager to hold out a helping hand and to speak a wise word? Always believe that if you desire to do the right thing you will not want for friends.

And besides this general consideration of our common humanity there is yet another of a more special, more intimate kind. You are all of you students; many of you probably look forward to the day when you will become teachers. I also have been a student all my life long, and am one still, seeking constantly for new knowledge and new light. So it should be with you all. Do not think that your student days will end when you leave college. Do not go away with all that you have learned tied up in a little bundle never to be altered and never to be increased. Your studies will have been of little avail unless they have given you a keen desire for more truth and deeper truth. Do not be too easily satisfied. The world is always moving on; do not let it be said that the clock of your mind ran down and ceased to mark the time when you got your certificate or your degree. Do not be afraid of seeming inconsistent. If you have been wrong and have come to know better do not fear to confess it. If you sometimes act and sometimes do not act upon your convictions that is inconsistency, and a very shameful thing. But if experience and reflection lead you to change your convictions that is growth and progress. And oftentimes we are compelled

to change them. 'When I became a man,' says the Apostle, 'I put away childish things.' Who would wish always to speak as a child, to think as a child.

And I have been a teacher in schools of all kinds and degrees and in a University, and ought to know, at any rate, the difficulties of that most honourable profession.

Let me speak to you from these two points of view, as a human being to other human beings—as a student and teacher to other students and teachers—and try to show what Whitsunday has to say to us under these two heads.

Well now, first of all, may it not be said that the special office of the Holy Spirit is to make religion? He stands as it were at the foot of the Cross, pointing to that great object lesson, telling us of the Saviour who hung there in agony, how He lived and died and was buried and rose again and ascended into heaven for our salvation, describing all, explaining all, striving with infinite love and patience to make it all real to every one that will listen. It is He that turns our theology, the dry statement of our creed, taken from books, from the Catechism, even from the Bible, into a life and a power, carrying us up from talk about Christ into personal intimacy with the personal Christ. He makes us Christ's own, and keeps us Christ's own, and therefore St. Paul speaks of religion as 'living in the Spirit', as 'walking in the Spirit'.

He convinces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgement. That is His first most austere yet most necessary work, to show us to ourselves as we are without God, how weak and wicked and ignorant and forlorn, how utterly without an answer to the justice of Him before whom we must one day stand. And at the same time He holds up in His other hand the picture of righteousness, of Christ as He was, and of ourselves as we might be. Thus He lays the strong foundations of Repentance and of Faith.

And from this point He takes us into His school, the Church, wherein He teaches and disciplines us with infinite tenderness, patience, and skill, yet with due firmness and severity, guarding us by fear, attracting us by love, giving us always first the lesson to be learned, and then immediately the thing to be done, so that practice may explain and enforce theory. It is the same method, I imagine, which is largely followed here, and there is none which makes things so clear, and which so certainly corrects all mistakes and all errors of judgement. And again, He helps us to pray. There can be no religion without prayer; yet often we do not know what to pray for or how to pray for it; but the Holy Spirit takes up our dim visions and our faltering words, the petitions as it were of a little child, which wants but knows not what it wants, and interprets them, 'making intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.' And thus in time He

completes our education, taking away all fear, all doubt, giving us the spirit of adoption, so that we can look up frankly like obedient children into the face of God, crying, 'Abba, Father,' so that we can with full confidence and understanding repeat the Lord's Prayer which begins 'Our Father which art in Heaven'.

Now there we come very near to the question whether religion can be taught. And of course, in the strict sense of the word, the answer must be No. The Bible can be taught, because it is a book. Theology can be taught, because it is embodied in forms of words which can be learned by heart and repeated. But religion—faith, hope, and charity—these cannot be taught because they are the gift of the Holy Spirit. Nevertheless, all human beings are very wonderfully bound together. Ordinarily—we may go so far as to say that—the Holy Spirit acts through human agents, leaping, like the electric spark, from one good man or woman to others who are as yet, perhaps, not at all good. From every one who is filled with the Spirit, as St. Stephen was, this divine life radiates, and draws, as the sun draws a plant, or as the magnet draws iron. There, you may say, is a way in which religion can be taught. Not by mere hammering in of words but by sympathy and example, by the power of a good life, by the help of the Holy Spirit. The teacher can plant and he can water, though God alone can give the increase. But then the teacher must him-

self be living and walking in the Spirit; he must be a live wire, as it were, a fit transmitter of the electricity within. That is why there has been so much said in these latter years of the atmosphere of schools. It means that all teachers of religion should be religious teachers. I hope we all agree that religion is the crown of education. But the secret of all good teaching of mathematics, or drawing, or religion, is the same. You cannot hope to kindle a fire in the minds of your pupils, if there is no fire in yourself, if you are dry and dusty and formal, if you are without enthusiasm, without love for the things that you want them to believe and do.

Now let us turn to the second head, and try to see what is the meaning and value of Whitsunday for students in particular. Look at the text. When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth.

Not only truth about Christ or truth about your own souls—though that in particular, and that above all, because a right belief about God and the soul is the beginning and the end of all true knowledge. But the words mean much more than that: 'Into all the Truth.'

All Truth is One, forming one body, one whole, so that each part throws light upon every other part and makes it easier to understand. One as Christ Himself is One. He is the Word or Wisdom of God, in whom every thought of God exists. Therefore He created the world in accordance

with the pattern framed in the Father's mind, and what He created in the beginning He sustains until the day when heaven and earth shall pass away.

Therefore all science is His, for science is the systematic knowledge of that world which Christ created, and of that mind of God which gave Him the rule and plan for His great work. Hence it has been said, and well said, that God has given two great revelations of Himself, one in the Bible, one in Nature, each telling us much about the great Father of all, each with its own special difficulties, yet each serving to interpret the other.

Again, all Art is His, He gave all things shape and colour and order. He made the world not only good for use but beautiful to look upon, hanging the stars like silver lamps in the sky to give us light by night, to inform our intelligence by the marvellous laws which govern their movements, to cheer our hearts with the sight of their splendour and their order. All things beautiful are His work, and He gave us eyes to see and to comprehend their beauty. Sweet sounds, fair sights, the powers of the poet, the musician, the painter, all are gifts of Him who giveth liberally, adding charm to that which was already precious, to draw us upwards from earthly beauty to Himself who is fairest of all things fair.

You cannot therefore wholly distinguish secular truth from religious Truth. The Holy Spirit shall guide you into all the Truth. 'He shall receive of

mine,' says the Lord, 'and shall shew it unto you.' Christ is the Truth and Christ is God's. Every truth leads to every other truth. If you could only know all about the flower in the crannied wall you would understand what God is: if you can really learn all about the farmer's life, the revolution of the seasons, the grain dying in the furrow to give birth to new seed—you will pierce the inner meaning of the Parables of Jesus. All is given by the Holy Spirit, the will to learn, the power to learn, the eye to see how all things hang together, the ear to hear the harmony of the universe.

Some accept from the Spirit only His first and lowest gift, the knowledge of Nature and its laws, and refuse to let Him make known to them how this world is the image, the material counterpart, of the world to come, how all creation is very good because it fulfils the holy design of its Creator. But if you will listen to the Spirit and follow where He guides He stands ready to show you all the Truth.

There is another point; I take it that most of you are studying with a practical object, that of turning your education to profit and using it as a means to earning a livelihood. It is a very laudable object. Knowledge is power and it ought to help you materially in a thousand ways in showing you how to do what you have to do, in giving skill and capacity and pleasure in your work, in forming judgement. Judgement not only of things, but of persons. An educated man or

woman cannot know everything, but ought to be able to tell by a kind of instinct who does know, who is the safe guide to follow in things that lie outside his own field, in politics, in business, in religion, in everything. You ought to be able to say with tolerable certainty—This man deserves to be listened to, that man does not.' I need not dwell upon the extraordinary value of that gift or show in what imminent danger those who have not received it stand of becoming the prey of all sorts of impostors and vain pretenders. The Holy Spirit will save you from that great danger if you will allow Him.

But now if you look at the Whitsunday Collect you will see that we are taught to pray that by the help of the Holy Spirit we may have a right judgement in all things—He also is the Giver of perfect all-round wisdom—but also that we may evermore rejoice in His holy comfort.

Now think of that. Those who are going to rely upon education for their bread and butter have many trials. There is the nightmare of examinations, the haunting dread of failure, the limitation of the natural pleasures of youth. For those who are studying with an ulterior purpose cannot enjoy life with the easy unconcern of the spoiled children of fortune who can look at the future without a shadow of anxiety. They know full well that they are launching their little boats on a sea where there is plenty of rough weather to be expected. They know that they will want

much comfort. And that 'holy comfort' which the Spirit gives is the best of all. It is built upon the love of God and men, and shows us the safe and the blessed way. 'He that will love life, and see good days,' says St. Peter—and we ought to love life and look forward to many good days—'let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it.' 'The fruit of the Spirit', says St. Paul, 'is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' The Spirit is like a beautiful tree laden with golden fruit. I would ask you to think over these words, to pray the Spirit to fill you with desire for His fruit, and to be Himself the good gardener who makes them grow. They make happiness in this world and in the world to come.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

Acts xxi. 37.—Canst thou speak Greek ?

On his return from his third mission St. Paul had visited the Temple to prove that he had not forgotten or disavowed the obligations of the Law. There he was recognized by some Asiatic Jews, who, seeing him in company with Trophimus, concluded that he had taken this man, an Ephesian Greek, into that part of the Temple courts where no Gentile might set foot. Instantly there arose a furious tumult ; St. Paul was dragged out of the Temple, the gates were shut behind him, and he would have been killed then and there, had not 'the chief captain', the tribune who commanded the garrison, come running with his men down the long stairway leading from the castle of Antonia, and rescued the Apostle from the hands of the mob. St. Paul was being carried up the steps by the soldiers when he called to the tribune and requested leave to speak to him. The officer answered in great surprise, 'Canst thou speak Greek ?'

He saw that he had to deal with one of those fierce religious quarrels which were not uncommon in Jerusalem, which indeed he was posted there to prevent, just as Mohammedan officers are posted round the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

at this day to enforce peace between the rival parties of Christian pilgrims. And he concluded quite naturally that St. Paul was just one of those wild native fanatics who were always making trouble for the guardians of order, an ignorant man who could speak no language that civilized people could understand. It was therefore with no small wonder that he heard his prisoner address him in the most polished dialect of the then world. When he says, 'Canst thou speak Greek?' he means, What, an educated man, a gentleman, brawling in the midst of a mob like this? What can you have been thinking about? How can you have got here?

Under his question again lies the idea that religion must always be sensible, orderly, decorous, giving no offence to quiet respectable people, doing what others do. If it leads to any uproar in orderly sleepy places where everything was going smoothly and the authorities had no trouble, it must be to blame and it must be put down. It could not be sensible and moderate, it could not be fit for educated people if disorder ensued wherever it appeared.

This was the real cause of the persecutions of the early Church. Every now and then the pagans made a loud outcry against Christianity, if there was an earthquake or a famine, if a man who gained his living by selling beasts for sacrifice found his trade falling off, if his wife or children had been converted and would no longer do

exactly what he wished. The government did not take the trouble to ask who made the complaints or why they made them. These Christians, they said, cannot speak Greek. They cannot have read the books of our wise men or they would feel how little they know. They ought to listen to those better instructed, and if they will not do so they must take the consequences.

Thus the casual phrase of the chief captain opens up that most important question: What is the good of Education, and what is its place in the religious life?

You will recollect how St. Paul speaks of the wisdom of this world. God, he tells the Corinthians, has made it foolish. Both Jews and Greeks have gone astray through the knowledge on which they plume themselves. Our wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption is Christ Jesus.

He means that education is not religion; and further, he means that education will not make a man religious. Nothing but the love of God in Jesus Christ can do that. We must never forget this great truth for a single instant. But religion bears many beautiful fruits, and among the most beautiful is that of knowledge, and no good Christian can be content to remain ignorant of things that it much concerns him to learn. Think of Duty: We shall be judged by our works, and our works are our duty. According as we have performed the task appointed for us in this

life, we shall be good servants, or wicked and slothful servants. Now Duty is sometimes quite simple and plain, but often it is not. In this complicated world it grows every day more complicated, calling more and more for reflection and a trained habit of thought. Justice, for instance, is one of the highest and one of the most difficult of duties. We are to give to every man his due—but what is his due? How many serious questions crowd in upon us there!

Or take the Bible, the Book of Life. That also is in great part quite simple and plain, but turn to those questions that were raised at the Reformation, or those again which have been debated in our own days. These are not easy, yet how can we give a reason for our hope, as St. Peter tells us we ought always to be ready to do, if we do not even know what there is that requires to be explained? In the eighteenth century, in the time of the Deists, men had almost given up the very idea of Revelation. Who was it that gave back confidence and hope to the Church of God? Before all others it was the great Bishop Butler, the greatest philosopher that our branch of the Christian family has ever produced. In recent times many will remember the shock of alarm—among some, of exultation—caused by the publication of the book called *Supernatural Religion*. Many thought that the New Testament was hopelessly discredited, that it was proved to have been written long after date,

and to express little but the credulity of men who lived more than a century after the Resurrection. Who was it then that stood in the gap and enabled us once more to breathe freely? It was the great Bishop Lightfoot. And what were his weapons but fine scholarship and a profound knowledge of history? We can never forget the vast debt that we owe to men like these. Nor ought we ever to forget the urgent duty of gathering wisdom from every field. If the love of Christ is firmly planted in the heart, all light is light from heaven. 'In Thy Light', it is written, 'shall we see light'; and those who possess the Day-spring from on high shall want no kind of illumination, if they seek it where it may be found. 'To the godly', it is written again, 'there ariseth light in the darkness.' All knowledge will help to make the man of God perfect, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing and explaining the word of truth. And it is through that deeper understanding of Scripture that we may hope to find a way out of our wretched dissensions. The Bible has one meaning, not a score of different meanings; and it is by patient, humble, charitable study, that we shall find out what that one meaning is.

Yet there is a danger. Religion is above all things a life, not a system to be defended nor a creed that can be taught. These also religion makes, but they do not make religion. It is the love of a Person, a divine form of that affection

which we feel for our own dear ones upon earth. Now where there is life there must be the vigour, the freshness, and originality of life. You cannot bind it in forms and conventionalities; it breaks through all artificial barriers, giving itself freely and passionately—sometimes extravagantly. The Lord came to kindle a fire upon earth, and His Love ought to be like a fire. It impels the disciple, as it impelled his Master, to do strange things; forgetting much that the world thinks proper and decorous in the pure love of souls, eating with publicans and sinners.

We ought all to be enthusiasts. But enthusiasm in an ambiguous word. It is a name for life; but it is a name also for every crank, or whim, or fanaticism that can lead men astray. Now education is a disciplined, temperate spirit. It greatly dislikes all extremes, and aims at making everybody think and act reasonably, that is to say, prudently, coolly, and after the same fashion. It dislikes enthusiasm, when it is wrong, so greatly that it has often endeavoured to quench enthusiasm when it is right. This was what the chief captain meant when he said, 'Canst thou speak Greek?' Art thou one of the enlightened, of the superior, and canst thou care for these ignorant Jews?

We ought to avoid that error which cost us dear in the eighteenth century when so many men, including even the wise Bishop Butler, judged hardly of the Methodists, because they preached

in the fields and said often extravagant things; and did not see that they had a zeal for Christ and for the Holy Spirit and for the souls of the outcast and poor, which shone like a bright light in that too reasonable age. We are not likely perhaps to repeat that sad mistake; at any rate the University has bestowed the highest honour it has to give on one whose methods are far more unlike our own than those of John Wesley;[1] and the portrait of John Wesley himself now hangs in our hall, as that of one who has fairly won a place in the remembrance of his old college.

Yet the warning, often as it has been repeated, is never superfluous. We ought to be enthusiastic, yet critical; warm and eager in heart, yet sane and cool in judgement, holding fast to the tried and precious rules which have made so many saints, yet looking forward hopefully to the future like some greybearded, experienced general who encourages yet regulates the high spirit of his young soldiers. It sounds almost like a paradox that we should be at once so ardent and so cool. But this is Wisdom, the highest gift of the Holy Spirit, which 'God giveth liberally and upbraideth not' to all that really feel their need. It is the union of Love and Reason, the very mind of Christ Himself.

[1] On the nomination of the Chancellor, Lord Curzon, the Rev. W. Booth, General of the Salvation Army, was admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law, *honoris causa*, at the Encænia, 1907.

CHARITY

1 *Cor.* xiii. 8.—Charity never faileth.

On last Sunday, Quinquagesima Sunday, on the very threshold of Lent, the Church, just when she is preparing to exhort us to the stricter observance of religious duties, very wisely and affectionately directs us to dwell first on that sovereign grace without which all religious duties, we may even say all religion, are nothing but an idle pretence, on Charity, the very image of God, the life of the soul, the bond of the Christian community, the guarantee of individual freedom, the champion and assertor of the brotherly league. You may read of it anywhere in the Bible ; most fully in the New Testament where we find its foundation and authority in the great truth that God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to die for us all upon the Cross. Of the Apostolic band none preached it so constantly and persuasively as St. John and St. Paul.

It is perhaps not pedantic to observe that the better title is Charity, not Love. Either word will convey the lesson, if you understand what is meant, that affection which ought to exist between man and God and between man and his fellows. But Love is too passionate, too suggestive of extravagance, of jealousies, rivalries, and egotism.

It was Love—may we not say?—Love with too strong an alloy of earth—that led James and John to claim the places nearest to our Lord in His kingdom, that drew down upon Mary Magdalene the tender rebuke, 'Touch Me not.' The same kind of Love again has prompted certain kinds of adoration of our Lord's humanity, and of His blessed Mother, certain hymns also which are open to objection, which are too sensuous, and at bottom irreverent.

Charity or *Agape* was a word of vulgar use, taken up by the Church and dignified for her own purposes. It was the work of Christianity to lift up the humble and meek; and the Church ennobled even the language of the streets. Cross, the most hateful of words; Humility, the most despised of words; and *Agape*, the most unfashionable of words, were all thus consecrated. *Agape* was chosen purposely because it carried with it no taint of fleshly desire. In Latin it became *Caritas* and thence was formed our Charity. Divine Affection, we might call it, or divine Loyalty. It implies love tempered by awe and veneration, willing obedience and ungrudging service. Love as of a good King, and of all subjects of the good King.

Now St. Paul is thinking, in this beautiful chapter, mainly of what we may call ecclesiastical Charity or, as we may venture to say, of Toleration. Not of the toleration of indifference. He held that all ought to unite in the truth, in what

we may call the Creed; but then how simple was the creed of St. Paul, compared with that of later ages. He had been speaking of matters over which the Church of Corinth was greatly excited. Some fanatics had fancied that Gospel freedom involved the abolition of the moral law. Others went to law before heathen tribunals to recover their business debts. Others doubted whether any Christian man was justified in marrying or, at any rate, in giving his daughter in marriage. Others again, whether it was right to eat meat that had been sacrificed to idols, that is to say, to dine with a heathen neighbour, or indeed to eat any meat, for almost all that was sold in the market was the flesh of victims. There were disputes also about the Eucharistic feast and, above all, there were rivalries about spiritual gifts, and in particular about the gift of prophecy. Was this gift, the gift of special inspiration and revelation, the most honourable of all? Had the prophet the right, whenever the impulse seized upon him, to break in upon the service and deliver his message there and then?

It was this scene of distraction that the Apostle had in his mind when he dictated his letter to the Church of Corinth. He set himself to heal it by drawing the picture of the Church as it ought to be, as the Body of Christ, a Body composed of members, very different in place and capacity and dignity yet united by loyalty to its own Head, and by mutual service, affection, and respect.

Each member gives and each receives, according to the will of Christ who assigns to every one his function and his value.

And then the Apostle proceeds to explain and enforce this great metaphor of the Body of Christ by showing what it is that binds all members in one, equalizing all the manifold and necessary differences. It is Charity.

Charity is so great that all else sinks into nothing compared with it. You may be wealthy and give all your wealth to feed the poor. You may be so stanch in your convictions that you go cheerfully to be burned at the stake. You may be so intelligent and learned that you understand all mysteries, all that any genius, any kind of enlightenment have to teach. You may have all faith—this is the strangest saying of all—so that you can move mountains or work miracles. You may have every claim to respect, every quality that the Church delights to honour, yet if the character beneath is self-seeking, or sour, or hard—if you have not Charity—you are nothing and all your works are nothing. Surely that is a formidable thought for all religious men, and for all communities of religious men. Without Charity a man is merely a Pharisee, and a Church is merely a school of Pharisaism.

Thus St. Paul lifts up the Corinthians—and us also—to a height at which all personal claims and ambitions seem to vanish, as if we were looking down upon earth from a star. The best man

in the Church—which ought to be just another name for the world though as yet unhappily it is not—is that one who is most charitable, who gives the best he has—knowledge, guidance, instruction, comfort, or money, or even manual labour—giving himself in addition to the gift, out of pure love for the Crucified Saviour, so carrying the all-healing Cross as to 'fill up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ' and become in his turn a Redeemer. Thus in St. Paul's view the Church is built not upon great and dazzling endowments but upon this modest, delicate grace, which none is so poor that he cannot attain, this democratic grace with the plebeian name of Charity. You will only obscure things by giving the disputatious and most ambiguous of titles to Charity and calling it Christian Socialism. Charity because it is Christian is both Individualism and Socialism. It secures the individual his freedom, and his right to be himself; it exhorts him to seek diligently the best gifts, all capacities that can be useful to Church or State, including even those practical abilities which lead to the acquisition of wealth, always with the command that he shall lay himself and all that he has upon the altar of God, that is to say, that he shall use it for the behoof of all God's children.

There are other things that ought to be said.

Perhaps the chief act of Charity is Intercessory Prayer, the only kind of prayer that Christ used upon earth and still uses in heaven. The great

bar to it is suspicion, want of faith in human nature, want of hope for the future of the Church. We suspect men, speak evil of them, attribute ugly motives to them, because we view them not as God sees them but through the dark and distorting window of our own timidity and our own selfish desires. Read what St. Paul says, 'Charity seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' The Apostle does not say, as some have said, 'to understand all is to forgive all.' There are some things—for instance, cruelty towards the weak—which it is not for us to forgive, though we may pray God to quicken the sinner's amendment by wholesome chastisement.

We are not to judge the brethren, not, that is, finally to acquit or finally to condemn. It is not ours to separate the sheep from the goats. That is the sole prerogative of God above. If we form an opinion about them, and to some extent we must do that, it should be as brethren, remembering our own ignorance and infirmity, our own great need of mercy and help, both from God and from man, our lamentable tendency to think that what does not suit us is therefore wrong. Always before we judge a man we should feel certain that we clearly see his goodness, though it may be only that possibility of goodness which belongs to him as a creature of God. But never should we allow ourselves to think that any one is outside

the reach of prayer. For prayers are granted largely through human agency, through the faith, hope, and charity of those that pray. When we pray for a sinner we are solemnly promising to use every effort to change his mind, to make him once more a living member of the Body of Christ, by suffering for him.

Every mother knows what is meant by intercessory prayer. She sees her son's goodness; she sees also his faults. Though all the world should give him up, she will never abandon him. She labours and weeps for him; she encircles him with tender, anxious affection; she gives him good advice and studies to make it acceptable; she prays. It may be that after all she fails or seems to fail. But she has acted the part of Christ; and, somewhere, somehow, her labour is not in vain in the Lord.

'Charity thinketh no evil.' Then Charity, you might say, must very often be imposed upon. It was a taunt levelled against Christianity by an ancient wit sixteen centuries ago. And of course it is true. Charity should be armed with wisdom, but in any case she will make mistakes. Even justice makes mistakes; the judge would rather acquit a criminal than run the risk of condemning an innocent man. Be careful, and do not let the world despise your religion as mere weakness and credulity. Yet you need never regret an error occasioned by excess of hope and humanity. You are far more likely to go wrong in the other direction.

You can hardly read St. Paul's description of Charity without observing that it takes little note of certain questions much in debate among ourselves. 'Charity never faileth.' It is universal and eternal; but the world changes, and in the shifting scene of time new applications of the old unchanging law of God are always presenting themselves to the conscience of the Church. Let me touch upon two points.

When St. Paul speaks of truth he means religious truth, mainly, perhaps entirely. It may be observed that he makes little use of the letter of Scripture. What he teaches is the essence of the word of God, the personal living experience of God in Christ, as manifested in the soul of the earnest believer; and this is the truth, life in Christ. Always in the view of this great saint it is the spirit that giveth life; the letter killeth. The Bible is the word of God because it is the record of God's Spirit as manifested, in various degrees, in His servants and ministers, as culminating finally in the perfect revelation of the Father in the Son.

St. Paul knew and cared little for any other form of truth. Indeed in his time there was very little of value to be known. Science, History, Criticism, which have so greatly expanded modern thought, hardly existed. But they have come, bringing many blessings with them. They have created a new application of Charity, what we may call the duty of intellectual Charity. And

they have given new life to a precept, perhaps not falsely attributed to our Lord: 'Be ye experienced money-changers.' The experienced money-changer is one who tries each coin as it is thrown upon his table, casts aside the bad money, and gathers up the true gold into his treasure-chest. All truth is ours, but there are errors which masquerade as truths.

Now there are some devout Christians who feel that their Bible has been rather spoiled, rather desecrated, by Criticism. Yet—if you think of what St. Paul says, how 'Charity rejoiceth in the truth', welcoming and embracing it as a friend and bosom companion; and again, what he says about the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life—you will, I think, feel how little the questions of date, authorship, explanation, which belong to the domain of the critic would have troubled the Apostle. You may even feel how greatly your Bible gains, in many ways, when read intelligently, with all the help that scholarship can give you.

The other point is about Almsgiving. What an easy duty it was in the days of the Apostles, in the sunny land of Palestine, when life was so simple and wants so few. Then private generosity was able to provide a remedy for all the poverty there was. In those climates it is so still. Man wants little but a loaf of bread and a few cheap rags for decent covering; poverty is hardly a degradation, and the poor man does not lose

his self-respect. You may see the same state of things still in what we call backward countries. But in the highly civilized states of the West, especially in all our large towns, how different it all is. I need not dwell upon the dreadful facts; they are heartrending, but they are well known, and they are so vast that individual beneficence stands helpless, and even Churches stand helpless, in face of such a sea of misery. Thus the State has been compelled to throw aside the old, cold theory that its one business was to provide plenty of policemen, and to undertake the part of a father.

There are great and obvious dangers about this course—of these again I need not speak, except to say that a fatherly government has great need not only of the loving-kindness but of the wisdom of God. But, firstly, we ought to rejoice that the State is assuming a Christian character, and beginning to do a Christian work. For Charity is built on the rock of Calvary, and leads, by whatever twists and turnings, to the Cross. Secondly, observe this, that Charity does not cease to be Charity because it is enjoined by statute and paid for by a tax, any more than honesty ceases to be honesty because it is not only prescribed by the Bible, but also enforced by the court of law. Thirdly, that there will still remain the duty of personal benevolence, and kindliness, and sympathy, without which Charity can do no good either to him that gives or to him that receives.

Perhaps you may find these considerations useful at this season of Lent. Seek the reality, the spirit, which is the fountain of unity and peace; think little of the letter, which creates forms and ceremonies and tends rather to division. Fast, if you find the practice helpful, but in any case be strictly temperate in all points of self-indulgence; it is always helpful to make sure that all our desires and pleasures are well under control. It is a time for self-discipline, and the beauty of Lent is that the general consent of the Church makes it easier for all to be severe with themselves.

But our first and last care ought to be to get closer to Christ, and open our hearts wholly to the light of His Presence, by prayer and the Eucharist and meditation. And for meditation you will find no simpler, or more alluring, or more profitable subject than Charity. Think of the loving Father, of the sacrifice of the Son, of the tender and wise and never wearying ministrations of the Spirit. Think of life in heaven, and what it is; of life on earth, and what it would be if God was all in all. And then think of yourselves, as members of the divine Body, as channels of the divine grace. What a grievous sin must it be, if the channel is so obstructed by weeds and rubbish, that the water of life can no longer flow through for the refreshment of the divine vineyard. Think of all this and you will understand what sin is, better perhaps than in any other way.

MYSTICISM

John xvii. 21, 22.—That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, *art* in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are One.

The words come from the great High Priestly prayer of our blessed Lord. Directly after He had uttered them He went forth with His disciples from the upper chamber in Jerusalem to His Agony in the garden and His Death upon the Cross. Very solemn words; none could be more solemn. Christ is gathering up the threads of His life on earth, pointing the moral of all that He had said and all that He had done, bringing everything into one short lesson.

If we may endeavour to pack it closer still we may find its essence in the single thought of Oneness. But what a thought that is—binding together, as it were in a point of light, all that ever has been, or is, or shall be. Can we grasp it—in any degree? Let us see what our Saviour says.

He begins with the Unity of God, the fountain and rule of all unity. 'Thou in Me and I in Thee.' He speaks here but of the Two Persons. Now how can we grasp that? There is an I, there is a Thou; there are Two, yet these Two are not side by side as two things may be here upon earth,

but one is *in* the other. It could not be so if these Two Beings were, like ourselves, subject to sight or touch ; but God is Spirit, and we know in part what spirit is, for we too have spirit, are spirit. Two Spirits not joined together by perfect love—not merely that—but enfolding one another, interpenetrating one another, so that where the One is the Other must be also. There is One source of all creation whom we call God, yet in that One there is Father and there is Son ; there are differences also, so that not only the Oneness is holy but the differences are holy also. I do not know how we can explain it, because our language is adapted only to express this material world. But there is a phrase of St. Peter's which may help. You will remember how the Apostle speaks of the One Church as a spiritual house built of living stones. The house is alive and is one and has many parts, yet each part, each stone, is a living thing. It is through the Church that we must try to understand the Trinity, because there, in the Christian society, we have the earthly image of the heavenly pattern. See what our Saviour prays for His disciples—that they may be One in us, *as* Thou art in Me and I in Thee. Between holy men and women here upon earth there is the same kind of unity as there is between Father and Son in heaven. Not so perfect, yet the same in kind so far as it extends.

Now *this* unity of earthly communion we can understand. We begin with the notion of

independence. I am myself and not you; I have myself to care for and to protect and to assert. But no one stops there; it is not possible. Just think. 'What is there,' says St. Paul, 'that thou didst not receive?' And what is there? The body from God through your parents, the soul from God direct. Food and clothing and warmth and shelter from God through the labour of others. And thoughts, where do they come from? Some few may be new thoughts which a man strikes out we do not know how—it is one of the great mysteries. But even for these the way had been prepared by others; there could not have been a Marconi if there had not been a Faraday; and most of the furniture of our minds is given to us by our brethren. We accumulate the treasures of thought and perhaps in some degree shape them to our own needs, but we do not create them, except very rarely, and by ways that we could not explain or teach, they seem to come to us from some secret place. Just look at your own personality and see how on every side it melts away into that of others. Ask yourselves what you would have been, if, by some strange chain of accidents, you had grown up from infancy amongst savages, and try in that way to measure the immensity of the debt which you owe to England.

No; there is no such thing as independence. But, if that is so, if we are all thus mutually dependent, our chance of happiness and of growth

must lie in the fidelity and cheerfulness with which we recognize this cardinal fact; it must lie, that is to say, in communion. If we *are* brothers we must *be* brothers, that will be the law of life. Those will be happiest who are at unity with one another, in knowledge, in feeling, in will, in readiness for mutual service; who have learned that it is blessed to receive, but more blessed to give. Now could we not actually name men and women who have given themselves up almost entirely for their fellow men in the love of God? Almost entirely—not quite, because they themselves were not quite like God and their fellow men were not quite like God either. But supposing that we were as like God as we ought to be and might be, supposing that we could rely upon one another with perfect confidence, can you see how far the unity would go? It would be difficult to fix a limit. There would still be differences. Some would be cleverer, some would be stronger. We should still be ourselves, because, without personality, there would be no mutual help, and therefore no love, and therefore no happiness. But each would give all that he had and receive all that his brother had; and this is the ideal of the Church. Such a state is not inconceivable even here upon earth, greatly as it is marred and hindered by the vices of man. It may be that, as a society, we shall never reach it in this life. Still we can understand it, and through it, through this unity of perfect

reciprocity, we can form some dim idea of the unity in diversity of God.

Now see what else our Saviour says—'That they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' One in Us—We have seen something of what that means: when the love of Christ in God is supreme men will be one indeed. But the Saviour goes on to say that in this way the world will be drawn to believe in His mission. There you have the one proof which proves something. In spiritual things argument is no good at all, except in so far as it may make an opponent feel that he is not so clever as he thought he was. Spirit is life; and how can you argue about life; it is there or it is not. 'See how these Christians love one another,' the heathen said in the days of Tertullian; that was the fact which could not be gainsaid. If you can point to two or three men gathered together with Christ really in the midst of them, you will need no further proof. There the thing is before your eyes. And why is it so convincing? Because our Lord says again this unity is the divine glory—'The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one even as We are One.' It is the divine glory, and, where the divine glory is, there is also the divine power.

Now I have been desired to speak to you this morning about Mysticism, and what I have been trying to set before your eyes *is* Mysticism. It is

called Mysticism just because it cannot be proved. You may see it with the eyes of the soul: indeed, when you meet a saint, you may see it with the eyes of the body. You may recognize in it the medicine for the restlessness and divisions of your own heart. You may feel it as the principle of a new life within. But I do not know how you can prove it, except as you prove that bread is good to eat, that is to say, by eating it. It is religion, but—and this is a very grave 'but'—it is religion not as a thing to be talked about, nor even as a thing to be done—but as a spirit, the Spirit of Christ enfolding your spirit, as the Spirit of the Father enfolds the Spirit of the Son.

Now do not despise this Mysticism because you cannot prove it. Even though men do affect to despise it, they must needs believe it, because it is part of our nature. We are all Mystics. God set that mark upon us at creation. Look at science. What is it that fires the imagination of the chemist or biologist? Why is it that he is always pressing on with great toil and devotion towards the unknown? Because he believes that the world is one, in spite of all its perplexing varieties. Something tells him that that oneness when discovered will be a vision of glory, and towards that goal he presses, with admirable self-sacrifice, counting all but loss, if only it may be his privilege to find order and unity in some little bit of the vast realm of fact where others have seen only division and confusion. Men sometimes

talk of the hostility between faith and science, and no doubt they have had their quarrels. But they are family quarrels. Both start from the same belief, a mystic belief, which cannot be proved, and yet is necessary. Their disagreements are all due to the imperfection and inequality of our knowledge: naturally we know more of our own souls within than we know of the world without. They will cease when science has made the last great step, and has come to see that the one cause of all that exists is the God of Wisdom and of Love. Only we may doubt whether this great and final truth will appear quite clearly to any one till he looks down upon all the facts from the kingdom of heaven. But let us leave this point alone. Let us rather think again what Mysticism ought to be. Or, let us rather say, what religion ought to be. You only confuse things by using these unfamiliar terms. Every religious person is a Mystic, is a Personal Idealist, because he believes in the unseen, in the real, in the spiritual. But what ought our religion to be? What is religion 'pure and undefiled'?

Well, it should be earnest. This One God, who is yet Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—we are to love Him with all our hearts and minds. To love Him above all, so that we can say with the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.' All creatures in God and

God over all—we profess to love *that*. Let us look into our profession. None can quite realize it. But at least we should respect it. And, when the call comes, we should obey it ; as the physician answers his night-bell, or the soldier his captain's command.

Again, it must be real—as God is real. Reality is severe, strictly limited. Some things we know ; some we do not ; some we can do ; some we cannot. God gives us the knowledge and the power, as pleases Him. We are to use what He has given us to the very utmost ; but, when He wills that we should fight in the darkness, in the darkness we are to fight. It is enough that the order was given in the day. Superstition is evil ; and superstition—what is it but forcing the hand of God, crying like rebellious children for more knowledge, more power than the wise Father has chosen to give us as yet ? The craving for visions, for miracles, Spiritualism, Christian Science, every form of presumption or vain credulity—put all away. When the Devil came to St. Martin of Tours, he came in the figure of Christ, crowned and gorgeously apparelled, but without the stigmata. 'Thou art not my Christ,' said the saint ; 'where are the marks of the Passion ?' It is a beautiful story with many applications. Whosoever will follow the Lord must bear the Cross, many crosses, among them the cross of imperfect knowledge and limited power. 'The way of life', says à Kempis, 'is marked round with crosses'

crosses within us and crosses without. God will not take away the thorn in the flesh, even from Apostles and saints. Not till the day breaks; lest we should sleep without waking.

Many more things might be said; let us notice only one. The Way of Life lies through Obedience. This also is a Mystic or Religious truth. The vision of God is given not to the head alone, not to the heart alone, not to the will alone, but to the whole man, to the good will, guided by knowledge and quickened by love. You must have knowledge, and this you must at first borrow, as all men must at first borrow all the knowledge with which they start. You must have love or you will never start at all. But above all you must have a good will. Whatever you have been taught, whatever you have felt, do it; make it live, make it go. Even if it is false, even if it is bad, that is the way to truth, as St. Augustine found it. Do not talk and vapour about it, but make your heresy go, if you can; stake your happiness upon it, and see what happens. Only then you must have the very rare courage to throw away the pieces, when it has broken in your hands, and to choose another staff. That is what St. Augustine did. But his troubles would have been shorter, if he had taken the way of the saints from the first, and the same thing is true for us all.

Let others talk about it and write about it, but go thou and do. Then thou shalt know the Lord Jesus

Christ, and how He is the food and medicine of the soul, and what He has commanded, and what He has not. His Spirit will guide thee into all truth, and give thee a right judgement in all things. A right judgement of God, and of thyself, and of others, and of the great, and of the little; making thee strong and yet considerate, convinced yet not contentious, willing to spend and be spent, yet understanding that there are sacrifices which are not lawful. Thus the Lord brings His disciples into oneness with one another, and with God who is One, and puts His glory upon them, and makes them as a light in the midst of this perplexed and confusing world.

RELIGION AND SECULAR LIFE

Luke xii. 13, 14.—And one of the company said unto Him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. And He said unto him, Man, who made Me a judge or divider over you ?

It is a remarkable scene. Some man—we know no more about him than what we read here—broke in upon our Lord, apparently while He was speaking to the disciples about the Holy Ghost, and called upon Him to do justice between him and his brother.

There had been a dispute about a will—and we all know very well what this means. Wills are often very foolish, often even very iniquitous, and even when they are neither, they often cross the passions of the survivors. The bitterest of all quarrels arise from this cause and it is the duty of all Christian men and women to guard against the possibility of their occurrence while yet there is time.

We may take it for granted that this man had appealed to the law courts, and in those days, as in ours, the secular judge was usually guided by considerations of justice and equity. We may take it also for granted that the decision of the secular judge had been unfavourable to him. He had not got what he thought his rights, and now he appeals in a white heat of passion from the

right judge to the wrong, from the sworn dispenser of legal justice to the great Teacher of morality, to the Master, this new and surprising Rabbi, our blessed Lord. This also we can understand, for we have often seen men take the same course.

Our Lord appears to administer to this unfortunate man a double rebuke. 'Who,' He asks, 'who made Me a judge or divider?' There are others appointed by God to watch over this province. Go to them and be content with their ruling. And then He proceeds to lay His finger on that evil which lies at the root of all rebellion against reasonable authority. It is Covetousness, the idolatry of self, which teaches us that our cause is always right and our grievance always just, which sometimes impels men to throw the whole world into confusion rather than submit to what they think a wrong but others do not.

We can easily see why our Lord refused to interfere. He had come to teach men the better way, He had come to make atonement for them by His Death with God. It was not possible for Him to set up a tribunal and weigh all the details of disputed questions of legal right and legal wrong. But was He forbidding His Church to interfere? Or—to put the same question in other words—when the magistrate or the judge sits in trial on matters of earthly business is he doing Christ's work or not? Our county courts, our assizes, our town councils, our county councils, are they Christian institutions, are they func-

tions of the Church? Or do they belong to a different sphere altogether where Christ never sets His foot and to which He has nothing whatever to say?

If we put the question strongly and bluntly there can be no sort of doubt about the answer. The whole world is God's creation and ordinance, and the whole estate of man must be built upon that one foundation. The Bible tells us that our Lord Jesus Christ is the very Word of God by whom all things were called into being and are sustained. If you do not choose to take it so high you must still look to Reason for your one guide. Still there must be one principle, one court of appeal, for all your works and strivings and aspirations. Even then you cannot cut life in two and give one half to Reason and the other to Unreason. Even then covetousness and selfishness are wrong, and self-denial is a necessity if the world is to go forward in peace. We all know that. But what a difference it makes in what school you learn your self-denial? It may come to you as a sour lesson, taught by buffets, grudgingly practised, as a hateful burden which we bear because we must. Or it may pour down upon you from the Cross, as the spirit of brotherhood, as the inmost law of the divine perfection, as blessing and blessed, as the essence of that happiness which all look for and few find, because it is looked for in the roses and found in the thorns.

We are His Body. That is the figure under

which the Apostle describes the Church. It is a great Body, a perfect Body, embracing all that is needful for the existence and the development of man as an individual or in the State. It has been asked, what is the relation of Church and State? They are the same thing; that is the answer. At any rate that is the idea. Things do not always realize their idea, just as no clock keeps perfect time and no picture quite expresses the artist's vision. But the more closely they show forth their idea the nearer they come to what God means them to be. And our task is to grasp the idea and then to correct the faults and fill in the lines of the picture. A State which confines itself to the protection of life and property —a non-moral and non-religious State, is not a perfect State. We may thank God that the experience of the last fifty years has taken away from us the delusion that it was. And, on the other hand, a Church which concerns itself only with faith and conversion and prayer and devotion, is not a perfect Church. Faith and conversion and prayer and devotion are indeed of cardinal importance. They form the immediate link between the Church and her Lord. Without these spiritual graces there is no Church and no religion. Yet it is by its fruits that the Church as well as the prophet shall be known. What we must ask is whether the Church fosters that righteousness by which a nation is exalted, whether it promotes freedom and teaches men to use their freedom,

whether it gathers in its embrace all sound learning, all wholesome enthusiasm, all honest industry, whether it is the loving mother of rich and poor alike, whether it is the faithful mirror of all the nation's hopes and energies, and can order them and guide them and help them forward, and, lastly, whether it does all this in the name and in the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a vast and most fruitful vineyard and we are all called to labour in it. We are not to waste our time and make divisions by needless disputes, but to go forward cheerfully and unitedly into the great fields that lie whitening for the harvest. There is far too much to be done and the call is far too urgent for us to have time for anything but what concerns the life of the Body.

And the Body has many organs, many functions to deal with in its teeming vitality. There are those who are called to preach God's word and administer God's sacraments. There are kings, magistrates, councillors, appointed by God to put down evil with a strong hand and deal equal justice under wise laws, to suppress all wrong-doing and foster and promote all well-doing in their several provinces with their utmost power. There are teachers, scholars, men of letters, inventors, discoverers, all drawing their light from God's good Spirit and bound to use that light for the welfare of God's people. There are fathers and mothers of families, employers of labour on a large scale or on a small, there are those who labour

with skill of hand or with strength of limb. So different in their capacities, yet all receiving their capacities from the same great Lord, all bound to Him and bound to one another, all thriving where religion and justice and virtue prevail, all languishing where the law of Christ is forgotten or scorned.

Surely that great Body is the most marvellous and inspiriting of truths. And it is a truth. If you cut yourself off from it in material things you would perish of starvation, and if you separate from it morally or intellectually or spiritually there is great loss. Abandon it morally and you become an enemy to society. And if through some peculiarity of temperament or position or training you are driven to stand aloof in matters intellectual or spiritual—though conscience may seem to compel you and you may feel with regret that you can do no otherwise—yet what a heavy price you will pay for your independence! You will be left alone, and it is not good for man to be alone. Alone, and therefore barren. Unable to give help, unwilling to receive it. You may have the applause of your own conscience and yet almost certainly you will be wrong. For God does not suffer the mass of His children to make mistakes in that which concerns their life and their well-being. We are to say what we have to say clearly and boldly, for it may be that God has revealed to us what He has hidden from others. Yet we are to know when to give way, for it may be that He has revealed to others what He has

hidden from us. It is the great difficulty—in business, in politics, in religion. Yet if we begin by putting away all passion and partiality, all conceit and dishonesty—if we begin by walking humbly and sincerely in the sight of God, we cannot go far astray—we shall be very truly one in all that regards the labour of the great vineyard.

Over and over again in God's word we read of Unity as a blessing to be most heartily desired, as a grace that may most surely be obtained, as a duty that cannot be neglected without sin. Unity is so high and so desirable a possession because it springs from love and ends in love. It is an image upon earth of God's own mysterious unity—which is a unity of Persons that are not the same. There in heaven the Eternal Three have each His own office, His own character and personality, yet those Three are one by identity of Nature. So in our degree it should be with us, for we are made in the image of God. But the unity ends, as it began, in love. Shall we say, in zeal, in efficiency, in public spirit? These are the words which are used in the newspapers. They are included and summed up in that 'love for the brethren', of which we read in the New Testament.

The late Bishop of London[1] was fond of repeating the maxim that it is our great duty first to humanize and then to spiritualize all our institutions. Whatever be your office in the great Body, approach

[1] Bp. Mandell Creighton.

it first as a kind-hearted, upright, intelligent man, doing to others as a wise and humane man would wish to be done by himself. You will find that you have to go farther. You will find that you are dealing with souls as well as bodies, and that the body cannot be at ease unless it is well with the soul. Constantly you will find that you have to do things, and to make use of motives that are not intelligible except to a religious man. Thus the service of the earthly community leads up to the service of God and cannot be perfect, cannot be truly enlightened unless it is pursued as the service of God.

I presume that it is for these reasons that our new town council attend divine worship here to-day. They are God's ministers, needing on that account the divine grace, and claiming on that account the respect and the support of their fellow citizens. And all religious men will take that view. If we remember the high services of our municipalities in the past to the freedom and progress and strength of our nation, if we think of the great and difficult problems with which they have to deal to-day: order, peace and decency, health and temperance and education—all so vitally related to the spiritual welfare of the people—who can doubt that their work is of God and bears His seal? In Coventry there is a beautiful church—St. Michael's—set round with the chapels of the old guilds. It is a fine illustration of what a city church ought to be, all the depart-

ments and corporations of the municipal body finding a niche and home for themselves in the great house of God, as chickens nestling under the wings of their mother. It might be so now. Police committees, gas and water committees—why should we be afraid of their modern names or think them less honourable than those of the old weavers and haberdashers of Coventry?—ought all to feel that they have a domicile in the house of God. They should have one foot in the town hall and one in the church. Certainly Oxford will not be less healthy, less prosperous, less intelligent, if it is known that the Corporation not only labour but pray for the peace of the city, that they go round about it and count the towers thereof in the spirit of religious men.

May God teach us all so to work as in the great Taskmaster's eye; so to pray as men who know that without prayer the most strenuous exertions can never be more than half successful. May He keep the city in peace and unity, and teach us all the beauty of His service and lead us all along the King's highway, the path of His pure Gospel.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE PARABLES

Matt. xiii. 31.—The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed.

We need not stop to inquire whether by the kingdom of heaven our Lord meant His kingdom in the heart or His kingdom in the world, the New Life or the Church. Indeed, we can hardly distinguish these two senses. Some good word takes root in the heart, and grows and spreads till it becomes a tree, filling the whole nature, so that even 'the birds of the air', even our loosest and most wandering thoughts, find a home and a shelter beneath its leaves. Or, again, the Church begins in the manger at Bethlehem, and reaches on to Antioch, Athens, Rome, and ever further and further, till it compasses the whole world, and all 'the birds of the air', the helpless, the friendless, the restless, are drawn into its merciful arms.

Much might be said on the interpretation of the Parable; we might ask why it is that these two meanings do run into one another, why it is that the New Life should create the Church, and the Church should create the New Life, so that you cannot really separate the one from the other. But let us rather consider why our Lord was able to make these picture-stories, and why, when He

has made them, they strike us not as witty, not as clever, but as true.

Why may the grain of mustard seed be compared to the kingdom of heaven? It is not that they are like one another, for in the ordinary sense of the word they are not alike at all. But they are connected as it were by a cord, along which, if you feel your way, you will be guided from one to the other. And why is that? Because the same God who made the grain made also the soul of man and the Church. Every work of the same hand depicts the whole mind of him that made it. A man may write a book about some quite abstruse topic—the origin of species or the history of the Peruvians—and his book will tell you not only what he wants to tell but what he does not; it will give you the measure not only of his intelligence but of his temper, and show you not only what he thinks about the Peruvians but how he would deal with his wife and children, and what sort of a friend he would be. Every word and every deed is, as we commonly say, a symbol of the mind that produced it. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and again, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' It is true of man, and it is true of God. He judges us by our works: and we know, we may not say judge, Him by His works. 'Believe me,' our Lord said, 'for the very work's sake.' And that is why the Parables are true.

The Parables are built upon the belief that

everything that exists was made by a wise and good God, and that anything in the world can lead you up to the great Father of All. Now let us notice that we have there the one motive of all learning. Why do we want to know anything at all? Why do men study the rocks, or the flowers, or the stars? Because they believe that they enfold a secret, the secret of their birth. Because they believe that they are symbols, and that they can be made to reveal the mystery that lies behind them. Because, again, they believe that that mystery, when revealed, must needs be beautiful and good. There would be small inducement to search, if we thought that, when the last wrappage was stripped off Nature, we might find some hateful demon or nothing at all. Why do men toil onwards but because they know that behind the mountains, or across the ocean, there is something to be seen, something well worth seeing?

Again, we find in the Parables not only the motive, but the process of all learning. Always we begin with the grain of mustard seed, with the plain, unattractive, obvious little fact. Most people pass it by. They want something grand and showy, and do not see what these common things can have to teach. But at last an eye that can see falls upon the despised little grain, and finds it worthy of patient study. And immediately it opens out, expands, etherializes itself, revealing its wonderful mechanism, and behind the mechanism

the laws of all life. All earth and all heaven are in that tiny grain, for those who will take the trouble to see, and to whom God has given the power of seeing. The little flower in the crannied wall, the little insect hovering about it, the little pebble on the beach of the sea can guide us into the secret heart of the universe—if we are worthy.

It is in this way that knowledge grows. We begin with the love of God's works. We put ourselves into the hands of Nature, and ask to be taught what she can teach us. We approach her in the disciple's spirit, the spirit of humility and patience, putting away all our own ideas and submitting to be led, trying to see things just as they are, counting nothing too small, nothing common or unclean. We stand in the path of light and the light comes, sometimes from teachers or fellow workers, sometimes straight from above. This is the way of the intellectual life ; and our Lord tells us in His Parables that the way of the spiritual life is the same. So He led His chosen disciples on from the grain of mustard seed to the confession of Peter, and from this again to the lessons of the Cross and of the Resurrection, always step by step and line upon line. But first of all we need the blessing—'Blessed are your eyes, for they see.' For we may see without seeing ; what we want is the second sight.

Well, what is it that we see first of all ? A family gathered by the fireside, a group of young

men at a lecture or a game, two friends walking together, the crowded street of a town, the trivial scenes that make up social life.

There, in the universal craving of man for companionship and communion and affection, you have the grain of mustard seed, the simple roadside fact. It is the first thing of which the little infant is conscious when it makes its entry upon the world ; it is the comfort of the aged when they close their eyes for their last sleep. All through the intervening years it is the joy of life. It is as necessary, as common, as the air that we breathe, and that is why we fail to see its meaning. Because it is so great, it seems so little. What we call great things—what Naaman the Syrian called great things—are rare and exceptional gifts of mind or of fortune. You might have them all and yet be poor indeed. But what would life be without kindliness and sympathy ?

We want to know what that common fact means. Surely we want to know. We are human beings ourselves, and we cannot fail to see that some lives are barren and wretched, while others are rich and desirable. Above all things we want to know what makes the difference. We must take this little fact of friendship into our hands, as the botanist takes the little grain of mustard seed, and ask what it means. If you approach it in the right spirit, in the teachable spirit, the spirit of discipleship, it will open for you, and show you how the whole Gospel, the kingdom of

heaven, is wrapped up in the love of a friend for a friend. Wherever two or three are gathered together, there is Christ—for those who have eyes to see.

Even heathen men were carried very far when they seriously turned their minds to the thought of friendship. But they were too independent. They wanted to be their own masters and live their own lives, and they looked upon friendship partly as a pleasure, partly as a tax. They never could understand that friendship is the first and not the second, the authenticating signature of God upon the human soul, the cause of all growth, and the source of all happiness. They could not understand, because love involves suffering, and suffering they thought to be always evil. It was from this point of view that they compared Christ with their own sages and found Him wanting.

It is just here that we need 'the mind that was in Christ Jesus'—the mind of Him who 'came to give His life a ransom for many' and taught us that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive'. 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.' All the Gospel from Bethlehem to Calvary and beyond to the very throne of God is in those words. If you look at the little grain of mustard seed, at the little fact of friendship, through the eyes of Jesus, as you would look at any other fact through the eyes of a trusted and skilful teacher, you will find them there also. You hear them, and you can

verify them at once by your own experience of life, weighing them in scales that cannot deceive. It is blessed to receive, but it is more blessed still to give. Those who give most are the happiest and the best.

Cleave to this fact—this fact of human affection, which our Lord found and thought so beautiful in the Syrophenician woman, in the Good Centurion, in the Good Samaritan, in the Apostle John. It is the instinct of the young, and it should grow into the wisdom of the old. It is easy to see that it is not always the best policy from the worldly point of view. It is easy even to sharpen your wits upon it, till nothing seems to remain but a brutish appetite, of which people ought to be rather ashamed. But the ways of the Gospel are neither hard ways nor clever ways; they are simple and natural, like those of a little child. 'Except ye become like one of these little ones, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Those who have emptied their hearts have lost their all, for, 'he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?'

THE SEVERITY OF THE GOSPEL

Eph. v. 6.—Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.

The words come from the Epistle for this morning's service. We may find in them our lesson for this third Sunday in Lent.

We can hardly read them without being struck by the extreme darkness of the Apostle's picture of the heathen world.

Some have suspected St. Paul of exaggeration, and have marshalled the evidence that can be produced on the other side. There is, indeed, much that can be urged in arrest of judgement. There is the religious Virgil, whose words are so often quoted by Christian doctors, who is regarded by the Emperor Constantine and by the poet Dante as an inspired prophet, showing to others the light that was hidden from himself. There is Seneca the philosopher, who said so many noble things, and did so many base ones. A little later we find Epictetus, the heathen Calvinist, who sang the praises of God, because, being but a lame old man, he could not show them forth in action. A little later again, come Plutarch, so wise and so humane, and the delightful Dion Chrysostom, who consoled himself for the savage vices of Domitian by the simple virtues of the poor country people

among whom he found shelter in his exile. And there are many epitaphs which speak to our hearts in the universal language of love and sorrow. The darkness of the human soul is only relative ; there is no night without the moon and the stars.

Yet what the Apostle says is true. Consider what he was. He was no theologian of the sacristy, brooding over the wickedness of a world which he had forsaken and ceased to understand. He was not a satirist, like Juvenal, carefully polishing fierce epigrams on the present, with his eyes fixed on the golden days of a past that had never existed. He was not repeating the commonplaces of the pulpit, for as yet they had not taken shape. He was a wandering evangelist, like George Fox, who had traversed the Empire from Jerusalem to Rome, consorting with the poor, or with people of the middle class, knowing the great by hearsay or by what he had seen when he stood before Festus or Gallio as a prisoner. He had been everywhere and seen everything. He had spoken to Athenian professors and Corinthian shopkeepers, to kings, proconsuls and rabbis, to soldiers, and sailors, and town-clerks, and jailers. He had seen the temple of Astarte in Phenicia, and the *ergastula* of slaves, and little infants thrown out to perish in the streets, and the mob streaming back from the circus or the amphitheatre, and what went on under the arches of the colonnades, and the pictures on the walls of dining-rooms.

He had heard, while the story was quite fresh, the doings of Caligula and Messalina, and he knew what things people said of one another, what everybody said of Tiberius. We need but read what was being written just at the time by Petronius, a novelist, who, if he exaggerates, does so merely to amuse, and we shall hardly think that St. Paul goes beyond the truth.

We shall learn two lessons. In the first place, we shall see what Christianity has done for the world. In many things its progress has not been what was hoped. But at least it has lifted the whole plane of morality from that of Petronius to that of Fielding, and from that of Fielding to that of the modern novel. The change is enormous, and it forces upon us the question, what was the power of this new faith? You might say with great plausibility that, considered as a system of moral teaching, it was not very markedly superior to the doctrines of the great Stoic lawyers. But it did what those fine theorists could not even begin to do. Somehow it succeeded in wedding the idea to the fact in the minds of ordinary men. From this time, in rapidly increasing numbers, common uneducated people began to turn away from Petronius, and find his jesting inconvenient. What made them do that? And again we begin to understand the strong words of St. Paul—'Because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.' There were many who deceived themselves

and others with ' vain words ', finding these filthy abominations quite natural, and very amusing. Some spoke of them even as religious duties. St. Paul says that they come from disobedience, and that they call down the wrath of God. And there you have one factor in the power of the new faith. One factor only, but of great weight, for ' the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom '. Without love of the Father fear of the King and Judge may lead astray. Yet, even where love is, there will be reverence and great awe. And, when love flags or fails, Fear steps in with its stern and salutary voice, ' Thou shalt,' ' Thou shalt not.'

There are no words in the Bible more difficult than those which speak of the wrath of God. They shocked the amiable Plutarch, and upon their denial were built these strange half-Christian systems which we know as Gnosticism. In all questions of religion or philosophy—let us venture to couple the two together, for there is surely such a thing as Christian thought, thought that is free and yet Christian—we no sooner begin to speculate than we arrive at an insoluble contradiction, and in this case the contradiction seems to lie in the nature of God Himself. How shall He who is Father be also Judge ? Or, still more perplexingly, How shall He who is Creator be also Judge ? Bishop Butler will tell us that we are not yet in a position to solve all our doubts by the light of reason. Indeed, it may be said with great regret that philosophy has shown little inclination

to help. It began with the analysis of the religious ideas; it has ended too often in setting them entirely upon one side. Even morality has been studied with but scanty regard for that which, in all its shapes, has been by far the most active and fruitful manifestation of the moral life, and in consequence there are points of cardinal importance, such as Conversion or Forgiveness, on which an earnest man may turn for light to the schools and turn in vain. The most characteristic product of our modern times is that sect which, in view of the invariable contradictions of thought, invites us to suspend our judgement. Yet even our new Academics must act, and when they act they must cease to be Academics; they must treat their fellow creatures as if they had souls or as if they had not, though they give no reason for either the one course or the other. But let us turn to the teaching of our Lord and see what He has to tell on the subject of godly fear.

There were many scenes that dwelt on the minds of His disciples. One occurred in the house of a strict Pharisee. Into the midst of the company of men came a woman, a profligate and an outcast. She bent over the couch on which our Lord lay, pouring costly ointment on His feet, bathing them with her tears, and wiping them with her long hair. It was the act of one for whom social restraint had long ceased to exist, a wild frenzy of shame and penitence. It burst from a heart that had been tossed like a feather on the

storm of passion. It showed that a new passion had displaced the old, yet still how unreflecting and immoderate! We know what the Pharisee thought; but what would any man have thought? Was it not a new indecency? Was it anything more than a fresh caprice? Could a past, and such a past, be washed away by a gust of weeping? But our Lord threw His shield around that woman without a moment's hesitation. 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.' He asked no questions, and He imposed no penance. Lifelong sorrow He knew there would be; but He attached no conditions to His gift of peace.

She had fallen, and fallen deeply, through weakness. Peter also fell through weakness and surprise. It is surely needless to tell in detail that magical scene in which he too was forgiven, and bidden to feed the lambs, and promised a cross as his reward. But there are other passages of a very different kind. You may find them especially in the Gospel of St. John, the preacher of love and the Son of Thunder, of whom the later Church told stories that illustrate that singular blending of tenderness and austerity, which is so legible in the Gospel and Apocalypse. But they occur in the other Gospels also—in the message sent to King Herod—'Go tell that fox'—in the strong denunciations of the Pharisees, in some of the Parables.

We may say that our Lord drew a broad distinction between sins of weakness and sins of

strength. The first He treated with infinite compassion, but to the second, to those who make the little ones offend, to professors of religion who trample on the law of charity, to the harsh and unforgiving, He uses language of great severity. Even to the timid and the frail He spoke more than once with sternness. Those words which have sometimes perplexed devout minds, 'Fear Him who hath power to cast both body and soul into hell,' were addressed to His own friends. He was speaking of the persecutions which were so soon to come, when all the engines of terror would be brought to bear upon the people of Christ. Through them He speaks to us all, when the fear of man lies heavy upon us, when some plain duty seems too hard, when we are beginning to play the sophist with our consciences, and forge excuses for wrongdoing. In that hour it will be well if we remember the fear of God. Treason against the light our Lord regarded as a high offence. But He does not speak thus of those imperfections of faith with which the later Church dealt so severely. Always there is a beautiful confidence that those who see Him must love Him, that those who love Him must follow, and that those who follow will come to know. Scripture speaks of Him, reason acknowledges Him, sorrow turns to Him. When He is lifted up, He draws all men. How He draws, and how far, we see in Thomas the doubter.

St. Paul explains in one brief phrase the mean-

ing of Fear, when he says that 'the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience'. He held, as surely we may well hold, that all men have some knowledge. Some 'truth of original inscription', as Whichcote called it; some 'testimony of the naturally Christian soul', as Tertullian calls it, there is in every child of man. It may be but an aptitude which experience develops, like the power of speech or the use of the muscles, yet, so certain is the seed to grow, that we may speak of it without error as an original part of the heritage of our nature. We can see the good; we can even see, not the absolute best, but the better. It is the teaching of Dr. Martineau, at once sober and true. We are men and progress is possible for us, because we have that strange power of seeing in front of us, and of recognizing the unknown better when it comes. If we grasp it, it leads on to a better still; and so onwards to the heights. But its voice is always a command. 'Thou shalt,' it says to us, or 'Thou shalt not.' It is a command, must we not think? because it conveys the expression of a Will that is higher than our own. And if against that Will we set our own, if to His 'Thou shalt,' we answer 'I will not'—that is evil, and that is the only moral evil. We have brought two personalities into conflict, for the will is the focus of personality, and by that act we have excluded ourselves for the time from the sphere of the divine Wisdom and Love. We have reached

that point where God resists. 'He resisteth the proud.'

Rebellion alone is what makes the man evil; it alone makes his act a definite sin. As we look back upon the past, we are sadly conscious of many things that we did in the earlier stages of life, in the blindness of youth and inexperience, which fill us with shame and regret. St. Paul remembered with undying penitence how he had once persecuted the Church in ignorance and in unbelief. At that time he had been fully convinced of the rightness of his action. But since then many things had been made clear to him, and, as he questions his conscience in the solemn shadow of death, he knows that he is not sure, as no man can be sure, of the absolute purity of his motives in those unregenerate days. St. Augustine felt the same doubt as he thought of his old Manichaean follies. At the time he had made up his mind after much deliberation. Yet there were things that he ought to have seen, things that he ought to have felt, voices that he ought to have understood. There are difficulties that attach to every course of action, even to the Gospel; Augustine knew that well. But somehow he had struck the balance wrongly. There are difficulties which are impossibilities, and difficulties which are not. Every balance sheet depends upon the valuation; and it was there, not in his arithmetic, that he had made his error. But why had he fallen into that mistake? why

had he known so little of his own heart and its true peace? He could not acquit himself when he asked that question, but, like St. Paul, he was lost in wonder at the loving-kindness of his God.

Of errors, of mere mistakings of the road, light is the sufficient cure—but even error may be by no means free from blame. Who can think so, when he considers how angel and beast meet together in man? But were there not things in the past for which no excuse can be made? Some light we had, and even that we did not follow. It has been said that 'to know all is to pardon all'. We may feel that towards our fellow creature; we shall be slow to judge; but no earnest man will feel it of himself. And, indeed, humane and merciful as the phrase may sound, it is neither true nor kind. Not true, because it denies that responsibility which we know to be the gravest of all facts; not kind, because it makes forgiveness impossible. For what pardon can there be, where there has been no wrong?

And is light the cure for moral turpitude? The Bible agrees with the best philosophy that light itself grows with obedience. 'Children of disobedience,' the Apostle calls the heathen. Something, at any rate, they knew, and by that something he judges them. And are there none now who go against their own consciences—who, knowing the Gospel, yet choose to be unclean, or selfish, or cruel? That Petronius, of whom I have made mention, was a man of great ability and

fine taste. Intellectually he rose much above the standard of his age; he turns away from the tyrannous and all-pervading rhetoric of the schools, and writes, like the best moderns, without affectation, with an art that is guided by nature. He was perhaps the ablest Roman of his time. Bad as he was, he was by no means the slave of passion. Rather, he was a practical student of the emotions, who by bold and unprejudiced experiment had reached the first rank as a connoisseur of the passions. He knew the exact limits, measuring out his dose of opium with a steady hand and with a careful eye to health and the law, but without the slightest regard for any other consideration in heaven or upon earth. Could we say of him that to know all was to pardon all? Or must we think that he was challenging his Master? And, if so, cannot we understand what is meant by the wrath of God?

It is a dark and dreadful phrase. And yet, on the other hand, is there not a great comfort in this austere warning? If evil is weakness—why, I shall always be weak. To what can I look forward but an endless horror of purgatory, an eternity of sin and shame and suffering? But if it is rebellion—if in the Law is Life—if Fear and Pain are but the sanctions and safeguards of that Holy Will, which is not the arbitrary fiat of a despot, but the very nature of God my Saviour—if the root of the whole trouble is in my will—why then, change but that will. My

nature is imperfect, yet God made it, and made it perfect for His purpose. He looked upon it, and pronounced it good. It is but the heart and its attitude that are wrong.

Change but that will, or suffer it to be changed. It may be 'drawn', and the Love that draws it is waiting. Think again of that woman that was a sinner. She too was drawn—who can tell how? who can trace the flight even of earthly love?—her wicked will was conquered, and that moment it was said unto her, 'Thy faith hath saved thee; Go in peace.'

CHARITY AND PAIN

1 *Cor.* xiii. 13.—And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.

St. Paul is speaking here to the Corinthian Church and especially to the Corinthian prophets, to religious people and especially to those who 'coveted earnestly the best gifts'. They were deeply serious, we cannot doubt it, and yet their Church was a scene of disorder.

Corinth was a town of slaves and slave-owners, a town which had always borne an evil reputation. Till but the other day the Christians had themselves been art and part of that clever, careless, godless race. And then all of a sudden the strong light of the Gospel had been poured into the dark places of that cave in which they dwelt. We can understand the result—the fierce impatience with the evil round about them and with their own slowness. Scarcely had they learned the Catechism and they were prophesying. Out of their impetuosity came their troubles, their angry rivalries, their strange disorders in faith, in worship, and in morality.

St. Paul points them to their remedy, the slow, sure way of charity. He does not blame their zeal—for what life is there without zeal, and what zeal is there without mistakes? It is by making

mistakes that we learn. It is only in sleep that you make no mistakes. But he tells them that haste is wrong. Three great excellences there are in life, Faith, that is clear convictions; Hope in the final triumph of good; and Charity, or love towards God and towards man. Faith and Hope are great, but greater still is Charity because it is the first and the last, the root and the fruit. Charity is the very bond of peace and of all virtues. Without it there is no faith and no hope. And Charity is patient, and tolerant, and slow; as all God's works are slow. Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, though God may have bestowed upon me the gift of Pentecost—though I have prophecy and behold in trances all the mysteries of the unseen world—though I have all faith, a knowledge as clear and positive as that which St. James says belongs to Satan—Yes, though I follow to the letter the hard saying of our Lord Himself; though, like St. Antony, I sell all that I have and give to the poor—Yes, though I give my body to be burned; though I am stripped for martyrdom like the Maccabees, or St. Paul himself, or Cranmer—yet if I have not Charity, if love, meek and patient and wise, is not the moving spring, it profiteth me nothing. Nothing for my soul's peace, nothing for my living union with God in Christ, nothing for the good of the world.

St. Paul knew. He himself in the old days had built upon fear and knowledge. He himself had

been austere towards himself and towards others, striving to keep the whole law and to force others to keep it, the despotic minister of a despotic king, bent on strong methods and swift unmerciful results. He too had been in a hurry and called down fire like James and John. And he too had found no peace for his soul.

But he had learned. He had made great mistakes, but God had taught him better as He teaches all who diligently seek Him. And if we ask what he had learned was it not this? that God is our Father, Father of His divine Son and Father of us all—that He sent His own beloved Son to suffer for all His children—that His Son came in flesh knowing all our weakness and not scorning it, choosing that way, the way of the Cross, because it is His way and ours, because it befits at once the nature of God and the nature of man.

That new way, the Christian way, is not less severe. God does not cease to be holy because He is Father before He is Judge. It is written, St. Peter says—it is written of the Father—'Be ye holy for I am holy.

It is not less ardent. Paul the Apostle is not less eager than Saul the persecutor. But he is far stronger because he knows far more of God, because he sees not only the power but the wisdom and the love of God, because he has been taught in God made Man, how these three divine attributes work together as a spiritual whole, in the

world which God created. He did not get rid of suffering when he became a Christian ; his Master's Cup was his daily portion. But henceforth he saw suffering not as an infliction, but as a power—a power to be wielded with wisdom, justice, and fortitude, but with infinite sympathy, patience, and self-denial. It is the power of the Resurrection, the power of Him who took immeasurable pains for the good of all His children. That suffering of the Cross is our Redemption, our Pattern, our strength and hope of success. By it we find peace for our souls. And this is what the Apostle means by Charity.

Two great facts the Cross teaches us about Pain.

Pain in itself without a distinct object is an evil ; it makes the sufferer worse and therefore we try to abolish it whenever we can. And yet if you accept it, and still more if you freely seek it with a wise and unselfish purpose, it becomes the greatest of all moral forces. It is the supreme and irresistible appeal. Preach to your brother and you may leave him cold : punish him and you may make him hard. Go down to him and take his punishment on yourself and if conscience is still alive within him he will never refuse to hear. This, we may say, is the first lesson of the Cross. It seems so obvious, and yet it needed a Divine Sufferer to bring the truth to life. Till Christ has enlightened us we shut our eyes to the plainest things.

Pain is the power of love. And the second great

lesson is that it must be used with wisdom. The sacrifice must not be foolish, must not be arbitrary. It must be offered in reasonable service for the good of others. Pain is 'the cup of myrrh', bitter but strong. God brings it to every lip and we are to drink it, but, as Tauler said, we are not to mix it for ourselves. Self-created pain, needless suffering, ill-judged sacrifice, uncalled-for martyrdom are sheer waste. We are to take the cup as our Father gives it, but He gives it in wisdom and in wisdom we must take it. He gives the call and the opportunity and strength proportioned to the need. Look at yourself and your surroundings and then look up. You will see where the Cross is leading.

We can understand why this great hymn of Charity is set by the Church for our consideration at the beginning of Lent. It was written as a warning against haste and violence. St. Paul did not mean to damp the zeal of the Corinthians or to water it down, but to direct it. Have charity, he seems to say, and then be as extreme as you please, then spend and be spent. That is the great difficulty. It is easy to be moderate and cool. It is easy to be ignorant and passionate. But to be wise and yet extravagant, to measure all and yet venture all, this is not easy. It makes the saint, but it is our call and our ideal.

Now what are we to do with our Lent? We are to ask ourselves: What is the pain that I am to suffer for my brother? By what sacrifice can

I make myself fitter to help him, and him more willing to be helped? What is the cross which God has made for my shoulders? Ask it broadly and ask it boldly. God has given you some place, some work, some duty. You are to take it as an office under the King and spare no trouble to fill it efficiently. It may be work that you are paid for doing, and the world would go very well if every one did that to the utmost of his power. It may be other work that you will have to seek for, perhaps to create, but there is always plenty of it close at hand and you need not look far.

And we are to take willingly all the pain that will make us efficient workmen. It may be temperance in matters of eating and drinking. There is much needless self-indulgence, and we ought all to pray for grace to use such abstinence, that, our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may obey Christ's godly motions in righteousness, and true holiness. It may be that we sadly want that discipline.

Yet that is only one form of training, the first and quite essential, yet not by any means the most important. Let us think over all the pains that we do not like to face—There is the pain of learning: yet how shall we preach as clergymen, or teach as tutors, or manage an estate, or command soldiers, or guide workpeople, or even give money, or do anything at all that is worth doing, without ideas? And how shall we get ideas without working for them? There is the pain

of speaking when you know that you ought to speak. There is the pain of sympathy which the priest and Levite felt when they passed by on the other side because they did not know what to do and would not stop to think. There is the pain of indolence which knows it ought to rouse itself and will not, the pain of self-distrust—and many others. We call them sins because they prevent a man from taking his fair share of the burden of the world and keep him sitting at home when he ought to be with his brothers at the front. And they are all of them offences against Charity, shirkings of the King's taxes, neglects of the King's summons, high contumacy against Him who has commanded us to do for others what He did for us all.

Certainly Charity is the great thing—Charity as it is meant by the Apostle and as it is understood by all wise and resolute servants of the Lord. It is the spirit of those who do the Lord's work, and do it as unto the Lord, in meekness, gentleness, and patience, caring little for fame or reward, but much for the work, and more for the Master of the work. And this is that most excellent gift for which we are praying to-day.

THE TEACHING OF THE CROSS

1 *Cor.* ii. 2.—For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

There are some days in the Christian year that bring to us such a message, such a challenge, that words hardly seem to be needed. All that we want is to fall upon our knees and fix our eyes upon the picture. It is true especially of Good Friday. What can we know to-day save Jesus Christ and Him as crucified? We know Him on other days in other ways, as the Good Shepherd, as the Way, the Truth, the Resurrection, the Life, as the Word, as the Eternal High Priest, but to-day He is for us above all things the Man of Sorrows with whose stripes we are healed, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, Christ our Passover sacrificed for us. We have been reading the Gospel day by day through Holy Week, and we hardly need a commentator, an interpreter, or, if we do, it is best found in some familiar hymn written by some good man whose mind was steeped in the Passion—'O come and mourn with me awhile,' or 'When I survey the wondrous Cross'. We do not need many words. People do not talk much when their hearts are deeply stirred. If we could only see the Apostles as they were on that Friday night. And yet

their thoughts were not the same as ours. We cannot help looking back upon the Cross through Easter Day. The Apostles were probably swallowed up in black despair like those two disciples whom the Lord found walking on the road to Emmaus. They trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel, and the grave had taken Him, and their hope was buried under that heavy stone. But for us the Lord has opened the book with its seven seals. We see the eternal purpose, the life holding on through death. To us is given the vision of John, 'I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain.' And we ought to be singing the new song—'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation: . . . Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.'

What a strange song, what a strange triumph! Out of the very heart of anguish it comes, and the anguish is still there—the Lamb, as John saw Him, still bears His wounds. But the Cross has become a throne and the suffering is transfigured into strength and honour and glory and blessing. For Him and for us, for we are one with Him. We are to do as He did, not fleeing from trouble, not seeking for trouble, but taking the tribulation which the Lord sends, and turning it into a bless-

ing by that Spirit of the Lord which brings life out of death.

There are one or two thoughts that we may dwell upon with profit to-night.

You will remember the words, 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.' Religion consists very largely in Feeling, in Reverence, and Contrition and Love. Now we are very differently made. Some are not nearly so responsive and tender and open as others. They are dry and matter-of-fact and reserved and critical. Often we feel that as a great trial. Yet God made us. He gave that temper because it is wanted in His world. It is one side of His own temper because He is Light and Truth as well as Love, the Rock of Ages as well as the Father. Jesus Himself is both the Lamb and the Judge. The whole world is the whole image of God; individual men and women are partial images, with some special gifts and some special deficiencies. Some have more imagination, more power of sympathy; others are of tougher fibre and their excellence lies in practical things. They are meant to learn from one another, to fill up one another's need; this is the divine intention of all friendship and of marriage. But the work of the world tends always to deaden our feelings and narrow our hearts, and therefore God has set up the Cross before our eyes. Behold and see! Is not that why the Passion is told four times over with such detail? Is not that the meaning

of all that we read about the betrayal, the mocking, the crown of thorns, the nails, the streaming blood, the cries from the Cross ? They are meant to stir our hearts. They strike the rock and bring forth the water of life. Always they have had this effect. They are God's harrow breaking up the fallow ground, so that the seed may find a lodgement and push its roots down into the softened soil.

But some have too much feeling. Their nerves are so set on edge that they cannot bear the sight of suffering. It makes them bad fathers and mothers, bad guides because, instead of strengthening us to bear hardship, they counsel us to flee from it. There again, look at the Cross. No one ever wept for our Lord. We stand by the Cross with Mary and St. John and the sword goes through our hearts. There is deep emotion, but there is no pity. What we feel is far too solemn for cries or tears.

Now why is that ? We think who this great Sufferer was, and how that cup was His Father's Will. We feel that because He was what He was—our God and Saviour—it could not be otherwise. It was necessary, and ordained from all eternity, and for us. It was the price of our Redemption, the price which shows at once the infinite value of our souls, the infinite horror of evil, and the infinite love of God.

Therefore it is that from the Cross comes that strange mixture of feeling which nothing else can

give. It is not our Lord alone that we think of or we should be moved with compassion for Him and wrath against His enemies; it is not ourselves alone or there would be nothing but sorrow and regret, nothing but the sense of a great grief, a great bereavement. These are what we feel as we stand by the deathbed of our beloved; these are the elements of earthly tragedies. But here we see ourselves in Christ. We cannot stand aloof as we are condemned to do in the sick-room, divided from one another by that veil of darkness which on earth parts soul from soul, watching anguish of mind and body which we only partly divine. Men suffer for themselves mainly, and we pity them because we too shall have to suffer for ourselves. But Christ's Passion is ours as ours ought to be. This is what we must be; this is what we must do, if we are His. We are partners in that agony, members of that suffering Son of Man. We do not know yet, but we shall know more fully, and we ought to know perfectly, the meaning of all that He went through. In our own hearts is the cause of it all, in our own evil, and that Cross is the cure of that evil. There is the severest self-control in this thought.

Christ draws us by His Cross. The knowledge of Him crucified is the knowledge for which the whole world is craving. Take any other view of life, the comfortable view, the doubting view, and all that we admire and venerate becomes at once ridiculous. It is only by the Cross that you

can understand the heroism of our soldiers, or the martyrs, or the love of a mother, or the mind of the men who built this cathedral, or anything else that is good and noble. The Cross is the one key to everything that is beautiful. But it is also that winnowing fan with which the Lord purges the threshing-floor. It is that sign which is spoken against, and it is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel. It is winnowing us this very day. Now why has it that power?

Because it is our Example. It is our Propitiation and our Redemption and every blessing flows from it, but above all it is our Pattern. There is no doubt whatever about that. In these days, thank God, however men may differ, whatever they would omit from the Christian creed, they all do agree in saying with the Apostle, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus'—and what that mind was we know chiefly from the Passion. We must suffer as He suffered for others, in bearing and in doing.

But there you want not Feeling only, but Will. Will you do it? Will you carry the Cross? Will you be a sin-offering for others as He was for you? If you are ready to follow that Pattern, you shall have power, power to help others, in proportion to the measure of your self-surrender. All sacrifice has power; it is the one and only hold that we have upon the souls of others. And, as you wield that power, you will find the Cross draw you. Words that you have repeated coldly,

as a lesson learned by heart, will become instinct with life; words that perhaps you have doubted will be confirmed in a very wonderful fashion. You will find, not by hearsay but by experience, that Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, until, like St. Thomas, you can say from the depth of a new heart, 'My Lord and my God.'

It is not feeling that we want—there is feeling enough on Good Friday. Nor is it light—there is light enough in that soul which is made in the image of God. What more is needed as we go on will be given by Him who is the author of all light. The grace that we ought to pray for to-day is the will to follow, the will to do the Father's will. And God can give it. Do not ask how. Foolish questions have foolish answers. Let us just think quietly of the Cross, and of the song of the redeemed, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'

THE CRY OF DERELICTION

Matt. xxvii. 46.—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?

We may take for our text these words from the Gospel for to-day.

Let us look at them first in connexion with another passage just before. There stood by the Cross of Jesus the chief priests with the scribes and elders, the officials of the Jewish Church. It was their doing, that Cross ; it was their triumph ; they had saved their Church, they would have said ; saved it by that deed of blood. The same thing has often been done and said by others, by pagans and by Christians ; let us give the Jews the benefit of that disastrous excuse. Men do not reckon up the cost in the very moment of triumph. These Jews mocked and jeered. 'He saved others ; Himself He cannot save. He is the King of Israel ; let Him now come down from the Cross and we will believe on Him.'

They were taunting Him with His failure. After all, failure and success are the test ; we must recognize that fact. But you must not apply that test at any moment that you choose to select. The cross, whether the great cross or the little one, is always the beginning. All work that is to have any fruitful issue starts with sacrifice, the

sacrifice not of others but of self. We may remember that in our own dark hour. The sacrifice is not an accident and it is not waste. It is in some mysterious way a power, the only source of power, not to be deplored, not to be pitied. By it we become like Christ, able to go about doing good.

Others fell into the same error as the Jews. Famous Gentile writers regarded the Cross in the same way as the proof of Christ's futility. He was a Jew, they said, an uneducated Oriental fanatic, who was fairly tried and fairly convicted by a responsible Roman magistrate. To them also the Cross was an end and not a beginning. A famous Greek scholar wrote a book called the *Life of Apollonius*, which was intended for a sort of heathen Gospel. Apollonius was a philosopher who was said to have incurred the hatred of the Emperor Domitian by his wisdom and his virtue. One day he appeared of his own free will before the Emperor in his high court of justice, reproved him for all his wickedness and vanished from sight. This the author thought was what the Son of God would have done. No divine person would submit to personal ignominy and the death of a slave.

' Another argument they built upon the words of our text and on those other words spoken in the Garden—' My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' ' Your moral hero ', they said to the Christians, ' was afraid. Compare your story of the Passion with the true account of the death

of Socrates and see there in what temper a great teacher ought to meet his end.'

Now look at the Epistle, 'Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave Him the Name which is above every name;' that is to say, His own Name, the Name of Lord or Jehovah. And, accordingly, Christ says of Himself to John, when he saw his great vision in the island of Patmos—'I am the First and the Last, and the Living One.'

What different views you have here of one and the same event. What an amazing opposition of judgement upon the same fact. To the Jew the Cross is an end—a proof of deserved rejection and utter defeat. To St. Paul it is the beginning of a new order of things; the revelation of a new and most revolutionary truth bringing into sudden light the hidden side of the nature of God Himself. And you may find these two views still confronting one another. Not so fiercely and furiously as in the days of Annas and Caiaphas, but with quite as sharp a contradiction. And what will heal the strife? Not argument, but the Cross itself. 'I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men.' The Cross alone makes the wound which the Cross alone can cure.

But we ought to think rather of these particular words, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me.' What do they mean?

Are we to see in them the last temptation of the martyr? As he looks back upon the life that he is leaving and looks forward past the cross or the fire or the sword to the slow and doubtful issues of the great warfare in the future, the martyr must sometimes ask himself, 'Is it worth while? Is my blood really wanted?' Sometimes even he must ask himself, 'Am I quite sure?' It is the doubt that unnerved Cranmer till almost the last, when God gave him courage; the doubt that drove Jewel into recantation, to the everlasting shame of those who forced those true martyrs into that sin. But we cannot put this interpretation upon this cry of our Lord in His Agony. We cannot explain that cry as a momentary failing of human courage or human conviction. Every line of the Gospel forbids us to do so.

Think of His Name and why He bore it. 'He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' He who was 'in the form of God' could not be happy in heaven while the cry of the world which He had created was beating upon His ears. He had spoken often and not in vain, through prophets and psalmists and holy men, and now the time had come for the last supreme appeal, the sovereign proof that what He bade His people be He was Himself. And therefore He went forth and took upon Him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. He went forth and He went down. He could save; but

only by going down, with His divine Nature upon Him, into the very depths of the world; by getting under all the evil, and lifting it up with the strength of His own shoulders, and the suffering of His own body, soul, and spirit. He must drain the cup to the dregs, and even His human Nature was set to do that from the moment when in the garden of Gethsemane He cried 'O, My Father, if this cannot pass away except I drink it, Thy will be done;' using and interpreting for us His own prayer, which was most fittingly the prayer of consecration in the Eucharistic service of the Early Church. Thus He acquired the right to say, not 'Go' but 'Follow Me', and thus He became the Saviour of the world, so far as the world is willing to be saved.

Now how far did He go down? He had suffered whatever man can suffer, betrayal by a friend and disciple, denial by the chief of His Apostles, degrading insults and bodily anguish, such as we shrink from putting into words. And now at the last came those jeering priests. And He must have asked Himself, What are these men? and where are they? And beyond the indifference of the ignorant and careless, beyond the cowardice of timid friends, beyond the animal cruelty of rough soldiers, beyond and below all this, He must have seen and entered a lower depth still—the mind of those who knew or ought to know, who had read their Bibles, who thought themselves the chosen people of God, and yet

could crucify their Christ—and then could mock and jibe with the vilest of the vile at the foot of the Cross—the mind of those who are in the outer darkness, hating the light. For one black moment He became as they, that He might be able to save even them.

Then came that loud cry—was it 'Father, into Thy hands I commit My Spirit'? was it 'It is finished'?—a loud triumphant cry. God is the Father again, the horrible vision has passed, and the end has come.

It is a horrible vision. But every clergyman, or nurse, or doctor, whose lot it has been to labour much in the East End, every one who has attempted rescue work in the streets by night, must have seen it, must have felt at times as if his light had gone out and it was no use to struggle any longer against the interminably rising tide of evil.

It is horrible; and yet it is the condition of power and success. For what is the horror? It is the sense of God's absence, the feeling of abandonment in the outer darkness. And who can feel that except those who know what God's presence means? Only those who have tasted of love, joy, and peace can understand what evil is. Others may see the outward symptoms of evil, the squalor, the vice, the hopelessness; they alone know the root of the disease, and therefore the way to cure it. Doctors tell us that you cannot cure symptoms. You can alleviate them, and it is a duty to do that, if you can do no more.

But to cure you must get down to the cause, and is not that the absence of God ? and can you make men understand that unless you know all that it means ?

Certainly we ought to cherish Palm Sunday and Good Friday, for these austere moments bring us straight back from all our fancies and all our wanderings to the simple old realities.

How much there is that ought to drop away from us at this time!

All our modern catchwords, all attempts to cover up and disguise the severe outlines of the Gospel, to crown Christ not with thorns but with flowers. Religion without Calvary ; many seek to find it, but the divine way leads over that hill of sacrifice.

All disputes about doctrines that belong to the silver age, that are mere matters of pious opinion, not a part of the Creed, about ritual, about clothes. All animosity between Christian Churches or between equally good and devoted men in the same Church.

All attempts to seem religious, and all the lamentable inconsistencies of our daily conversation.

All these things are forgotten, at any rate for a while, as we stand by the Cross. Here we are face to face with the great realities, life and death—heaven and hell, the kingdom of heaven and Vanity Fair, the Judge and the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for the sheep.

These are the realities, the only, the eternal realities. And because they are realities they are laws, the only laws of divine enactment and eternal validity.

Let this mind be in you, says St. Paul in the Epistle, which was in Christ Jesus. Go down like Him and suffer and learn, in His name and in His strength.

You might answer, 'How?' but do not ask me that question. No man can answer it for you. It lies between you and your God who made you what you are and put you where you are. All I know is that the way lies at your feet. Take the Bible for your guide, and Christian common sense and prayer. The Bible will give you the rule, and Christian common sense will show you the application of the rule, and through prayer you will find strength and charity.

Only be faithful and sincere, as children of God who know that they are wrestling for their own souls and the souls of others, and that they cannot prosper unless that mind be in them which was also in Jesus Christ.

THE GLADNESS OF EASTER

John xx. 20.—Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

The lesson of Good Friday is Forgiveness and Peace; the note of Easter is Gladness. It is the note upon which the Gospels end; unless indeed we carry on the Gospels to Whitsunday, which brings with it a new thought, that of Power. The gladness of reunion with the Father through the Cross of the Son, the gladness of the Resurrection of the Son through the love of the Father, the gladness of the new life brought to us and fostered in us by the Holy Spirit, according to the goodwill of the Father and the Son. It is really all one thought of the one God, moving through three stages, each of which involves the others. Yet it was learned by the disciples at different times, and so we learn all great lessons: the thought is one but it grows within us, branching out and expanding within us, with the progress of time, with the ripening of intelligence and experience; first the grain of wheat, then the blade, then the full ear.

But we are to look upon the gladness of Easter Day, before the Holy Spirit had fully revealed the nature of Christian joy.

We may see in it the strong reaction against

the utter despair into which the disciples had been plunged by the Crucifixion of their Lord. They had loved Him with great intensity, loved Him as we love one another, with a love that is not satisfied without sight and touch and hearing. All that comfort of actual bodily presence—and we know how great it is—was taken away at a stroke. Every mourner understands well what that means. They had believed that Jesus would reign as a king in Jerusalem, and that they would reign with Him. It was a belief that seemed, as it might well seem to be, built upon the rock of Holy Scripture, but it had been shattered, and thereby even the prophetic word of God had been falsified. What was left to these pious Jews in heaven or in earth ?

Then He had appeared to Mary Magdalene as she wept by the tomb, to comfort her and yet to reprove her. She was right and yet she was wrong. She loved much because she had been forgiven much, but henceforth that love must be purged of earthly fondness, lifted up to that heavenly land where love is made perfect and needs no caresses. He knew that it would be so and made Mary the first herald of the Resurrection.

He met the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, made Himself known to them by His old familiar action of breaking and blessing the bread, and gently reproved them also. They had not read their Bibles aright, they must read them again and see how God had always warned them that

His Christ must suffer before He could enter into His glory. How many since have read their Bibles wrong and still need the Lord ' to open the Scriptures ', that book with seven seals.

And then He appeared to Thomas and the other disciples, showing them His hands and His side. And then they knew fully and of certainty who and what He was. ' My Lord', said Thomas, ' and my God.' Yet again He reproved. ' Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen Me and yet have believed.' There are other and better proofs than sight or touch. He is thinking of those other children to be born to Him in far-off times and strange lands, where the old story seems dim and shadowy, who yet have within them the mind of Christ Jesus and know what and whence it is.

That first Easter joy was, may we not say ? a little wild, a little tumultuous. We ought to notice how our Saviour with the gentlest touch of His divine and loving hand draws it back within the limits of the sober truth. ' Yes,' He seems to say, ' I am with you once more, yet not to abide with you here, in visible tangible presence. Yes, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death. Yes, I have conquered and not failed, and you also shall conquer and not fail, but like Me, through suffering.'

He did not chide the fire and the rapture ;

doubtless it made Him glad. Yet He knew that if the spirits of His disciples remained at this fervour of exaltation, as for some time it did remain, for instance at Corinth, the work of His Church could not go on. Like a wise parent sending forth his son to the wars, full of young courage and hopes of glory, He loves and rejoices, and yet admonishes with the wisdom of age. 'Yes,' he says, 'be brave and loyal and confident. But war is not all glory, there are dull hardships and miserable defeats, and valour needs wisdom to guide it. Be brave, but be skilful and prudent.' Is not that how any experienced captain would speak to his young knights?

The disciples were glad on that Easter Day, and we should all be glad when that day comes back again. But it is a gladness shot through with solemn thoughts springing from the Cross, not from light emotions or trivial excitements, but from eternal realities.

Always cheerful, always pleasant, always ready and hopeful, yet seeing things exactly as they are in this world of many trials, open-eyed, knowing the worst as well as the best, heavy laden yet never dashed, or soured, or embittered—that is the Easter spirit as we need it for daily use. And that is the difficulty. There are those who naturally abound in high spirits, to whom, at any rate in fair weather, nothing seems to come amiss; there are those who are naturally melancholy, to whom nothing seems to go quite right.

But inner peace and constant cheerfulness are not given by nature; they can come only from conformity to the mind of Christ, from that love which is willing to suffer with Him, and knows that the suffering will be good if it is with Him.

That gladness is not a duty, so much as a blessing. But all blessings are divine promises, and we ought not to remain satisfied without this, the greatest blessing of all. It is the kingdom of God—which, says the Apostle, is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Of righteousness we speak and think much, especially of that righteousness which we expect others to show towards ourselves. But righteousness by itself is often hard and narrow, and sometimes even more than a little bitter. You would hardly say that it was 'in the Holy Ghost', if it was dissevered from peace and joy. It is not the righteousness of the Cross if it is solitary, if it has not, in the beautiful phrase of the Psalmist, 'kissed peace.' When Righteousness embraces Peace, Joy follows close behind.

It is a truth that it much concerns us to remember for the sake of our religion, and of our country, and of our own selves. Religion can hardly endure if it bears bitter fruit, and a house divided against itself cannot stand. And a life of punctilious observance, or of strife, or of intolerance, cannot be easy for ourselves, or attractive to others. To-day God offers us gladness, and if we really 'see the Lord', we shall be glad.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS

Luke xxiv. 35.—He was known of them in breaking of bread.

We have heard read this morning the story of the journey to Emmaus and the appearance of the Lord to the two disciples. It is so familiar that it cannot be necessary to repeat all the details ; it will suffice if I put before you two or three notes which may serve to explain the extraordinary force of this narrative. It is one of those passages—there are many in the New Testament, the last chapter in St. John's Gospel is another—which seem to be steeped in magic. They are so perfectly artless, so full of meaning, yet so far outside the region of common experience. They seem to transport us into another world, and yet we find ourselves at home there. That is why they carry conviction.

Let us notice first of all how we are brought here to the root of the difference between Christianity and all other religions. We shall see this best if we turn to a passage in a heathen book written by Philostratus about the beginning of the third century, the *Life* of the philosopher Apollonius.

We read that by his high religious teaching Apollonius had incurred the hatred of Domitian, who resolved to put him to death. Apollonius

did not wait to be dragged into court, but appeared of his own free will before the Emperor, lectured him upon his wickedness, and, when he had said all that he chose to say, vanished from sight. This was before the middle of the day.

In the afternoon of the same day two of his disciples, Demetrius and Damis, were sitting in a grotto of the Nymphs beside a holy fountain at Puteoli on the Campanian shore, sad at heart as they thought of their beloved master, whose death they regarded as having happened already. 'O God,' Damis cries in a sudden burst of grief, 'shall we ever see again that noblest of friends?' Suddenly Apollonius appears and answers for himself—'Thou shalt see him; thou dost see him.' 'But art thou alive?' exclaims Demetrius, 'for, if thou art dead, our grief endures.' Apollonius extends his hand, saying 'Touch me'.

Are these two disciples John and Peter, who came first to the tomb? or John and doubting Thomas? or the two who walked to Emmaus? Is Philostratus thinking of the Gospel of St. John, which teachers of his school are known to have regarded a few years later with great admiration, or of the Gospel of St. Luke? In any case we may well believe that he is here imitating and correcting the Gospel for the benefit of Julia Domna, the consort of Severus and the learned ladies of her court. There were many Christians in the household of Severus; the imperial physician, the nurse of the crown prince Caracalla were

readers of the Bible, and the story of the Passion cannot have been unfamiliar in that high pagan society. No doubt the new and vigorous faith would be the subject of much discussion. Philostratus is drawing for these great ladies the portrait of a heathen Christ, and compares the behaviour of Apollonius to the tyrant Domitian with the treatment of Jesus by the minions of Tiberius.

We observe that Apollonius does not suffer. He appears of his own choice and for his own purpose before the Emperor himself, not condescending to be questioned by a subordinate. When he pleases he comes; when he pleases he departs. He was one on whom wisdom and holiness had bestowed the power of miracles; how then could he be mocked, scourged, crucified by vile hands? By his divine power he floats through the air to the distant shore of Campania, and there appears to comfort his grieving disciples, not in an inn or common house, but in a holy cavern of the Nymphs.

Now see what our Lord says: 'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?' There you have the ultimate contrast between the Christ and other masters.

Christ came without rank, without pomp, without even that observance that waits upon a recognized master of thought, just a poor Jew; no

phrase could express a deeper depth than that. He came not to say great things but to do them—to die upon the Cross and by His death to light up the mysteries of God's word, and bring us into living union with Himself and the Father, and enable us in our turn to suffer for one another and so enter into His glory.

That is just why these high court ladies looked askance upon Him. They wanted a dignified philosopher who could talk like an angel and make people feel like angels—not a poor Jew who had died upon the Cross.

But now is not that also just the reason why His religion is universal? No Cross, no Crown—suffering first and glory afterwards. Are not these in truth the words that reach the bottom of every heart that God has touched?

Notice further that you must do this thing. You cannot suffer in name or in pretence. It is the severest of all realities.

Notice again that suffering is always an act of faith. The surgeon tells you that your pain will be followed by relief, but how do you know that? You must trust him. And still more, how can you tell that self-chosen pain—sacrifice—will do any good to others? There too you must trust, though all seems dark, though you should have to cry, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou abandoned me?' The Lord went through that darkness, and we are to follow—in love, though it be in fear and in doubt. He is behind that darkness, and He is

in the heart. See again what a surprising lesson it was even to His own disciples. They were Jews nurtured on the Scriptures, expecting a Saviour who should redeem Israel. And He came, not an admired sage like Apollonius, not a conquering hero like Judas Maccabaeus, but the Man of Sorrows, crowned with glory, but reaching His glory through suffering, and calling upon us all to follow in His footsteps. It is always a hard lesson that the way to life eternal lies not through pleasure or success, which are but incidents in the good man's pilgrimage, but through that wonderful Cross.

But let us observe particularly that our Lord is here telling His disciples what they ought to have learned, yet had not learned, from that Hebrew Bible, which they were so confident that they understood. They had gathered from God's word that hope of a conquering Prince of the house of David. And we cannot say that they were wholly wrong ; that hope is there. Yet here the Lord Himself assures them that they had gone astray. They had picked out from Scripture not the truth but the shadow, not the eternal promise but the fugitive symbol. Moses and all the prophets spoke of His Passion, of His exaltation through the Passion. This and this alone is the precious kernel of which all else is the husk and the support. All else passes, as the plant itself passes into the flower, and the flower into the seed, but this endures and brings forth new life.

He is thinking of the Paschal Lamb, of the prophecy about the Man of Sorrows, and many like passages.

What a comfort there is here, and what a warning. You know what difficulties in our own time beset the reading of the Old Testament. They are great, and yet they are not so great as those which troubled pious Jews at the time when Jesus came. Do but remember what we read in the Gospels. When Peter, or John, or Cleopas first heard the teaching of our Lord about the Law, about the Sabbath, about the treatment of lepers and publicans, about the lawfulness of paying taxes to Caesar, they must have felt as if the Temple itself was tumbling to pieces above their heads. If this was right, what had the Scribes and Pharisees been teaching them? what became of their national life and their hope in the destiny of Israel? what were they to think henceforth of those scriptures on which they had built their all? Yet these doubts passed away. You catch a last glimpse of them on the day of the Ascension—in the question 'Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?'—and then they are laid at rest for ever.

The Jew's whole life, you may say, was shattered by the Gospel. His whole view of this world and of the world to come; his ingrained habits, his politics, his worship, his ideas of heaven, were all transformed at a stroke. None of our critical vexations goes so deep as that. We have learned

to seek in the old Bible for that which our Lord told us is the heart and soul of it all, for the long preparation for His coming, for the growing light, for the veiled promises, for the hinted prophecies of suffering and glory. To us it seems all clear because we stand on this side of the Cross, but to the Jews it was all dark and ambiguous. It is the same in life. The man looking backwards can understand the child ; the child looking forwards cannot understand the man. Even the prophets, St. Peter tells us, did not fully comprehend the message that they delivered. 'Not unto themselves but unto you did they minister those things.' Isaiah—or shall we say the second Isaiah ?—saw but in a glass darkly what our children are taught in the Sunday school, what is in the Old Testament, yet could not be seen there till our Lord revealed it.

'I determined to know nothing else,' says St. Paul, 'but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'

'The Law', the Apostle says again, 'was a pedagogue to bring us to Christ.' A pedagogue—half nurse, half tutor, a slave who guided his little master through the perils of the streets, who taught him the morality of the nursery, and sometimes humoured his caprices, who had just learning enough to know where better learning was to be found. If we listen to the Apostle how little does it signify by what stages the Law attained its final shape. The process of education in all its stages was divinely ordered, but it is

past. It is well that we should know exactly how it ran its course, yet what does it really matter to the man who has safely reached the end of his journey whether, on any given night, he slept in this inn or in that ?

One other point. ' As they sat at meat, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.'

At first they did not recognize Him. Was it because His coming was so strange and unexpected ? Or was it because after the Resurrection His bodily semblance underwent some change ? Mary did not recognize Him at once, nor Peter and John by the sea of Galilee. The Apostle says that we too shall be changed. We shall know each other, yet when we see the soul shining through the body, the whole soul, which we knew but in part, written legibly upon the features, it is conceivable that we may hesitate and ask : Art thou indeed the friend whom I loved upon earth ?

Somehow the disciples' eyes were holden till the Lord blessed and brake the bread. Then their minds travelled back to the Last Supper, the chord was touched and memory awoke.

Now we may see here *how* our Lord teaches. First, by word, interpreting the Scriptures, and as men listen their heart burns within them. The thought arises, the thought of the suffering Christ, shaming and yet alluring, convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of judgement, so that

we know not whether to say, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man ; or, Abide with me, for it is toward evening. And then by act, which is combined with a blessing, a blessing that makes itself felt. The act illuminates the word, takes away all fear, draws us to the Doer.

See again *what* He teaches us. To love not the word but Him, to know not what has been said about Him, not what others have believed about Him, but Him, as we know our friends, by daily familiar intercourse, by the give-and-take of life in common, by often eating bread together. When the New Testament speaks of knowing the Lord, this is what is meant, not facts or phrases that you could write down upon a sheet of paper but obedience, trust, love, the growing sense that we belong to Him and He to us, and that His friends are our friends for His sake.

I suppose it may be said that our Lord celebrated the Eucharist when He blessed that bread and brake and gave it to them. Much has been said and written about that great Sacrament. Perhaps we need not seek to go further than what we read here. ' He was known of them in breaking of bread.'

RELIGION AND CHARACTER

Psalm lxxv. 6, 7.—For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge : He putteth down one, and setteth up another.

The Psalmist tells us that promotion—that is to say, empire, fame, power—comes not by chance but by the will of Almighty God the sovereign ruler of the world. He lifts up nations, He lifts up individual men. He assigns to each and to all the part that they are to play in the great drama of the world's history.

The Psalmist means that God directs that great drama, and orders its stately march towards that crowning event which His love and His wisdom have fixed for it in advance. Every actor, every episode, prepares the way for the final consummation. But he does not mean that promotion is a sign of God's approval, or that every actor understands the part that is given him to play, or lends himself intelligently to the furtherance of the divine Will. No one can wholly do so ; no one can fully realize the meaning of the place assigned to him. The future, the great Day of the Lord, is but dimly known to us and we cannot foresee exactly how our little bit of work will fit into that great Redemption which embraces the whole of earth and the whole of heaven.

Yet something we can foresee. We know—at

any rate all Christians know—that truth and righteousness are divine and eternal and that those who build their lives on these foundations are fellow workers with God. And so you may divide the great names of history—names of men and names of nations—into those who knew their part, and those who did not; those who were driven, and those who were led by the King of all. Some have been unconscious instruments, tools, you might say, in the hands of Fate, playthings of destiny, great and blind like the elemental forces of Nature. Such were most of the heroes of the tragic stage, Agamemnon, or Othello; the poet delights in the contrast between their magnificence and their utter powerlessness in the grip of that dark hand which catches them in the moment of their triumph like a bull in a net. But some, and they are the really great ones, have played their part with open eyes, following the light and doing steadfastly the best thing they knew. They passed away when their time came, and often the last scene was not a triumph. Yet they did not fail. Their work lives after them, they were the stepping-stones on which we have mounted higher along the road which they marked out. We complete their labours, and their sufferings, but we should be ungrateful to forget or to disparage them.

Many such lessons we read in history, which, after all, is the noblest of tragedies because it alone is the work of the divine Author. There

you read of the great Babylonian Empire whose splendour was so great and whose power so wide. It fell and left no trace except the ruins of great cities buried in the desert sand. You may remember how its catastrophe is described by Isaiah, how the great and wicked dead were stricken with shuddering amazement when that king who had been greater and wickeder than any of them came suddenly down into their dreary abode like Satan among the fallen angels. 'Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; . . . All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? . . . How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.' There you have the explanation of that abysmal fall. The great Babylonian forgot from whom his promotion came, and so, when he had played his part full of sound and fury, God put him down and there was joy on earth and wailing in hell.

Or turn to another scene. You have read of the Roman Empire, and you will remember how it was welcomed by Horace and Virgil. The gods seemed to smile upon it, and Augustus was to be the founder of a new age of piety, peace,

justice, and chastity. And you know how nobly in many ways the Romans fulfilled their task, how strong they were in war and how lenient in peace, how they bound together West and East with a solid tie of wise and equal laws, how great was their gift of lifting up and civilizing the ignorant, barbarous races that dwelt by the Thames, or the Danube, or the Euphrates. But they thought more of order than of the God of order, and Pilate slew our Lord rather than he would face the deep question 'What is truth'. And so St. John speaks of Rome as Isaiah had spoken of the empire of the East, 'Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen . . . Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgement come. And all the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more.'

You may turn to yet another picture if you have read the history of Bede. Perhaps you have not, though I do not doubt that you have read many books much less charming and much less instructive. There you might see how the English nation was formed, how those many petty kingdoms, as fierce and as discordant as rival hives of wasps, were brought together and united and humanized by the simple piety of Aidan and Cuthbert and a host of other childlike men who never thought of the greatness of the work they were achieving, but just went about like their Master doing good, teaching the better way, now

to the great King Oswald, now to the swineherd Cædmon, strong in faith, gentle in life and always hoping against hope for the dawning of the better day. As you read I think you will feel that the wisdom of the Greek and the politic strength of the Roman are not perfect till blended with the added grace of Christian purity, and that the open Bible is even a stronger foundation of empire than the open statute-book, or the open school.

Because this national greatness, this national promotion, if it is to last and leave good fruit behind, must rest finally on character. Character, you may say, is the consciousness of purpose, and the best character is the consciousness of a high and serious purpose. At great schools like this that is what you are trying to do, above all things, to shape character. You should know quite clearly what you want to do, and what you want to be, in order that you may do it. And you should beware of false ideals that will really only carry you away from the object in view. I do not know whether you have read Bede, but I am pretty sure that you have all read that fascinating writer, Rudyard Kipling. He is one of the magicians of the pen, and we have all come under his spell, and it is a subject for deep thankfulness that the author of the *Recessional Hymn* and the *White Man's Burden* should have been spared to unfold with ripe powers the deep thought that lies at the bottom of those two fine productions. No one has made us feel so intimately the mystery

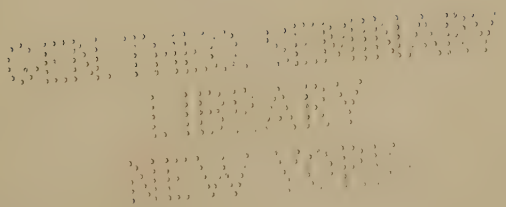
of the East, where civilization is so old that thought seems to have outworn itself, and dreams its dreams in the midst of a barbarism that is even older than itself. And no one has painted in stronger touches that little band of soldiers and civilians who carry on the work of the Empire by ancient Hindu temples, or in the jungle, or on the wild frontier. And yet it is not unfair to say that in these men whom he describes so well there is something that you miss. They are strong men, able, resolute, and just; they do not ask for much reward, they will risk their lives to nurse the people through a famine, or to wrestle with the plague, or to build a bridge, or dig an irrigation tank. They do not use high-flown language, and when the peril is over they will speak of it with a grim jest. And yet there is something that you will miss in this gallery of resolute English faces. They are men, as Kipling too often paints them, who, when their duty is done, and well done, claim to enjoy themselves in their own way, and are inclined to think that east of Suez, the Ten Commandments may be forgotten. They are not really of the type of the great Indian officials of Nicholson, or the Lawrences, or Edwards, or Havelock. And a very little reflection will show you where the difference lies.

In his story of school life Mr. Kipling has shown us the kind of boy out of which this kind of man is evolved. It is not a popular kind of

boy. Here, too, you will feel that there is something wanting. That something you will learn neither in the classroom, nor in the playground, though it ought to show itself in both, but here in the chapel. It is a spirit, the spirit of religion, the spirit which teaches us how to unite things that without religion are irreconcilable: severity and tenderness, justice and mercy, gravity and cheerfulness, plain truth and high imaginations. It is not a silly spirit nor a weak spirit; on the contrary, St. John says it overcomes the world, and it could not do this unless it were stronger than the world. It is strong and it is wise because it is nourished by the fear and the love of God who made the world and made it so that it can exist only by obeying the laws which He has laid down for it.

It is that spirit which makes us not the tools only nor the servants only but the friends and the children of God. Do not despise it, do not think that if a man does his duty it does not matter whether he has a religion or not. Even here, even in your boy life, you will find that is not true. Duty is the daughter of the voice of God, and how can any one do it unless he knows whose voice it is. It is fulfilled in the example of our Saviour, and again, how can we do it unless we follow that example. Even here, where you are so shielded and protected, you will find the best of safeguards in the love and the fear of God. And when you go forth to take up a man's part

in the open world—if you have any higher ambition than that of making money or making a name—if you desire to do anything that can be really called good—that love and that fear must be your guides. May you all find in them your strength, your wisdom, and your comfort in the time of trial.



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